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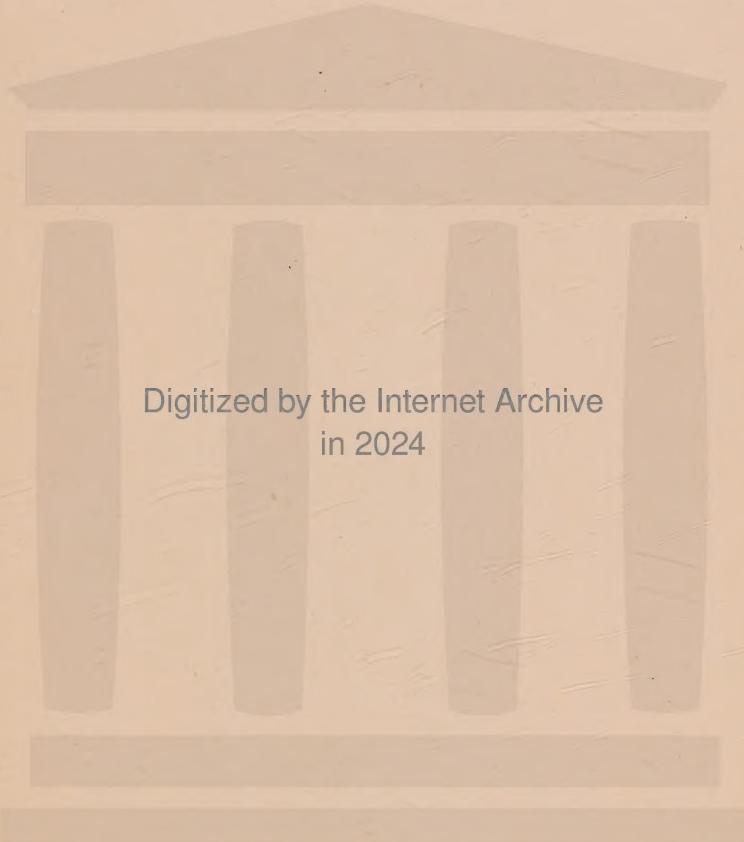
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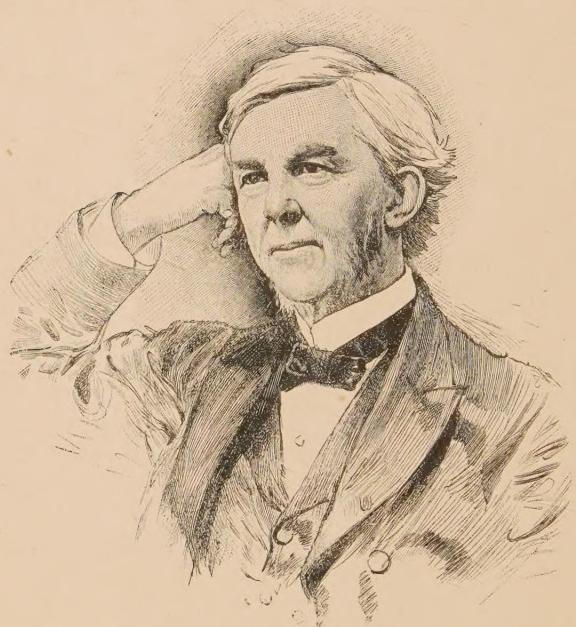
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Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE

WITHDRAWN FROM
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POETICAL WORKS

OF

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

With Illustrations



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

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TO MY READERS.

NAY, blame me not; I might have spared
Your patience many a trivial verse,
Yet these my earlier welcome shared,
So, let the better shield the worse.

And some might say, "Those ruder
songs
Had freshness which the new have
lost;
To spring the opening leaf belongs,
The chestnut-burs await the frost."
When those I wrote, my locks were
brown,
When these I write—ah, well-a-day!
The autumn thistle's silvery down
Is not the purple bloom of May!

Go, little book, whose pages hold
Those garnered years in loving trust;
How long before your blue and gold
Shall fade and whiten in the dust?

O sexton of the alcoved tomb,
Where souls in leathern cerements lie,
Tell me each living poet's doom!
How long before his book shall die?
It matters little, soon or late,
A day, a month, a year, an age,—
I read oblivion in its date,
And Finis on its title-page.

Before we sighed, our griefs were told;
Before we smiled, our joys were sung;
And all our passions shaped of old
In accents lost to mortal tongue.

In vain a fresher mould we seek,—
Can all the varied phrases tell
That Babel's wandering children speak
How thrushes sing or lilacs smell?

Caged in the poet's lonely heart,
Love wastes unheard its tenderest tone;
The soul that sings must dwell apart,
Its inward melodies unknown.

Deal gently with us, ye who read!
Our largest hope is unfulfilled,—
The promise still outruns the deed,—
The tower, but not the spire, we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech.

These are my blossoms; if they wear
One streak of morn or evening's glow,
Accept them; but to me more fair
The buds of song that never blow.

APRIL 8, 1862.

FROM the first gleam of morning to the gray
Of peaceful evening, lo, a life unrolled!
In woven pictures all its changes told,
Its lights, its shadows, every flitting ray,
Till the long curtain, falling, dims the day,
Steals from the dial's dish the sunlight's gold,
And all the graven hours grow dark and cold
Where late the glowing blaze of noon tide lay.
Ah! the warm blood runs wild in youthful veins,—
Let me no longer play with painted fire;
New songs for new-born days! I would not tire
The listening ears that wait for fresher strains
In phrase new-moulded, new-forged rhythmic chains,
With plaintive measures from a worn-out lyre.

August 2, 1881.

Do seem more stale than to the sexton's
ear
His own dull chimes.

Ding dong ! ding dong !
The world is in a simmer like a sea
Over a pent volcano, — woe is me
All the day long !

From crib to shroud !
Nurse o'er our cradles screameth lullaby,
And friends in boots tramp round us as
we die,
Snuffling aloud.

At morning's call
The small-voiced pug-dog welcomes in
the sun,
And flea-bit mongrels, wakening one by
one,
Give answer all.

When evening dim
Draws round us, then the lonely cater-
waul,
Tart solo, sour duet, and generalsquall,—
These are our hymn.

Women, with tongues
Like polar needles, ever on the jar ;
Men, plugless word-spouts, whose deep
fountains are
Within their lungs.

Children, with drums
Strapped round them by the fond pater-
nal ass ;
Peripatetics with a blade of grass
Between their thumbs.

Vagrants, whose arts
Have caged some devil in their mad ma-
chine,
Which grinding, squeaks, with husky
groans between,
Come out by starts.

Cockneys that kill
Thin horses of a Sunday, — men, with
clams,
Hoarse as young bisons roaring for their
damis
From hill to hill.

Soldiers, with guns,
Making a nuisance of the blessed air,
Child-crying bellmen, children in de-
spair,
Screeching for buns.

Storms, thunders, waves !
Howl, crash, and bellow till ye get your
fill ;
Yesometimes rest ; men never can be still
But in their graves.

EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

DAY hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre
ribs,
And hold communion with the things
about me.
Ah me ! how lovely is the golden braid
That binds the skirt of night's descend-
ing robe !
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken
threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy
nap.

Ha ! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion ? Can it be a cabbage ?
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with ; — but yet
I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green sur-
tout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as
bright
As these, thy puny brethren ; and thy
breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air ;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt
beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the
water ?
O no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed
upon a goose ;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young am-
bition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them
were tailors ;
They had an ancient goose, — it was an
heirloom

From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal
with it,
And it did burn me,—O, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing
shears,
And all the needles that do wound the
spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing si-
lence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose un-
dress,
Lays bare her shady bosom ;—I can feel
With all around me ;—I can hail the
flowers
That sprig earth's mantle,—and yon
quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a
brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden
pockets,
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of the legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted
fashion.

THE DORCHESTER GIANT.

THERE was a giant in time of old,
A mighty one was he ;
He had a wife, but she was a scold,
So he kept her shut in his mammoth fold;
And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,
And the giants were choosing a king ;
The people were not democrats then,
They did not talk of the rights of men,
And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three,
And fastened them in the pen ;
The children roared ; quoth the giant,
“ Be still ! ”
And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill
Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought them a pudding stuffed
with plums,
As big as the State-House dome ;
Quoth he, “ There's something for you
to eat ;

So stop your mouths with your 'lection
treat,
And wait till your dad comes home.”

So the giant pulled him a chestnut stout,
And whittled the boughs away ;
The boys and their mother set up a shout,
Said he, “ You're in, and you can't get
out,
Bellow as loud as you may.”

Off he went, and he growled a tune
As he strode the fields along ;
'T is said a buffalo fainted away,
And fell as cold as a lump of clay,
When he heard the giant's song.

But whether the story's true or not,
It is n't for me to show ;
There's many a thing that's twice as
queer
In somebody's lectures that we hear,
And those are true, you know.

* * *
What are those lone ones doing now,
The wife and the children sad ?
O, they are in a terrible rout,
Screaming, and throwing their pudding
about,
Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,
They flung it over the plain,
And all over Milton and Dorchester too
Great lumps of pudding the giants threw ;
They tumbled as thick as rain.

* * *
Giant and mammoth have passed away,
For ages have floated by ;
The suet is hard as a marrow-bone,
And every plum is turned to a stone,
But there the puddings lie.

And if, some pleasant afternoon,
You'll ask me out to ride,
The whole of the story I will tell,
And you shall see where the puddings fell,
And pay for the punch beside.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF “A LADY.”

IN THE ATHENÆUM GALLERY.

WELL, Miss, I wonder where you live,
I wonder what's your name,
I wonder how you came to be
In such a stylish frame ;

Perhaps you were a favorite child,
Perhaps an only one ;
Perhaps your friends were not aware
You had your portrait done !

Yet you must be a harmless soul ;
I cannot think that Sin
Would care to throw his loaded dice,
With such a stake to win ;
I cannot think you would provoke
The poet's wicked pen,
Or make young women bite their lips,
Or ruin fine young men.

Pray, did you ever hear, my love,
Of boys that go about,
Who, for a very trifling sum,
Will snip one's picture out ?
I'm not averse to red and white,
But all things have their place,
I think a profile cut in black
Would suit your style of face !

I love sweet features ; I will own
That I should like myself
To see my portrait on a wall,
Or bust upon a shelf ;
But nature sometimes makes one up
Of such sad odds and ends,
It really might be quite as well
Hushed up among one's friends !

THE COMET.

THE Comet ! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies ;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies ;
Ah ! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail !

On, on by whistling spheres of light
He flashes and he flames ;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names ;
One spurn from his demoniac heel, —
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded devil's path
Our earth should chance to be ?

Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam ;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream !

I saw a tutor take his tube
The Comet's course to spy ;
I heard a scream, — the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye ;
I saw a fort, — the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green ;
Pop-cracked the guns ! whiz flew the balls !
Bang went the magazine !

I saw a poet dip a scroll
Each moment in a tub,
I read upon the warping back,
"The Dream of Beelzebub" ;
He could not see his verses burn,
Although his brain was fried,
And ever and anon he bent
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,
Burst through the rumbling mines ;
I asked the firemen why they made
Such noise about the town ;
They answered not, — but all the while
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg ;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
Extinguishing his leg ;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze ;
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
Bob through the bubbling brine ;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul ;
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights ! strange sounds ! O fear-
ful dream !
Its memory haunts me still,
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
That wreathed each wooded hill ;
Stranger ! if through thy reeling brain
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, O, spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep !

THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

THERE are three ways in which men take
One's money from his purse,
And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse ;
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You 're riding out some pleasant day,
And counting up your gains ;
A fellow jumps from out a bush,
And takes your horse's reins,
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It 's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot ;
It 's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot ;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you 're going out to dine, —
Some odious creature begs
You 'll hear about the cannon-ball
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor little, lovely innocents,
All clamorous for bread, —
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

You 're sitting on your window-seat,
Beneath a cloudless moon ;
You hear a sound, that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There 's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum ;
You sit in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home, sweet home" should seem
to be
A very dismal place ;
Your "auld acquaintance" all at once
Is altered in the face ;
Their discords sting through Burns and
Moore,
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.

But hark ! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound ;
It cannot be, — it is, — it is, —
A hat is going round !

No ! Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw,
And pay the owner of the bear
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw ;

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town ;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down !

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or, if you cannot make a speech,
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat !

THE TREADMILL SONG.

THE stars are rolling in the sky,
The earth rolls on below,
And we can feel the rattling wheel
Revolving as we go.
Then tread away, my gallant boys,
And make the axle fly ;
Why should not wheels go round about,
Like planets in the sky ?

Wake up, wake up, my duck-legged man,
And stir your solid pegs !
Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend,
And shake your spider legs ;
What though you 're awkward at the
trade,
There 's time enough to learn, —
So lean upon the rail, my lad,
And take another turn.

They 've built us up a noble wall,
To keep the vulgar out ;
We 've nothing in the world to do
But just to walk about ;

So faster, now, you middle men,
And try to beat the ends,—
It's pleasant work to ramble round
Among one's honest friends.

Here, tread upon the long man's toes,
He sha' n't be lazy here,—
And punch the little fellow's ribs,
And tweak that lubber's ear,—
He's lost them both,— don't pull his
hair,
Because he wears a scratch,
But poke him in the further eye,
That is n't in the patch.

Hark ! fellows, there's the supper-bell,
And so our work is done;
It's pretty sport, — suppose we take
A round or two for fun !
If ever they should turn me out,
When I have better grown,
Now hang me, but I mean to have
A treadmill of my own !

THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

I'M not a chicken ; I have seen
Full many a chill September,
And though I was a youngster then,
That gale I well remember ;
The day before, my kite-string snapped,
And I, my kite pursuing,
The wind whisked off my palm-leaf
hat ;—
For me two storms were brewing !

It came as quarrels sometimes do,
When married folks get clashing ;
There was a heavy sigh or two,
Before the fire was flashing,—
A little stir among the clouds,
Before they rent asunder,—
A little rocking of the trees,
And then came on the thunder.

Lord ! how the ponds and rivers boiled !
They seemed like bursting craters !
And oaks lay scattered on the ground
As if they were p'taters ;
And all above was in a howl,
And all below a clatter, —
The earth was like a frying-pan,
Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing-day,
And all our things were drying ;
The storm came roaring through the
lines,
And set them all a flying ;

I saw the shirts and petticoats
Go riding off like witches ;
I lost, ah ! bitterly I wept,—
I lost my Sunday breeches !

I saw them straddling through the
air,
Alas ! too late to win them ;
I saw them chase the clouds, as if
The devil had been in them ;
They were my darlings and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches, —
“ Farewell, farewell,” I faintly cried, —
“ My breeches ! O my breeches ! ”

That night I saw them in my dreams,
How changed from what I knew them !
The dews had steeped their faded threads,
The winds had whistled through them !
I saw the wide and ghastly rents
Where demon claws had torn them ;
A hole was in their amplest part,
As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever,
But those young pantaloons have gone
Forever and forever !
And not till fate has cut the last
Of all my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to mourn
My loved, my long-lost breeches !

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I WROTE some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die ;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came ;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb !

“ These to the printer,” I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added, (as a trifling jest,)
“ There 'll be the devil to pay.”

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within ;

At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next ; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear ;
He read the third ; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth ; he broke into a roar ;
The fifth ; his waistband split ;
The sixth ; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

THE LAST READER.

I SOMETIMES sit beneath a tree.
And read my own sweet songs ;
Though naught they may to others be,
Each humble line prolongs
A tone that might have passed away,
But for that scarce remembered lay.

I keep them like a lock or leaf
That some dear girl has given ;
Frail record of an hour, as brief
As sunset clouds in heaven,
But spreading purple twilight still
High over memory's shadowed hill.

They lie upon my pathway bleak,
Those flowers that once ran wild,
As on a father's careworn cheek
The ringlets of his child ;
The golden mingling with the gray,
And stealing half its snows away.

What care I though the dust is spread
Around these yellow leaves,
Or o'er them his sarcastic thread
Oblivion's insect weaves,
Though weeds are tangled on the stream,
It still reflects my morning's beam.

And therefore love I such as smile
On these neglected songs
Nor deem that flattery's needless wile
My opening bosom wrongs ;
For who would trample, at my side,
A few pale buds, my garden's pride ?
It may be that my scanty ore
Long years have washed away,
And where were golden sands before,

Is naught but common clay ;
Still something sparkles in the sun
For memory to look back upon.

And when my name no more is heard,
My lyre no more is known,
Still let me, like a winter's bird,
In silence and alone,
Fold over them the weary wing
Once flashing through the dews of spring.
Yes, let my fancy fondly wrap
My youth in its decline,
And riot in the rosy lap
Of thoughts that once were mine,
And give the worm my little store
When the last reader reads no more !

POETRY :

A METRICAL ESSAY, READ BEFORE THE
Φ B K SOCIETY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, AUGUST, 1836.

TO CHARLES WENTWORTH UPHAM, THE FOLLOWING METRICAL ESSAY IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

SCENES of my youth ! awake its slumbering fire !
Ye winds of Memory, sweep the silent lyre !
Ray of the past, if yet thou canst appear,
Break through the clouds of Fancy's wan'ning year ;
Chase from her breast the thin autumnal snow,
If leaf or blossom still is fresh below !

Long have I wandered ; the returning tide
Brought back an exile to his cradle's side ;
And as my bark her time-worn flag unrolled,
To greet the land-breeze with its faded fold,
So, in remembrance of my boyhood's time,
I lift these ensigns of neglected rhyme ;
O more than blest, that, all my wanderings through,
My anchor falls where first my pennons flew !

The morning light, which rains its quivering beams
Wide o'er the plains, the summits, and the streams,
In one broad blaze expands its golden glow

On all that answers to its glance below ;
 Yet, changed on earth, each far reflected ray
 Braids with fresh hues the shining brow
 of day ;
 Now, clothed in blushes by the painted flowers,
 Tracks on their cheeks the rosy-fingered hours ;
 Now, lost in shades, whose dark entangled leaves
 Drip at the noon tide from their pendent eaves,
 Fades into gloom, orgleams in light again
 From every dew-drop on the jewelled plain.

We, like the leaf, the summit, or the wave,
 Reflect the light our common nature gave,
 But every sunbeam, falling from her throne,
 Wears on our hearts some coloring of our own ;
 Chilled in the slave, and burning in the free,
 Like the sealed cavern by the sparkling sea ;
 Lost, like the lightning in the sullen clod,
 Or shedding radiance, like the smiles of God,
 Pure, pale in Virtue, as the star above,
 Or quivering roseate on the leaves of Love ;
 Glaring like noon tide, where it glows upon
 Ambition's sands, — the desert in the sun ;
 Or soft suffusing o'er the varied scene
 Life's common coloring, — intellectual green.

Thus Heaven, repeating its material plan,
 Arched over all the rainbow mind of man;
 But he who, blind to universal laws,
 Sees but effects, unconscious of their cause, —
 Believes each image in itself is bright,
 Not robed in drapery of reflected light, —
 Is like the rustic who, amidst his toil,
 Has found some crystal in his meagre soil,
 And, lost in rapture, thinks for him alone
 Earth worked her wonders on the sparkling stone,

Nor dreams that Nature, with as nice a line,
 Carved countless angles through the boundless mine.

Thus err the many, who, entranced to find
 Unwonted lustre in some clearer mind,
 Believe that Genius sets the laws at naught
 Which chain the pinions of our wildest thought ;
 Untaught to measure, with the eye of art,
 The wandering fancy or the wayward heart ;
 Who match the little only with the less,
 And gaze in rapture at its slight excess,
 Proud of a pebble, as the brightest gem
 Whose light might crown an emperor's diadem.

And, most of all, the pure ethereal fire,
 Which seems to radiate from the poet's lyre,
 Is to the world a mystery and a charm,
 An *Ægis* wielded on a mortal's arm,
 While Reason turns her dazzled eye away,
 And bows her sceptre to her subject's sway ;
 And thus the poet, clothed with godlike state,
 Usurped his Maker's title — to create ;
 He, whose thoughts differing not in shape, but dress,
 What others feel, more fitly can express,
 Sits like the maniac on his fancied throne,
 Peeps through the bars, and calls the world his own.

There breathes no being but has some pretence
 To that fine instinct called poetic sense :
 The rudest savage roaming through the wild ;
 The simplest rustic bending o'er his child ;
 The infant listening to the warbling bird ;
 The mother smiling at its half-formed word ;
 The boy uncaged, who tracks the fields at large ;
 The girl, turned matron to her babe-like charge ;

The freeman, casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land ;
The slave, who, slumbering on his rusted chain,
Dreams of the palm-trees on his burning plain ;
The hot-cheeked reveller, tossing down the wine,
To join the chorus pealing "Auld lang syne" ;
The gentle maid, whose azure eye grows dim,
While Heaven is listening to her evening hymn ;
The jewelled beauty, when her steps draw near
The circling dance and dazzling chandelier ;
E'en trembling age, when Spring's renewing air
Waves the thin ringlets of his silvered hair ;—
All, all are glowing with the inward flame,
Whose wider halo wreathes the poet's name,
While, unembalmed, the silent dreamer dies,
His memory passing with his smiles and sighs !

If glorious visions, born for all mankind,
The bright auroras of our twilight mind ;
If fancies, varying as the shapes that lie
Stained on the windows of the sunset sky ;
If hopes, that beckon with delusive gleams,
Till the eye dances in the void of dreams ;
If passions, following with the winds that urge
Earth's wildest wanderer to her farthest verge ;—
If these on all some transient hours bestow
Of rapture tingling with its hectic glow,
Then all are poets ; and, if earth had rolled
Her myriad centuries, and her doom were told,
Each moaning billow of her shoreless wave
Would wail its requiem o'er a poet's grave !

If to embody in a breathing word
Tones that the spirit trembled when it heard ;

To fix the image all unveiled and warm,
And carve in language its ethereal form,
So pure, so perfect, that the lines express
No meagre shrinking, no unlaced excess ;
To feel that art, in living truth, has taught

Ourselves, reflected in the sculptured thought ;—

If this alone bestow the right to claim
The deathless garland and the sacred name ;

Then none are poets, save the saints on high,

Whose harps can murmur all that words deny !

But though to none is granted to reveal,

In perfect semblance, all that each may feel,

As withered flowers recall forgotten love,
So, warmed to life, our faded passions move

In every line, where kindling fancy throws

The gleam of pleasures, or the shade of woes.

When, schooled by time, the stately queen of art

Had smoothed the pathways leading to the heart,

Assumed her measured tread, her solemn tone,

And round her courts the clouds of fable thrown,

The wreaths of heaven descended on her shrine,

And wondering earth proclaimed the Muse divine.

Yet, if her votaries had but dared profane

The mystic symbols of her sacred reign,
How had they smiled beneath the veil to find

What slender threads can chain the mighty mind !

Poets, like painters, their machinery claim,

And verse bestows the varnish and the frame ;

Our grating English, whose Teutonic jar Shakes the racked axle of Art's rattling car,

Fits like mosaic in the lines that gird
Fast in its place each many-angled word ;
From Saxon lips Anacreon's numbers
glide,
As once they melted on the Teian tide,
And, fresh transfused, the Iliad thrills
again
From Albion's cliffs as o'er Achaia's
plain !
The proud heroic, with its pulse-like
beat,
Rings like the cymbals clashing as they
meet ;
The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it
flows,
Sweeps gently onward to its dying close,
Where waves on waves in long succes-
sion pour,
Till the ninth billow melts along the
shore ;
The lonely spirit of the mournful lay,
Which lives immortal as the verse of
Gray,
In sable plumage slowly drifts along,
On eagle pinion, through the air of
song ;
The glittering lyric bounds elastic by,
With flashing ringlets and exulting eye,
While every image, in her airy whirl,
Gleams like a diamond on a dancing
girl !

Born with mankind, with man's ex-
panded range
And varying fates the poet's numbers
change ;
Thus in his history may we hope to find
Some clearer epochs of the poet's mind,
As from the cradle of its birth we trace,
Slow wandering forth, the patriarchal
race.

I.

WHEN the green earth, beneath the
zephyr's wing,
Wears on her breast the varnished buds
of Spring ;
When the loosed current, as its folds
uncoil,
Slides in the channels of the mellowed
soil ;
When the young hyacinth returns to
seek
The air and sunshine with her emerald
beak ;

When the light snowdrops, starting from
their cells,
Hang each pagoda with its silver bells ;
When the frail willow twines her trail-
ing bow
With pallid leaves that sweep the soil
below ;
When the broad elm, sole empress of
the plain,
Whose circling shadow speaks a cen-
tury's reign,
Wreathes in the clouds her regal dia-
dem, —
A forest waving on a single stem ; —
Then mark the poet; though to him
unknown
The quaint-mouthed titles, such as
scholars own,
See how his eye in ecstasy pursues
The steps of Nature tracked in radiant
hues ;
Nay, in thyself, whate'er may be thy
fate,
Pallid with toil, or surfeited with state,
Mark how thy fancies, with the vernal
rose,
Awake, all sweetness, from their long
repose ;
Then turn to ponder o'er the classic
page,
Traced with the idyls of a greener
age,
And learn the instinct which arose to
warm
Art's earliest essay, and her simplest
form.
To themes like these her narrow path
confined
The first-born impulse moving in the
mind ;
In vales unshaken by the trumpet's
sound,
Where peaceful Labor tills his fertile
ground,
The silent changes of the rolling years,
Marked on the soil, or dialled on the
spheres,
The crested forests and the colored
flowers,
The dewy grottos and the blushing
bowers,
These, and their guardians, who, with
liquid names,
Strephons and Chloes, melt in mutual
flames,

Woo the young Muses from their mountain shade,
To make Arcadias in the lonely glade.

Nor think they visit only with their smiles
The fabled valleys and Elysian isles ;
He who is wearied of his village plain
May roam the Edens of the world in vain.
'T is not the star-crowned cliff, the cataract's flow,
The softer foliage, or the greener glow,
The lake of sapphire, or the spar-hung cave,
The brighter sunset, or the broader wave,
Can warm his heart whom every wind has blown
To every shore, forgetful of his own.

Home of our childhood ! how affection clings
And hovers round thee with her seraph wings !
Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn brown,
Than fairest summits which the cedars crown !
Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas !
The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's sigh,
For the heart's temple is its own blue sky !

O happiest they, whose early love unchanged,
Hopes undissolved, and friendship unrestrained,
Tired of their wanderings, still can deign to see
Love, hopes, and friendship, centring all in thee !

And thou, my village ! as again I tread
Amidst thy living, and above thy dead ;
Though some fair playmates guard with chaster fears
Their cheeks, grown holy with the lapse of years ;
Though with the dust some reverend locks may blend,
Where life's last mile-stone marks the journey's end ;
On every bud the changing year recalls,
The brightening glance of morning memory falls,

Still following onward as the months unclose

The balmy lilac or the bridal rose ;
And still shall follow, till they sink once more
Beneath the snow-drifts of the frozen shore,
As when my bark, long tossing in the gale,
Furled in her port her tempest-rended sail !

What shall I give thee ? Can a simple lay,

Flung on thy bosom like a girl's bouquet,
Do more than deck thee for an idle hour,
Then fall unheeded, fading like the flower ?
Yet, when I trod, with footsteps wild and free,
The crackling leaves beneath yon linden-tree,
Panting from play, or dripping from the stream,
How bright the visions of my boyish dream !

Or, modest Charles, along thy broken edge,
Black with soft ooze and fringed with arrowy sedge,
As once I wandered in the morning sun,
With reeking sandal and superfluous gun ;

How oft, as Fancy whispered in the gale,
Thou wast the Avon of her flattering tale !

Ye hills, whose foliage, fretted on the skies,
Prints shadowy arches on their evening dyes,
How should my song with holiest charm invest

Each dark ravine and forest-lifting crest !
How clothe in beauty each familiar scene,
Till all was classic on my native green !

As the drained fountain, filled with autumn leaves,
The field swept naked of its garnered sheaves ;
So wastes at noon the promise of our dawn,
The springs all choking, and the harvest gone.

Yet hear the lay of one whose natal star
Still seemed the brightest when it shone afar ;

Whose cheek, grown pallid with ungracious toil,
Glowes in the welcome of his parent soil;
And ask no garlands sought beyond the tide,
But take the leaflets gathered at your side.¹

II.

BUT times were changed; the torch of terror came,
To light the summits with the beacon's flame;
The streams ran crimson, the tall mountain pines
Rose a new forest o'er embattled lines;
The bloodless sickle lent the warrior's steel,
The harvest bowed beneath his chariot wheel;
Where late the wood-dove sheltered her repose
The raven waited for the conflict's close;
The cuirassed sentry walked his sleepless round
Where Daphne smiled or Amaryllis frowned;
Where timid minstrels sung their blushing charms,
Some wild Tyrtæus called aloud, "To arms!"

When Glory wakes, when fiery spirits leap,
Roused by her accents from their tranquil sleep,
The ray that flashes from the soldier's crest
Lights, as it glances, in the poet's breast;—
Not in pale dreamers, whose fantastic lay
Toys with smooth trifles like a child at play,
But men, who act the passions they inspire,
Who wave the sabre as they sweep the lyre!

Ye mild enthusiasts, whose pacific frowns
Are lost like dew-drops caught in burning towns,
Pluck as ye will the radiant plumes of fame,

Break Cæsar's bust to make yourselves a name;
But, if your country bares the avenger's blade
For wrongs unpunished, or for debts unpaid,
When the roused nation bids her armies form,
And screams her eagle through the gathering storm,
When from your ports the bannered frigate rides,
Her black bows scowling to the crested tides,
Your hour has past; in vain your feeble cry,
As the babe's wailings to the thundering sky!
Scourge of mankind! with all the dread array
That wraps in wrath thy desolating way,
As the wild tempest wakes the slumbering sea,
Thou only teachest all that man can be.
Alike thy tocsin has the power to charm
The toil-knit sinews of the rustic's arm,
Or swell the pulses in the poet's veins,
And bid the nations tremble at his strains.

The city slept beneath the moonbeam's glance,
Her white walls gleaming through the vines of France,
And all was hushed, save where the footsteps fell,
On some high tower, of midnight sentinel.
But one still watched; no self-encircled woes
Chased from his lids the angel of repose;
He watched, he wept, for thoughts of bitter years
Bowed his dark lashes, wet with burning tears:
His country's sufferings and her children's shame
Streamed o'er his memory like a forest's flame.
Each treasured insult, each remembered wrong,
Rolled through his heart and kindled into song:
His taper faded; and the morning gales swept through the world the war-song of Marseilles!

¹ For "The Cambridge Churchyard," see p. 1.

Now, while around the smiles of Peace expand,
And Plenty's wreaths festoon the laughing land ;
While France ships outward her reluctant ore,
And half our navy basks upon the shore ;
From ruder themes our meek-eyed Muses turn
To crown with roses their enamelled urn.

If e'er again return those awful days
Whose clouds were crimsoned with the beacon's blaze,
Whose grass was trampled by the soldier's heel,
Whose tides were reddened round the rushing keel,
God grant some lyre may wake a nobler strain
To rend the silence of our tented plain !
When Gallia's flag its triple fold displays,
Her marshalled legions peal the Marcellaise ;
When round the German close the war-clouds dim,
Far through their shadows floats his battle-hymn ;
When, crowned with joy, the camps of England ring,
A thousand voices shout, "God save the King!"
When victory follows with our eagle's glance,
Our nation's anthem pipes a country dance !

Some prouder Muse, when comes the hour at last,
May shake our hillsides with her bugleblast ;
Not ours the task ; but since the lyric dress
Relieves the statelier with its sprightliness,
Hear an old song, which some, perchance, have seen
In stale gazette, or cobwebbed magazine.
There was an hour when patriots dared profane
The mast that Britain strove to bow in vain ;
And one, who listened to the tale of shame,
Whose heart still answered to that sacred name,

Whose eye still followed o'er his country's tides
Thy glorious flag, our brave Old Iron-sides !
From yon lone attic, on a summer's morn,
Thus mocked the spoilers with his school-boy scorn.¹

III.

WHEN florid Peace resumed her golden reign,
And arts revived, and valleys bloomed again ;
While War still panted on his broken blade,
Once more the Muse her heavenly wing essayed.
Rude was the song ; some ballad, stern and wild,
Lulled the light slumbers of the soldier's child ;
Or young romancer, with his threatening glance
And fearful fables of his bloodless lance,
Scared the soft fancy of the clinging girls,
Whose snowy fingers smoothed his raven curls.
But when long years the stately form had bent,
And faithless memory her illusions lent,
So vast the outlines of Tradition grew,
That History wondered at the shapes she drew,
And veiled at length their too ambitious hues
Beneath the pinions of the Epic Muse.

Far swept her wing ; for stormier days had brought
With darker passions deeper tides of thought.
The camp's harsh tumult and the conflict's glow,
The thrill of triumph and the gasp of woe,
The tender parting and the glad return,
The festal banquet and the funeral urn,—
And all the drama which at once uprears
Its spectral shadows through the clash
of spears,
From camp and field to echoing verse transferred,
Swelled the proud song that listening nations heard.

¹ For "Old Ironsides," see p. 1.

Why floats the amaranth in eternal bloom
 O'er Ilium's turrets and Achilles' tomb ?
 Why lingers fancy, where the sunbeams smile
 On Circe's gardens and Calypso's isle ?
 Why follows memory to the gate of Troy
 Her plumed defender and his trembling boy ?
 Lo ! the blind dreamer, kneeling on the sand,
 To trace these records with his doubtful hand ;
 In fabled tones his own emotion flows,
 And other lips repeat his silent woes ;
 In Hector's infant see the babes that shun
 Those deathlike eyes, unconscious of the sun,
 Or in his hero hear himself implore,
 "Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more !"

Thus live undying through the lapse of time
 The solemn legends of the warrior's clime ;
 Like Egypt's pyramid, or Paestum's fane,
 They stand the heralds of the voiceless plain ;
 Yet not like them, for Time, by slow degrees,
 Saps the gray stone, and wears the embroidered frieze,
 And Isis sleeps beneath her subject Nile,
 And crumbled Neptune strews his Dorian pile ;
 But Art's fair fabric, strengthening as it rears
 Its laurelled columns through the mist of years,
 As the blue arches of the bending skies
 Still gird the torrent, following as it flies,
 Spreads, with the surges bearing on mankind,
 Its starred pavilion o'er the tides of mind !

In vain the patriot asks some lofty lay
 To dress in state our wars of yesterday.
 The classic days, those mothers of romance,
 That roused a nation for a woman's glance ;

The age of mystery with its hoarded power,
 That girt the tyrant in his storied tower,
 Have past and faded like a dream of youth,
 And riper eras ask for history's truth.
 On other shores, above their moulder ing towns,
 In sullen pomp the tall cathedral frowns,
 Pride in its aisles, and paupers at the door,
 Which feeds the beggars whom it fleeced of yore.
 Simple and frail, our lowly temples throw
 Their slender shadows on the paths below ;
 Scarce steal the winds, that sweep his woodland tracks,
 The larch's perfume from the settler's axe,
 Ere, like a vision of the morning air,
 His slight-framed steeple marks the house of prayer ;
 Its planks all reeking, and its paint undried,
 Its rafters sprouting on the shady side,
 It sheds the raindrops from its shingled eaves,
 Ere its green brothers once have changed their leaves.
 Yet Faith's pure hymn, beneath its shelter rude,
 Breathes out as sweetly to the tangled wood,
 As where the rays through pictured glo ries pour
 On marble shaft and tessellated floor ;—
 Heaven asks no surplice round the heart that feels,
 And all is holy where devotion kneels.
 Thus on the soil the patriot's knee should bend,
 Which holds the dust once living to defend ;
 Where'er the hireling shrinks before the free,
 Each pass becomes "a new Thermopylae" !
 Where'er the battles of the brave are won,
 There every mountain "looks on Marathon" !
 Our fathers live ; they guard in glory still

The grass-grown bastions of the fortressed hill ;
 Still ring the echoes of the trampled gorge,
 With *God and Freedom! England and Saint George!*
 The royal cipher on the captured gun
 Mocks the sharp night-dews and the blistering sun ;
 The red-cross banner shades its captor's bust,
 Its folds still loaded with the conflict's dust ;
 The drum, suspended by its tattered marge,
 Once rolled and rattled to the Hessian's charge ;
 The stars have floated from Britannia's mast,
 The redcoat's trumpets blown the rebel's blast.

Point to the summits where the brave have bled,
 Where every village claims its glorious dead ;
 Say, when their bosoms met the bayonet's shock,
 Their only corselet was the rustic frock ;
 Say, when they mustered to the gathering horn,
 The titled chieftain curled his lip in scorn,
 Yet, when their leader bade his lines advance,
 No musket wavered in the lion's glance ;
 Say, when they fainted in the forced retreat,
 They tracked the snow-drifts with their bleeding feet,
 Yet still their banners, tossing in the blast,
 Bore *Ever Ready*, faithful to the last,
 Through storm and battle, till they waved again
 On Yorktown's hills and Saratoga's plain !

Then, if so fierce the insatiate patriot's flame,
 Truth looks too pale, and history seems too tame,
 Bid him await some new Columbiad's page,
 To gild the tablets of an iron age,
 And save his tears, which yet may fall upon
 Some fabled field, some fancied Washington !

IV.

BUT once again, from their Aeolian cave,
 The winds of Genius wandered on the wave.
 Tired of the scenes the timid pencil drew,
 Sick of the notes the sounding clarion blew ;
 Sated with heroes who had worn so long
 The shadowy plumage of historic song ;
 The new-born poet left the beaten course,
 To track the passions to their living source.

Then rose the Drama ;— and the world admired
 Her varied page with deeper thought inspired ;
 Bound to no clime, for Passion's throb is one
 In Greenland's twilight or in India's sun ;
 Born for no age, — for all the thoughts that roll
 In the dark vortex of the stormy soul,
 Unchained in song, no freezing years can tame ;
 God gave them birth, and man is still the same.

So full on life her magic mirror shone,
 Her sister Arts paid tribute to her throne ;
 One reared her temple, one her canvas warmed,
 And Music thrilled, while Eloquence informed.
 The weary rustic left his stinted task
 For smiles and tears, the dagger and the mask ;
 The sage, turned scholar, half forgot his lore,
 To be the woman he despised before ;
 O'er sense and thought she threw her golden chain,
 And Time, the anarch, spares her deathless reign.

Thus lives Medea, in our tamer age,
 As when her buskin pressed the Grecian stage ;
 Not in the cells where frigid learning delves
 In Aldine folios mouldering on their shelves ;

But breathing, burning in the glittering throng,
Whose thousand bravoes roll untired along,
Circling and spreading through the gilded halls,
From London's galleries to San Carlo's walls !

Thus shall he live whose more than mortal name
Mocks with its ray the pallid torch of Fame ;
So proudly lifted, that it seems afar
No earthly Pharos, but a heavenly star ;
Who, unconfined to Art's diurnal bound,
Girds her whole zodiac in his flaming round,
And leads the passions, like the orb that guides,
From pole to pole, the palpitating tides !

V.

THOUGH round the Muse the robe of song is thrown,
Think not the poet lives in verse alone.
Long ere the chisel of the sculptor taught
The lifeless stone to mock the living thought ;
Long ere the painter bade the canvas glow
With every line the forms of beauty know ;
Long ere the iris of the Muses threw
On every leaf its own celestial hue ;
In fable's dress the breath of genius poured,
And warmed the shapes that later times adored.

Untaught by Science how to forge the keys,
That loose the gates of Nature's mysteries ;
Unschooled by Faith, who, with her angel tread,
Leads through the labyrinth with a single thread,
His fancy, hovering round her guarded tower,
Rained through its bars like Danae's golden shower.

He spoke ; the sea-nymph answered from her cave :
He called ; the naiad left her mountain wave :

He dreamed of beauty ; lo, amidst his dream,
Narcissus, mirrored in the breathless stream ;
And night's chaste empress, in her bridal play,
Laughed through the foliage where Endymion lay ;
And ocean dimpled, as the languid swell Kissed the red lip of Cytherea's shell :
Of power, — Bellona swept the crimson field,
And blue-eyed Pallas shook her Gorgon shield ;
O'er the hushed waves their mightier monarch drove,
And Ida trembled to the tread of Jove !

So every grace that plastic language knows
To nameless poets its perfection owes.
The rough-hewn words to simplest thoughts confined
Were cut and polished in their nicer mind ;
Caught on their edge, imagination's ray
Splits into rainbows, shooting far away ; —
From sense to soul, from soul to sense,
it flies,
And through all nature links analogies ;
He who reads right will rarely look upon
A better poet than his lexicon !

There is a race, which cold, ungenial skies
Breed from decay, as fungous growths arise ;
Though dying fast, yet springing fast again,
Which still usurps an unsubstantial reign,
With frames too languid for the charms of sense,
And minds worn down with action too intense ;
Tired of a world whose joys they never knew,
Themselves deceived, yet thinking all untrue ;
Scarce men without, and less than girls within,
Sick of their life before its cares begin ; —
The dull disease, which drains their feeble hearts,

To life's decay some hectic thrills imparts,
And lends a force, which, like the maniac's power,
Pays with blank years the frenzy of an hour.

And this is Genius ! Say, does Heaven degrade
The manly frame, for health, for action made ?
Break down the sinews, rack the brow with pains,
Blanch the bright cheek, and drain the purple veins,
To clothe the mind with more extended sway,
Thus faintly struggling in degenerate clay ?

No ! gentle maid, too ready to admire,
Though false its notes, the pale enthusiast's lyre ;
If this be genius, though its bitter springs Glowed like the morn beneath Aurora's wings,
Seek not the source whose sullen bosom feeds
But fruitless flowers, and dark, envenomed weeds.

But, if so bright the dear illusion seems,
Thou wouldest be partner of thy poet's dreams,
And hang in rapture on his bloodless charms,
Or die, like Raphael, in his angel arms ;
Go, and enjoy thy blessed lot, — to share
In Cowper's gloom, or Chatterton's despair !

Not such were they, whom, wandering o'er the waves,
I looked to meet, but only found their graves ;
If friendship's smile, the better part of fame,
Should lend my song the only wreath I claim,
Whose voice would greet me with a sweeter tone,
Whose living hand more kindly press my own,
Than theirs, — could Memory, as her silent tread

Prints the pale flowers that blossom o'er the dead,
Those breathless lips, now closed in peace, restore,
Or wake those pulses hushed to beat no more ?

Thou calm, chaste scholar ! I can see thee now,
The first young laurels on thy pallid brow,
O'er thy slight figure floating lightly down
In graceful folds the academic gown,
On thy curled lip the classic lines, that taught
How nice the mind that sculptured them with thought,
And triumph glistening in the clear blue eye,
Too bright to live, — but O, too fair to die !

And thou, dear friend, whom Science still deplores,
And love still mourns, on ocean-severed shores,
Though the bleak forest twice has bowed with snow,
Since thou wast laid its budding leaves below,
Thine image mingles with my closing strain,
As when we wandered by the turbid Seine,
Both blest with hopes, which revelled, bright and free,
On all we longed, or all we dreamed to be ;
To thee the amaranth and the cypress fell,—
And I was spared to breathe this last farewell !

But lived there one in unremembered days,
Or lives there still, who spurns the poet's bays,
Whose fingers, dewy from Castalia's springs,
Rest on the lyre, yet scorn to touch the strings ?
Who shakes the senate with the silver tone
The groves of Pindus might have sighed to own ?
Have such e'er been ? Remember Canning's name !

And there the sachem learned the rule
he taught to kith and kin,
“Run from the white man when you
find he smells of Hollands gin !”

A hundred years, and fifty more, had
spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down
each little cherub’s nose,
When once again the bowl was filled,
but not in mirth or joy,
‘T was mingled by a mother’s hand to
cheer her parting boy.

Drink, John, she said, ‘t will do you
good, — poor child, you’ll never
bear

This working in the dismal trench, out
in the midnight air ;
And if — God bless me! — you were
hurt, ‘t would keep away the chill ;
So John did drink, — and well he
wrought that night at Bunker’s Hill !

I tell you, there was generous warmth
in good old English cheer ;
I tell you, ‘t was a pleasant thought to
bring its symbol here ;
'T is but the fool that loves excess ;
hast thou a drunken soul ?
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in
my silver bowl !

I love the memory of the past, — its
pressed yet fragrant flowers, —
The moss that clothes its broken walls,
— the ivy on its towers ; —
Nay, this poor bawble it bequeathed, —
my eyes grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that
danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear
it straight to me ;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate’er
the liquid be ;
And may the cherubs on its face protect
me from the sin,
That dooms one to those dreadful words,
— “My dear, where have you been ?”

A SONG

FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF
HARVARD COLLEGE, 1836.

WHEN the Puritans came over,
Our hills and swamps to clear,

The woods were full of catamounts,
And Indians red as deer,
With tomahawks and scalping-knives,
That make folks’ heads look queer ; —
O the ship from England used to bring
A hundred wigs a year !

The crows came cawing through the air
To pluck the pilgrims’ corn,
The bears came snuffing round the door
Whene’er a babe was born,
The rattlesnakes were bigger round
Than the but of the old ram’s horn
The deacon blew at meeting time
On every “ Sabbath ” morn.

But soon they knocked the wigwams
down,
And pine-tree trunk and limb
Began to sprout among the leaves
In shape of steeples slim ;
And out the little wharves were stretched
Along the ocean’s rim,
And up the little school-house shot
To keep the boys in trim.

And, when at length the College rose,
The sachem cocked his eye
At every tutor’s meagre ribs
Whose coat-tails whistled by :
But when the Greek and Hebrew words
Came tumbling from their jaws,
The copper-colored children all
Ran screaming to the squaws.

And who was on the Catalogue
When college was begun ?
Two nephews of the President,
And the Professor’s son ;
(They turned a little Indian by,
As brown as any bun ;)
Lord ! how the seniors knocked about
The freshman class of one !

They had not then the dainty things
That commons now afford,
But succotash and homony
Were smoking on the board ;
They did not rattle round in gigs,
Or dash in long-tail blues,
But always on Commencement days
The tutors blacked their shoes.

God bless the ancient Puritans !
Their lot was hard enough ;
But honest hearts make iron arms,
And tender maids are tough ;

So love and faith have formed and fed
Our true-born Yankee stuff,
And keep the kernel in the shell
The British found so rough !

THE ISLAND HUNTING-SONG.

No more the summer floweret charms,
The leaves will soon be sere,
And Autumn folds his jewelled arms
Around the dying year ;
So, ere the waning seasons claim
Our leafless groves awhile,
With golden wine and glowing flame
We'll crown our lonely isle.

Once more the merry voices sound
. Within the antlered hall,
And long and loud the baying hounds
Return the hunter's call ;
And through the woods, and o'er the hill,
And far along the bay,
The driver's horn is sounding shrill,—
Up, sportsmen, and away !

No bars of steel, or walls of stone,
Our little empire bound,
But, circling with his azure zone,
The sea runs foaming round ;
The whitening wave, the purpled skies,
The blue and lifted shore,
Braid with their dim and blending dyes
Our wide horizon o'er.

And who will leave the grave debate
That shakes the smoky town,
To rule amid our island-state,
And wear our oak-leaf crown ?
And who will be awhile content
To hunt our woodland game,
And leave the vulgar pack that scent
The reeking track of fame ?

Ah, who that shares in toils like these
Will sigh not to prolong
Our days beneath the broad-leaved trees,
Our nights of mirth and song ?
Then leave the dust of noisy streets,
Ye outlaws of the wood,
And follow through his green retreats
Your noble Robin Hood.

DEPARTED DAYS.

YES, dear departed, cherished days,
Could Memory's hand restore
Your morning light, your evening rays
From Time's gray urn once more, —

Then might this restless heart be still,
This straining eye might close,
And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
We strive against the stream,
Each moment farther from the shore
Where life's young fountains gleam ;—
Each moment fainter wave the fields,
And wider rolls the sea ;
The mist grows dark, — the sun goes
down, —
Day breaks, — and where are we ?

THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

THEY bid me strike the idle strings,
As if my summer days
Had shaken sunbeams from their wings
To warm my autumn lays ;
They bring to me their painted urn,
As if it were not time
To lift my gauntlet and to spurn
The lists of boyish rhyme ;
And, were it not that I have still
Some weakness in my heart
That clings around my stronger will
And pleads for gentler art,
Perchance I had not turned away
The thoughts grown tame with toil,
To cheat this lone and pallid ray,
That wastes the midnight oil.

Alas ! with every year I feel
Some roses leave my brow ;
Too young for wisdom's tardy seal,
Too old for garlands now ;
Yet, while the dewy breath of spring
Steals o'er the tingling air,
And spreads and fans each emerald wing
The forest soon shall wear,
How bright the opening year would seem,
Had I one look like thine,
To meet me when the morning beam
Unseals these lids of mine !
Too long I bear this lonely lot,
That bids my heart run wild
To press the lips that love me not,
To clasp the stranger's child.

How oft beyond the dashing seas,
Amidst those royal bowers,
Where danced the lilacs in the breeze,
And swung the chestnut-flowers,

I wandered like a wearied slave
 Whose morning task is done,
 To watch the little hands that gave
 Their whiteness to the sun ;
 To revel in the bright young eyes,
 Whose lustre sparkled through
 The sable fringe of Southern skies
 Or gleamed in Saxon blue !
 How oft I heard another's name
 Called in some truant's tone ;
 Sweet accents ! which I longed to claim,
 To learn and lisp my own !

Too soon the gentle hands, that pressed
 The ringlets of the child,
 Are folded on the faithful breast
 Where first he breathed and smiled ;
 Too oft the clinging arms untwine,
 The melting lips forget,
 And darkness veils the bridal shrine
 Where wreaths and torches met ;
 If Heaven but leaves a single thread
 Of Hope's dissolving chain,
 Even when her parting plumes are spread,
 It bids them fold again ;
 The cradle rocks beside the tomb ;
 The cheek now changed and chill
 Smiles on us in the morning bloom
 Of one that loves us still.

Sweet image ! I have done thee wrong
 To claim this destined lay ;
 The leaf that asked an idle song
 Must bear my tears away.
 Yet, in thy memory shouldst thou keep
 This else forgotten strain,
 Till years have taught thine eyes to weep,
 And flattery's voice is vain ;
 O then, thou fledgling of the nest,
 Like the long-wandering dove,
 Thy weary heart may faint for rest,
 As mine, on changeless love ;
 And while these sculptured lines retrace
 The hours now dancing by,
 This vision of thy girlish grace
 May cost thee, too, a sigh.

SONG

WRITTEN FOR THE DINNER GIVEN TO
 CHARLES DICKENS, BY THE YOUNG
 MEN OF BOSTON, FEB. 1, 1842.

THE stars their early vigils keep,
 The silent hours are near,
 When drooping eyes forget to weep,—
 Yet still we linger here ;

And what—the passing churl may ask—
 Can claim such wondrous power,
 That Toil forgets his wonted task,
 And Love his promised hour ?

The Irish harp no longer thrills,
 Or breathes a fainter tone ;
 The clarion blast from Scotland's hills,
 Alas ! no more is blown ;
 And Passion's burning lip bewails
 Her Harold's wasted fire,
 Still lingering o'er the dust that veils
 The Lord of England's lyre.

But grieve not o'er its broken strings,
 Nor think its soul hath died,
 While yet the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 As once o'er Avon's side ;—
 While gentle summer sheds her bloom,
 And dewy blossoms wave,
 Alike o'er Juliet's storied tomb
 And Nelly's nameless grave.

Thou glorious island of the sea !
 Though wide the wasting flood
 That parts our distant land from thee,
 We claim thy generous blood ;
 Nor o'er thy far horizon springs
 One hallowed star of fame,
 But kindles, like an angel's wings,
 Our western skies in flame !

LINES

RECITED AT THE BERKSHIRE JUBILEE.

COME back to your mother, ye children,
 for shame,
 Who have wandered like truants, for
 riches or fame !
 With a smile on her face, and a sprig in
 her cap,
 She calls you to feast from her bountiful
 lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts,
 and your lanes,
 And breathe, like young eagles, the air
 of our plains ;
 Take a whiff from our fields, and your
 excellent wives
 Will declare it's all nonsense insuring
 your lives.

Come you of the law, who can talk, if
 you please,
 Till the man in the moon will allow it's
 a cheese,

And leave "the old lady, that never tells lies,"
To sleep with her handkerchief over her eyes.

Ye healers of men, for a moment decline
Your feats in the rhubarb and ipecac line ;
While you shut up your turnpike, your neighbors can go,
The old roundabout road, to the regions below.

You clerk, on whose ears are a couple of pens,
And whose head is an ant-hill of units and tens ;
Though Plato denies you, we welcome you still
As a featherless biped, in spite of your quill.

Poor drudge of the city ! how happy he feels,
With the burs on his legs, and the grass at his heels !
No *dodger* behind, his bandannas to share,
No constable grumbling, "You must n't walk there !"

In yonder green meadow, to memory dear,
He slaps a mosquito and brushes a tear ;
The dew-drops hang round him on blossoms and shoots,
He breathes but one sigh for his youth and his boots.

There stands the old school-house, hard by the old church ;
That tree at its side had the flavor of birch ;
O sweet were the days of his juvenile tricks,
Though the prairie of youth had so many "big licks."

By the side of yon river he weeps and he slumps,
The boots fill with water, as if they were pumps,
Till, sated with rapture, he steals to his bed,
With a glow in his heart and a cold in his head.

'T is past, — he is dreaming, — I see him again ;
The ledger returns as by legerdemain ;

His neckcloth is damp with an easterly flaw,
And he holds in his fingers an omnibus straw.

He dreams the chill gust is a blossomy gale,
That the straw is a rose from his dear native vale ;
And murmurs, unconscious of space and of time,
"A 1. Extra super. Ah, is n't it PRIME !"

What are the prizes we perish to win
To the first little "shiner" we caught with a pin !
No soil upon earth is so dear to our eyes
As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial pies !

Then come from all parties, and parts,
to our feast ;
Though not at the "Astor," we 'll give you at least
A bite at an apple, a seat on the grass,
And the best of old — water — at nothing a glass.

NUX POSTCŒNATICA.

I WAS sitting with my microscope, upon my parlor rug,
With a very heavy quarto and a very lively bug ;
The true bug had been organized with only two antennæ,
But the humbug in the copperplate would have them twice as many.

And I thought, like Dr. Faustus, of the emptiness of art,
How we take a fragment for the whole,
and call the whole a part,
When I heard a heavy footstep that was loud enough for two,
And a man of forty entered, exclaiming,
— "How d'y'e do ?"

He was not a ghost, my visitor, but solid flesh and bone ;
He wore a Palo Alto hat, his weight was twenty stone ;
(It's odd how hats expand their brims as riper years invade,
As if when life had reached its noon, it wanted them for shade !)

I lost my focus, — dropped my book, —
the bug, who was a flea,
At once exploded, and commenced experiments on me.

They have a certain heartiness that frequently appalls, —
Those mediæval gentlemen in semilunar smalls !

“My boy,” he said, — (colloquial ways,
— the vast, broad-hatted man,) —
“Come dine with us on Thursday next,
— you must, you know you can ;
We’re going to have a roaring time, with lots of fun and noise,
Distinguished guests, et cetera, the JUDGE, and all the boys.”

Not so, — I said, — my temporal bones are showing pretty clear.
It’s time to stop, — just look and see that hair above this ear ;
My golden days are more than spent, — and, what is very strange,
If these are real silver hairs, I’m getting lots of change.

Besides — my prospects — don’t you know that people won’t employ A man that wrongs his manliness by laughing like a boy ?
And suspect the azure blossom that unfolds upon a shoot,
As if wisdom’s old potato could not flourish at its root ?

It’s a very fine reflection, when you’re etching out a smile
On a copperplate of faces that would stretch at least a mile,
That, what with sneers from enemies, and cheapening shrugs of friends,
It will cost you all the earnings that a month of labor lends !

It’s a vastly pleasing prospect, when you’re screwing out a laugh,
That your very next year’s income is diminished by a half,
And a little boy trips barefoot that Pegasus may go,
And the baby’s milk is watered that your Helicon may flow !

No ; — the joke has been a good one, — but I’m getting fond of quiet,
And I don’t like deviations from my customary diet ;

So I think I will not go with you to hear the toasts and speeches,
But stick to old Montgomery Place, and have some pig and peaches.

The fat man answered : — Shut your mouth, and hear the genuine creed ;
The true essentials of a feast are only fun and feed ;
The force that wheels the planets round delights in spinning tops,
And that young earthquake t’ other day was great at shaking props.

I tell you what, philosopher, if all the longest heads
That ever knocked their sinciputs in stretching on their beds
Were round one great mahogany, I’d beat those fine old folks
With twenty dishes, twenty fools, and twenty clever jokes !

Why, if Columbus should be there, the company would beg
He’d show that little trick of his of balancing the egg !
Milton to Stilton would give in, and Solomon to Salmon,
And Roger Bacon be a bore, and Francis Bacon gammon !

And as for all the “patronage” of all the clowns and boors
That squint their little narrow eyes at any freak of yours,
Do leave them to your prosier friends, — such fellows ought to die
When rhubarb is so very scarce and ipecac so high !

And so I come, — like Lochinvar, to tread a single measure,
To purchase with a loaf of bread a sugar-plum of pleasure,
To enter for the cup of glass that’s run for after dinner,
Which yields a single sparkling draught, then breaks and cuts the winner.

Ah, that’s the way delusion comes, — a glass of old Madeira,
A pair of visual diaphragms revolved by Jane or Sarah,
And down go vows and promises without the slightest question
If eating words won’t compromise the organs of digestion !

And yet, among my native shades, beside
my nursing mother,
Where every stranger seems a friend,
and every friend a brother,
I feel the old convivial glow (unaided)

o'er me stealing,—

The warm, champagny, old-particular,
brandy-punchy feeling.

We're all alike; — Vesuvius flings the
scorie from his fountain,
But down they come in volleying rain
back to the burning mountain;
We leave, like those volcanic stones, our
precious Alma Mater,

But will keep dropping in again to see
the dear old crater.

VERSES FOR AFTER-DINNER.

Φ B K SOCIETY, 1844.

I WAS thinking last night, as I sat in
the cars,
With the charmingest prospect of cin-
ders and stars,
Next Thursday is — bless me! — how
hard it will be,
If that cannibal president calls upon me!

There is nothing on earth that he will
not devour,
From a tutor in seed to a freshman in
flower;
No sage is too gray, and no youth is too
green,
And you can't be too plump, though you
're never too lean.

While others enlarge on the boiled and
the roast,
He serves a raw clergyman up with a
toast,
Or catches some doctor, quite tender and
young,
And basely insists on a bit of his tongue.

Poor victim, prepared for his classical
spit,
With a stuffing of praise, and a basting
of wit,
You may twitch at your collar, and wrin-
kle your brow,
But you're up on your legs, and you're
in for it now.

O think of your friends,— they are wait-
ing to hear
Those jokes that are thought so remark-
ably queer;

And all the Jack Horners of metrical
buns
Are prying and fingering to pick out the
puns.

Those thoughts which, like chickens,
will always thrive best
When reared by the heat of the natural
nest,
Will perish if hatched from their embryo
dream
In the mist and the glow of convivial
steam.

O pardon me, then, if I meekly retire,
With a very small flash of ethereal fire;
No rubbing will kindle your Lucifer
match,
If the *fiz* does not follow the primitive
scratch.

Dear friends, who are listening so sweetly
the while,
With your lips double-reefed in a snug
little smile, —
I leave you two fables, both drawn from
the deep, —
The shells you can drop, but the pearls
you may keep.

* * * * *
The fish called the FLOUNDER, perhaps
you may know,
Has one side for use and another for
show;
One side for the public, a delicate brown,
And one that is white, which he always
keeps down.

A very young flounder, the flattest of
flats,
(And they're none of them thicker than
opera hats,)
Was speaking more freely than charity
taught
Of a friend and relation that just had
been caught.

“ My ! what an exposure ! just see what
a sight !
I blush for my race, — he is showing his
white !
Such spinning and wriggling, — why,
what does he wish ?
How painfully small to respectable fish ! ”

Then said an old SCULPIN, — “ My free-
dom excuse,
But you're playing the cobbler with holes
in your shoes ;

Your brown side is up, — but just wait
till you're tried
And you'll find that all flounders are
white on one side."

* * *

There's a slice near the PICKEREL's pec-
toral fins,
Where the *thorax* leaves off and the
venter begins ;
Which his brother, survivor of fish-hooks
and lines,
Though fond of his family, never declines.
He loves his relations ; he feels they'll
be missed ;
But that one little titbit he cannot re-
sist ;
So your bait may be swallowed, no mat-
ter how fast,
For you catch your next fish with a piece
of the last.

And thus, O survivor, whose merciless
fate
Is to take the next hook with the presi-
dent's bait,
You are lost while you snatch from the
end of his line
The morsel he rent from this bosom of
mine !

A MODEST REQUEST

COMPLIED WITH AFTER THE DINNER AT
PRESIDENT EVERETT'S INAUGURATION.

SCENE, — a back parlor in a certain
square,
Or court, or lane, — in short, no matter
where ;
Time, — early morning, dear to simple
souls
Who love its sunshine, and its fresh-
baked rolls ;
Persons, — take pity on this telltale
blush,
That, like the *Athiop*, whispers, "Hush,
O hush !"

Delightful scene ! where smiling comfort
broods,
Nor business frets, nor anxious care in-
trudes ;
O si sic omnia ! were it ever so !
But what is stable in this world below ?
Medio e fonte, — Virtue has her faults,—
The clearest fountains taste of Epsom
salts ;

We snatch the cup and lift to drain it
dry, —
Its central dimple holds a drowning fly !
Strong is the pine by Maine's ambrosial
streams,
But stronger augers pierce its thickest
beams ;
No iron gate, no spiked and panelled
door,
Can keep out death, the postman, or the
bore ; —
O for a world where peace and silence
reign,
And blunted dulness terebrates in vain !
— The door-bell jingles, — enter Rich-
ard Fox,
And takes this letter from his leatheren
box.

" Dear Sir,

In writing on a former day,
One little matter I forgot to say ;
I now inform you in a single line,
On Thursday next our purpose is to *dine*.
The act of feeding, as you understand,
Is but a fraction of the work in hand ;
Its nobler half is that ethereal meat
The papers call 'the intellectual treat' ;
Songs, speeches, toasts, around the fes-
tive board
Drowned in the juice the College pumps
afford ;
For only water flanks our knives and
forks,
So, sink or float, we swim without the
corks.
Yours is the art, by native genius taught,
To clothe in eloquence the naked thought ;
Yours is the skill its music to prolong
Through the sweet effluence of melliflu-
ous song ;
Yours the quaint trick to cram the pithy
line
That cracks so crisply over bubbling wine ;
And since success your various gifts at-
tends,
We — that is, I and all your numerous
friends —
Expect from you — your single self a
host —
A speech, a song, excuse me, *and* a toast ;
Nay, not to haggle on so small a claim,
A few of each, or several of the same.
(Signed), Yours, *most truly*, — ”

No ! my sight must fail, —
If that ain't Judas on the largest scale !

Well, this *is* modest ;—nothing else than that ?
 My coat ? my boots ? my pantaloons ?
 my hat ?
 My stick ? my gloves ? as well as all
 my wits,
 Learning and linen, — everything that
 fits !

Jack, said my lady, is it grog you 'll try,
 Or punch, or toddy, if perhaps you 're
 dry ?
 Ah, said the sailor, though I can't re-
 fuse,
 You know, my lady, 't ain't for me to
 choose ;—
 I 'll take the grog to finish off my lunch,
 And drink the toddy while you mix the
 punch.

THE SPEECH. (The speaker, rising to be seen,
 Looks very red, because so very green.)
 I rise — I rise — with unaffected fear,
 (Louder ! — speak louder ! — who the
 deuce can hear ?)
 I rise — I said — with undisguised dis-
 may —
 — Such are my feelings as I rise, I say !
 Quite unprepared to face this learned
 throng,
 Already gorged with eloquence and song;
 Around my view are ranged on either
 hand
 The genius, wisdom, virtue, of the land ;
 “Hands that the rod of empire might
 have swayed”
 Close at my elbow stir their lemonade ;
 Would you like Homer learn to write
 and speak,
 That bench is groaning with its weight
 of Greek ;
 Behold the naturalist who in his teens
 Found six new species in a dish of greens;
 And lo, the master in a statelier walk,
 Whose annual ciphering takes a ton of
 chalk ;
 And there the linguist, who by common
 roots
 Thro' all their nurseries tracks old Noah's
 shoots, —
 How Shem's proud children reared the
 Assyrian piles,
 While Ham's were scattered through the
 Sandwich Isles !

— Fired at the thought of all the pres-
 ent shows,
 My kindling fancy down the future
 flows :
 I see the glory of the coming days
 O'er Time's horizon shoot its streaming
 rays ;
 Near and more near the radiant morning
 draws
 In living lustre (rapturous applause) ;
 From east to west the blazing heralds run,
 Loosed from the chariot of the ascend-
 ing sun,
 Through the long vista of uncounted
 years
 In cloudless splendor (three tremendous
 cheers).
 My eye prophetic, as the depths unfold,
 Sees a new advent of the age of gold ;
 While o'er the scene new generations
 press,
 New heroes rise the coming time to
 bless, —
 Not such as Homer's, who, we read in
 Pope,
 Dined without forks and never heard of
 soap, —
 Not such as May to Marlborough Chapel
 brings,
 Lean, hungry, savage, anti-everythings,
 Copies of Luther in the pasteboard
 style, —
 But genuine articles, — the true Carlyle ;
 While far on high the blazing orb shall
 shed
 Its central light on Harvard's holy head,
 And Learning's ensigns ever float un-
 furled
 Here in the focus of the new-born world !

The speaker stops, and, trampling down
 the pause,
 Roars through the hall the thunder of
 applause,
 One stormy gust of long-suspended Ahs !
 One whirlwind chaos of insane hurrahs !

THE SONG. But this demands a briefer
 line, —
 A shorter muse, and not the old long
 Nine ; —
 Long metre answers for a common song,
 Though common metre does not answer
 long.

She came beneath the forest dome
To seek its peaceful shade,
An exile from her ancient home,—
A poor, forsaken maid ;
No banner, flaunting high above,
No blazoned cross, she bore ;
One holy book of light and love
Was all her worldly store.

The dark brown shadows passed away,
And wider spread the green,
And, where the savage used to stray,
The rising mart was seen ;
So, when the laden winds had brought
Their showers of golden rain,
Her lap some precious gleanings caught,
Like Ruth's amid the grain.

But wrath soon gathered uncontrolled
Among the baser churls,
To see her ankles red with gold,
Her forehead white with pearls ;
“Who gave to thee the glittering bands
That lace thine azure veins ?
Who bade thee lift those snow-white
hands
We bound in gilded chains ?”

“These are the gems my children gave,”
The stately dame replied ;
“The wise, the gentle, and the brave,
I nurtured at my side ;
If envy still your bosom stings,
Take back their rims of gold ;
My sons will melt their wedding-rings,
And give a hundred-fold !”

THE TOAST. O tell me, ye who thought-
less ask
Exhausted nature for a threefold task,
In wit or pathos if one share remains,
A safe investment for an ounce of brains ?
Hard is the job to launch the despera-
pun,
A pun-job dangerous as the Indian one.
Turned by the current of some stronger
wit
Back from the object that you mean to
hit,
Like the strange missile which the Aus-
tralian throws,
Your verbal boomerang slaps you on the
nose.
One vague inflection spoils the whole
with doubt,
One trivial letter ruins all, left out ;

A knot can choke a felon into clay,
A not will save him, spelt without the k ;
The smallest word has some unguarded
spot,
And danger lurks in i without a dot.

Thus great Achilles, who had shown his
zeal
In healing wounds, died of a wounded
heel ;
Unhappy chief, who, when in childhood
doused,
Had saved his bacon, had his feet been
soused !
Accursed heel that killed a hero stout !
O, had your mother known that you
were out,
Death had not entered at the trifling
part
That still defies the small chirurgeon's
art
With corns and bunions, — not the glo-
rious John,
Who wrote the book we all have pon-
dered on, —
But other bunions, bound in fleecy hose,
To “Pilgrim's Progress” unrelenting
foes !

A health, unmixed with the reveller's
wine,
To him whose title is indeed divine ;
Truth's sleepless watchman on her mid-
night tower,
Whose lamp burns brightest when the
tempests lower.
O who can tell with what a leaden flight
Drag the long watches of his weary
night,
While at his feet the hoarse and blind-
ing gale
Strews the torn wreck and bursts the
fragile sail,
When stars have faded, when the wave
is dark,
When rocks and sands embrace the
foundering bark,
And still he pleads with unavailing cry,
Behold the light, O wanderer, look or
die !

A health, fair Themis ! Would the
enchanted vine
Wreathed its green tendrils round this
cup of thine ;
If Learning's radiance fill thy modern
court,

Its glorious sunshine streams through
Blackstone's port !
Lawyers are thirsty, and their clients too,
Witness at least, if memory serve me
true,
Those old tribunals, famed for dusty
suits,
Where men sought justice ere they
brushed their boots ;—
And what can match, to solve a learned
doubt,
The warmth within that comes from
“ cold without ” ?

Health to the art whose glory is to
give
The crowning boon that makes it life to
live.
Ask not her home ; — the rock where
nature flings
Her arctic lichen, last of living things,
The gardens, fragrant with the orient's
balm,
From the low jasmine to the star-like
palm,
Hail her as mistress o'er the distant
waves,
And yield their tribute to her wandering
slaves.
Wherever, moistening the ungrateful
soil,
The tear of suffering tracks the path of
toil,
There, in the anguish of his fevered
hours,
Her gracious finger points to healing
flowers ;
Where the lost felon steals away to
die,
Her soft hand waves before his closing
eye ;
Where hunted misery finds his darkest
lair,
The midnight taper shows her kneeling
there !
VIRTUE, — the guide that men and
nations own ;
And LAW, — the bulwark that protects
her throne ;
And HEALTH, — to all its happiest
charm that lends ;
These and their servants, man's untiring
friends ;
Pour the bright lymph that Heaven itself
lets fall, —
In one fair bumper let us toast them all !

THE STETHOSCOPE SONG.

A PROFESSIONAL BALLAD.

THERE was a young man in Boston town,
He bought him a STETHOSCOPE nice
and new,
All mounted and finished and polished
down,
With an ivory cap and a stopper too.

It happened a spider within did crawl,
And spun him a web of ample size,
Wherein there chanc'd one day to fall
A couple of very imprudent flies.

The first was a bottle-fly, big and blue,
The second was smaller, and thin and
long ;
So there was a concert between the two,
Like an octave flute and a tavern gong.

Now being from Paris but recently,
This fine young man would show his
skill ;
And so they gave him, his hand to try,
A hospital patient extremely ill.

Some said that his *liver* was short of *bile*,
And some that his *heart* was over size,
While some kept arguing all the while
He was crammed with *tubercles* up to
his eyes.

This fine young man then up stepped he,
And all the doctors made a pause ;
Said he, — The man must die, you see,
By the fifty-seventh of Louis's laws.

But since the case is a desperate one,
To explore his chest it may be well ;
For if he should die and it were not done,
You know the *autopsy* would not tell.

Then out his stethoscope he took,
And on it placed his curious ear ;
Mon Dieu ! said he, with a knowing look,
Why here is a sound that's mighty
queer !

The *bourdonnement* is very clear, —
Amphoric buzzing, as I'm alive !
Five doctors took their turn to hear ;
Amphoric buzzing, said all the five.

There's *empyema* beyond a doubt ;
We'll plunge a *trocar* in his side. —
The diagnosis was made out,
They tapped the patient ; so he died.

Now such as hate new-fashioned toys
Began to look extremely glum ;
They said that *rattles* were made for boys,
And vowed that his *buzzing* was all a
hum.

There was an old lady had long been
sick,
And what was the matter none did
know :
Her pulse was slow, though her tongue
was quick ;
To her this knowing youth must go.

So there the nice old lady sat,
With phials and boxes all in a row ;
She asked the young doctor what he
was at,
To thump her and tumble her ruffles so.

Now, when the stethoscope came out,
The flies began to buzz and whiz ;—
O ho ! the matter is clear, no doubt ;
An *aneurism* there plainly is.

The *bruit de râpe* and the *bruit de scie*
And the *bruit de diable* are all com-
bined ;
How happy Bouillaud would be,
If he a case like this could find !

Now, when the neighboring doctors
found
A case so rare had been descried,
They every day her ribs did pound
In squads of twenty ; so she died.

Then six young damsels, slight and frail,
Received this kind young doctor's
cares ;
They all were getting slim and pale,
And short of breath on mounting
stairs.

They all made rhymes with "sighs" and
"skies,"
And loathed their puddings and but-
tered rolls,
And dieted, much to their friends' sur-
prise,
On pickles and pencils and chalk and
coals.

So fast their little hearts did bound,
The frightened insects buzzed the
more ;
So over all their chests he found
The *rôle sifflant*, and the *rôle sonore*.

He shook his head ; — there 's grave
disease, —
I greatly fear you all must die ;
A slight *post-mortem*, if you please,
Surviving friends would gratify.

The six young damsels wept aloud,
Which so prevailed on six young men,
That each his honest love avowed,
Whereat they all got well again.

This poor young man was all aghast ;
The price of stethoscopes came down ;
And so he was reduced at last
To practise in a country town.

The doctors being very sore,
A stethoscope they did devise,
That had a rammer to clear the bore,
With a knob at the end to kill the flies.

Now use your ears, all you that can,
But don't forget to mind your eyes,
Or you may be cheated, like this young
man,
By a couple of silly, abnormal flies.

EXTRACTS FROM A MEDICAL POEM.

THE STABILITY OF SCIENCE.

THE feeble sea-birds, blinded in the
storms,
On some tall lighthouse dash their little
forms,
And the rude granite scatters for their
pains
Those small deposits that were meant for
brains.
Yet the proud fabric in the morning's sun
Stands all unconscious of the mischief
done ;
Still the red beacon pours its evening rays
For the lost pilot with as full a blaze,
Nay, shines, all radiance, o'er the scat-
tered fleet
Of gulls and boobies brainless at its feet.
I tell their fate, though courtesy dis-
claims
To call our kind by such ungentle names ;
Yet, if your rashness bid you vainly dare,
Think of their doom, ye simple, and
beware !

See where aloft its hoary forehead rears
The towering pride of twice a thousand
years !
Far, far below the vast incumbent pile

Sleeps the gray rock from art's Ægean
isle ;
Its massive courses, circling as they rise,
Swell from the waves to mingle with the
skies ;
There every quarry lends its marble spoil,
And clustering ages blend their common
toil ;
The Greek, the Roman, reared its an-
cient walls,
The silent Arab arched its mystic halls ;
In that fair niche, by countless billows
laved,
Trace the deep lines that Sydenham en-
graved ;
On yon broad front that breasts the
changing swell,
Mark where the ponderous sledge of
Hunter fell ;
By that square buttress look where
Louis stands,
The stone yet warm from his uplifted
hands ;
And say, O Science, shall thy life-blood
freeze,
When fluttering folly flaps on walls like
these ?

A PORTRAIT.

THOUGHTFUL in youth, but not aus-
tere in age ;
Calm, but not cold, and cheerful though
a sage ;
Too true to flatter, and too kind to
sneer,
And only just when seemingly severe ;
So gently blending courtesy and art,
That wisdom's lips seemed borrowing
friendship's heart.
Taught by the sorrows that his age had
known
In others' trials to forget his own,
As hour by hour his lengthened day de-
clined,
A sweeter radiance lingered o'er his
mind.
Cold were the lips that spoke his early
praise,
And hushed the voices of his morning
days,
Yet the same accents dwelt on every
tongue,
And love renewing kept him ever young.

A SENTIMENT.

'Ο βίος βραχύς,—life is but a song ;
'Η τέλην μακρή,—art is wondrous long ;

Yet to the wise her paths are ever fair,
And Patience smiles, though Genius may
despair.
Give us but knowledge, though by slow
degrees,
And blend our toil with moments bright
as these ;
Let Friendship's accents cheer our doubt-
ful way,
And Love's pure planet lend its guiding
ray, —
Our tardy Art shall wear an angel's wings,
And life shall lengthen with the joy it
brings !

THE PARTING WORD.

I MUST leave thee, lady sweet !
Months shall waste before we meet ;
Winds are fair, and sails are spread,
Anchors leave their ocean bed ;
Ere this shining day grow dark,
Skies shall gird my shoreless bark ;
Through thy tears, O lady mine,
Read thy lover's parting line.

When the first sad sun shall set,
Thou shalt tear thy locks of jet ;
When the morning star shall rise,
Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes ;
When the second sun goes down,
Thou more tranquil shalt be grown,
Taught too well that wild despair
Dims thine eyes, and spoils thy hair.

All the first unquiet week
Thou shalt wear a smileless cheek ;
In the first month's second half
Thou shalt once attempt to laugh ;
Then in Pickwick thou shalt dip,
Slightly puckering round the lip,
Till at last, in sorrow's spite,
Samuel makes thee laugh outright.

While the first seven mornings last,
Round thy chamber bolted fast,
Many a youth shall fume and pout,
"Hang the girl, she's always out !"
While the second week goes round,
Vainly shall they ring and pound ;
When the third week shall begin,
"Martha, let the creature in."

Now once more the flattering throng
Round thee flock with smile and song,
But thy lips, unweaned as yet,
Lisp, "O, how can I forget !"



"Still the red beacon pours its evening rays." Page 35.

Men and devils both contrive
Traps for catching girls alive ;
Eve was duped, and Helen kissed, —
How, O how can you resist ?

First be careful of your fan,
Trust it not to youth or man ;
Love has filled a pirate's sail
Often with its perfumed gale.
Mind your kerchief most of all,
Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall ;
Shorter ell than mercers clip
Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in tropes,
Full of pistols, daggers, ropes ;
All the hemp that Russia bears
Scarce would answer lovers' prayers ;
Never thread was spun so fine,
Never spider stretched the line,
Would not hold the lovers true
That would really swing for you.

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,
Beating breasts in black despair ;
Others murmur with a sigh,
You must melt, or they will die ;
Painted words on empty lies,
Grubs with wings like butterflies ;
Let them die, and welcome, too ;
Pray what better could they do ?

Fare thee well, if years efface
From thy heart love's burning trace,
Keep, O keep that hallowed seat
From the tread of vulgar feet ;
If the blue lips of the sea
Wait with icy kiss for me,
Let not thine forget the vow,
Sealed how often, Love, as now.

A SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet
Breathes soft the Alpine rose,
So, through life's desert springing sweet,
The flower of friendship grows ;
And as, where'er the roses grow,
Some rain or dew descends,
'T is nature's law that wine should flow
To wet the lips of friends.

Then once again, before we part,
My empty glass shall ring ;
And he that has the warmest heart
Shall loudest laugh and sing.

They say we were not born to eat ;
But gray-haired sages think
It means,— Be moderate in your meat,
And partly live to drink ;

For baser tribes the rivers flow
That know not wine or song ;
Man wants but little drink below,
But wants that little strong.

Then once again, etc.

If one bright drop is like the gem
That decks a monarch's crown,
One goblet holds a diadem
Of rubies melted down !
A fig for Cæsar's blazing brow,
But, like the Egyptian queen,
Bid each dissolving jewel glow
My thirsty lips between.

Then once again, etc.

The Grecian's mound, the Roman's urn,
Are silent when we call,
Yet still the purple grapes return
To cluster on the wall ;
It was a bright Immortal's head
They circled with the vine,
And o'er their best and bravest dead
They poured the dark-red wine.

Then once again, etc.

Methinks o'er every sparkling glass
Young Eros waves his wings,
And echoes o'er its dimples pass
From dead Anacreon's strings ;
And, tossing round its beaded brim
Their locks of floating gold,
With bacchant dance and choral hymn
Return the nymphs of old.

Then once again, etc.

A welcome then to joy and mirth,
From hearts as fresh as ours,
To scatter o'er the dust of earth
Their sweetly mingled flowers ;
'T is Wisdom's self the cup that fills
In spite of Folly's frown,
And Nature, from her vine-clad hills,
That rains her life-blood down !

Then once again, before we part,

My empty glass shall ring ;
And he that has the warmest heart
Shall loudest laugh and sing.

SONG.

FOR A TEMPERANCE DINNER TO WHICH
LADIES WERE INVITED (NEW YORK
MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
NOV., 1842).

A HEALTH to dear woman ! She bids us
untwine,
From the cup it encircles, the fast-cling-
ing vine ;

But her cheek in its crystal with pleasure
will glow,
And mirror its bloom in the bright wave
below.

A health to sweet woman ! The days
are no more
When she watched for her lord till the
revel was o'er,
And smoothed the white pillow, and
blushed when he came,
As she pressed her cold lips on his fore-
head of flame.

Alas for the loved one ! too spotless and
fair
The joys of his banquet to chaste and
share ;
Her eye lost its light that his goblet
might shine,
And the rose of her cheek was dissolved
in his wine.

Joy smiles in the fountain, health flows
in the rills,
As their ribbons of silver unwind from
the hills ;
They breathe not the mist of the baccha-
nal's dream,
But the lilies of innocence float on their
stream.

Then a health and a welcome to woman
once more !
She brings us a passport that laughs at
our door ;
It is written on crimson, — its letters
are pearls, —
It is countersigned *Nature*. — So, room
for the Girls !

A SENTIMENT.

THE pledge of Friendship ! it is still
divine,
Though watery floods have quenched its
burning wine ;
Whatever vase the sacred drops may
hold,
The gourd, the shell, the cup of beaten
gold,
Around its brim the hand of Nature
throws
A garland sweeter than the banquet's
rose.
Bright are the blushes of the vine-
wreathed bowl,

Warm with the sunshine of Anacreon's
soul,
But dearer memories gild the tasteless
wave
That fainting Sidney perished as he gave.
'T is the heart's current lends the cup
its glow,
Whate'er the fountain whence the
draught may flow, —
The diamond dew-drops sparkling
through the sand,
Scooped by the Arab in his sunburnt
hand,
Or the dark streamlet oozing from the
snow,
Where creep and crouch the shuddering
Esquimaux ; —
Ay, in the stream that, ere again we
meet,
Shall burst the pavement, glistening at
our feet,
And, stealing silent from its leafy
hills,
Thread all our alleys with its thousand
rills, —
In each pale draught if generous feeling
blend,
And o'er the goblet friend shall smile on
friend,
Even cold Cochituate every heart shall
warm,
And genial Nature still defy reform !

A RHYMED LESSON.¹

(URANIA.)

YES, dear Enchantress, — wandering
far and long,
In realms unperfumed by the breath of
song,
Where flowers ill-flavored shed their
sweets around,
And bitterest roots invade the ungenial
ground,
Whose gems are crystals from the Epsom
mine,
Whose vineyards flow with antimonia
wine,
Whose gates admit no mirthful feature
in,
Save one gaunt mocker, the Sardonic
grin,

¹ This poem was delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, October 14, 1846.

Whose pangs are real, not the woes of rhyme
 That blue-eyed misses warble out of time ; —
 Truant, not recreant to thy sacred claim,
 Older by reckoning, but in heart the same,
 Freed for a moment from the chains of toil,
 I tread once more thy consecrated soil ;
 Here at thy feet my old allegiance own,
 Thy subject still, and loyal to thy throne !

My dazzling glance explores the crowded hall ;
 Alas, how vain to hope the smiles of all !
 I know my audience. All the gay and young
 Love the light antics of a playful tongue ;
 And these, remembering some expansive line
 My lips let loose among the nuts and wine,
 Are all impatience till the opening pun
 Proclaims the witty shamfight is begun.
 Two fifths at least, if not the total half,
 Have come infuriate for an earthquake laugh ;
 I know full well what alderman has tied
 His red bandanna tight about his side ;
 I see the mother, who, aware that boys
 Perform their laughter with superfluous noise,
 Beside her kerchief, brought an extra one
 To stop the explosions of her bursting son ;
 I know a tailor, once a friend of mine,
 Expects great doings in the button line ; —
 For mirth's concussions rip the outward case,
 And plant the stitches in a tenderer place.
 I know my audience ; — these shall have their due ;
 A smile awaits them ere my song is through !

I know myself. Not servile for applause,
 My Muse permits no deprecating clause ;
 Modest or vain, she will not be denied.

One bold confession due to honest pride ;
 And well she knows the drooping veil of song
 Shall save her boldness from the cavalier's wrong.
 Her sweeter voice the Heavenly Maid imparts
 To tell the secrets of our aching hearts ;
 For this, a suppliant, captive, prostrate, bound,
 She kneels imploring at the feet of sound ;
 For this, convulsed in thought's maternal pains,
 She loads her arms with rhyme's resounding chains ;
 Faint though the music of her fetters be,
 It lends one charm ; — her lips are ever free !

Think not I come, in manhood's fiery noon,
 To steal his laurels from the stage buffoon ;
 His sword of lath the harlequin may wield ;
 Behold the star upon my lifted shield !
 Though the just critic pass my humble name,
 And sweeter lips have drained the cup of fame,
 While my gay stanza pleased the banquet's lords,
 The soul within was tuned to deeper chords !
 Say, shall my arms, in other conflicts taught
 To swing aloft the ponderous mace of thought,
 Lift, in obedience to a school-girl's law,
 Mirth's tinsel wand or laughter's tickling straw ?
 Say, shall I wound with satire's rankling spear
 The pure, warm hearts that bid me welcome here ?
 No ! while I wander through the land of dreams,
 To strive with great and play with trifling themes,
 Let some kind meaning fill the varied line ;
 You have your judgment; will you trust to mine ?

Between two breaths what crowded
mysteries lie, —
The first short gasp, the last and long-
drawn sigh !
Like phantoms painted on the magic
slide,
Forth from the darkness of the past we
glide,
As living shadows for a moment seen
In airy pageant on the eternal screen,
Traced by a ray from one unchanging
flame,
Then seek the dust and stillness whence
we came.

But whence and why, our trembling
souls inquire,
Caught these dim visions their awaken-
ing fire ?
O who forgets when first the piercing
thought
Through childhood's musings found its
way unsought ?
I AM ; — I LIVE. The mystery and the
fear
When the dread question, **WHAT HAS**
BROUGHT ME HERE ?
Burst through life's twilight, as before
the sun
Roll the deep thunders of the morning
gun !

Are angel faces, silent and serene,
Bent on the conflicts of this little scene,
Whose dream-like efforts, whose unreal
strife,
Are but the preludes to a larger life ?

Or does life's summer see the end of
all,
These leaves of being mouldering as they
fall,
As the old poet vaguely used to deem,
As **WESLEY** questioned in his youthful
dream ?
O could such mockery reach our souls
indeed,
Give back the Pharaohs' or the Athe-
ian's creed ;
Better than this a Heaven of man's
device, —
The Indian's sports, the Moslem's para-
dise !

Or is our being's only end and aim
To add new glories to our Maker's name,

As the poor insect, shrivelling in the
blaze,
Lends a faint sparkle to its streaming
rays ?
Does earth send upwards to the Eternal's
ear
The mingled discords of her jarring
sphere
To swell his anthem, while creation
rings
With notes of anguish from its shattered
strings ?
Is it for this the immortal Artist means
These conscious, throbbing, agonized
machines ?

Dark is the soul whose sullen creed
can bind
In chains like these the all-embracing
Mind ;
No ! two-faced bigot, thou dost ill re-
prove
The sensual, selfish, yet benignant Jove,
And praise a tyrant throned in lonely
pride,
Who loves himself, and cares for naught
beside ;
Who gave thee, summoned from pri-
meval night,
A thousand laws, and not a single
right, —
A heart to feel, and quivering nerves to
thrill,
The sense of wrong, the death-defying
will ;
Who girt thy senses with this goodly
frame,
Its earthly glories and its orbs of flame,
Not for thyself, unworthy of a thought,
Poor helpless victim of a life unsought,
But all for him, unchanging and su-
preme,
The heartless centre of thy frozen
scheme !

Trust not the teacher with his lying
scroll,
Who tears the charter of thy shuddering
soul ;
The God of love, who gave the breath
that warms
All living dust in all its varied forms,
Asks not the tribute of a world like this
To fill the measure of his perfect bliss.
Though winged with life through all its
radiant shores,
Creation flowed with unexhausted stores

Cherub and seraph had not yet enjoyed ;
For this he called thee from the quick-
ening void !
Nor this alone ; a larger gift was thine,
A mightier purpose swelled his vast de-
sign ;
Thought,—conscience,—will,—to make
them all thine own,
He rent a pillar from the eternal throne !

Made in his image, thou must nobly
dare
The thorny crown of sovereignty to
share.
With eye uplifted, it is thine to view,
From thine own centre, Heaven's o'er-
arching blue ;
So round thy heart a beaming circle lies
No fiend can blot, no hypocrite disguise ;
From all its orbs one cheering voice is
heard,
Full to thine ear it bears the Father's
word,
Now, as in Eden where his first-born
trod :
“ Seek thine own welfare, true to man
and God ! ”
Think not too meanly of thy low es-
tate ;
Thou hast a choice ; to choose is to cre-
ate !
Remember whose the sacred lips that tell,
Angels approve thee when thy choice is
well ;
Remember, One, a judge of righteous
men,
Swore to spare Sodom if she held but
ten !
Use well the freedom which thy Master
gave,
(Think'st thou that Heaven can tolerate
a slave ?)
And He who made thee to be just and
true
Will bless thee, love thee,—ay, respect
thee too !

Nature has placed thee on a change-
ful tide,
To breast its waves, but not without a
guide ;
Yet, as the needle will forget its aim,
Jarred by the fury of the electric flame,
As the true current it will falsely feel,
Warped from its axis by a freight of steel;
So will thy CONSCIENCE lose its balanced
truth,

If passion's lightning fall upon thy
youth ;
So the pure effluvium quit its sacred
hold,
Girt round too deeply with magnetic
gold.
Go to yon tower, where busy science
plies
Her vast antennæ, feeling through the
skies ;
That little vernier on whose slender lines
The midnight taper trembles as it shines,
A silent index, tracks the planets' march
In all their wanderings through the ethe-
real arch,
Tells through the mist where dazzled
Mercury burns,
And marks the spot where Uranus re-
turns.
So, till by wrong or negligence effaced,
The living index which thy Maker traced
Repeats the line each starry Virtue draws
Through the wide circuit of creation's
laws ;
Still tracks unchanged the everlasting
ray
Where the dark shadows of temptation
stray ;
But, once defaced, forgets the orbs of
light,
And leaves thee wandering o'er the ex-
panse of night.
“ What is thy creed ? ” a hundred lips
inquire ;
“ Thou seekest God beneath what Chris-
tian spire ? ”
Nor ask they idly, for uncounted lies
Float upward on the smoke of sacrifice ;
When man's first incense rose above the
plain,
Of earth's two altars one was built by
Cain !
Uncursed by doubt, our earliest creed
we take ;
We love the precepts for the teacher's
sake ;
The simple lessons which the nursery
taught
Fell soft and stainless on the buds of
thought,
And the full blossom owes its fairest
hue
To those sweet tear-drops of affection's
dew.
Too oft the light that led our earlier
hours

Fades with the perfume of our cradle flowers ;
 The clear, cold question chills to frozen doubt ;
 Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without ;
 O then, if Reason waver at thy side,
 Let humbler Memory be thy gentle guide ;
 Go to thy birthplace, and, if faith was there,
 Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's prayer !

Faith loves to lean on Time's destroying arm,
 And age, like distance, lends a double charm ;
 In dim cathedrals, dark with vaulted gloom,
 What holy awe invests the saintly tomb !
 There pride will bow, and anxious care expand,
 And creeping avarice come with open hand ;
 The gay can weep, the impious can adore,
 From morn's first glimmerings on the chancel floor,
 Till dying sunset sheds his crimson stains
 Through the faint halos of the irised panes.
 Yet there are graves, whose rudely-shapen sod
 Bears the fresh footprints where the sexton trod ;
 Graves where the verdure has not dared to shoot,
 Where the chance wild-flower has not fixed its root,
 Whose slumbering tenants, dead without a name,
 The eternal record shall at length proclaim
 Pure as the holiest in the long array
 Of hooded, mitred, or tiaraed clay !

Come, seek the air ; some pictures we may gain
 Whose passing shadows shall not be in vain ;
 Not from the scenes that crowd the stranger's soil,
 Not from our own amidst the stir of toil,

But when the Sabbath brings its kind release,
 And Care lies slumbering on the lap of Peace.

The air is hushed ; the street is holy ground ;
 Hark ! The sweet bells renew their welcome sound ;
 As one by one awakes each silent tongue,
 It tells the turret whence its voice is flung.

The Chapel, last of sublunary things
 That stirs our echoes with the name of Kings,
 Whose bell, just glistening from the font and forge,
 Rolled its proud requiem for the second George,
 Solemn and swelling, as of old it rang,
 Flings to the wind its deep, sonorous clang ; —
 The simpler pile, that, mindful of the hour
 When Howe's artillery shook its half-built tower,
 Wears on its bosom, as a bride might do,
 The iron breastpin which the " Rebels " threw,
 Wakes the sharp echoes with the quivering thrill
 Of keen vibrations, tremulous and shrill ; —
 Aloft, suspended in the morning's fire,
 Crash the vast cymbals from the Southern spire ; —
 The Giant, standing by the elm-clad green,
 His white lance lifted o'er the silent scene,
 Whirling in air his brazen goblet round,
 Swings from its brim the swollen floods of sound ; —
 While, sad with memories of the olden time,
 Throbs from his tower the Northern Minstrel's chime,
 Faint, single tones, that spell their ancient song,
 But tears still follow as they breathe along.

Child of the soil, whom fortune sends to range
 Where man and nature, faith and customs change,

Borne in thy memory, each familiar tone
Mourns on the winds that sigh in every
zone.
When Ceylon sweeps thee with her per-
fumed breeze
Through the warm billows of the Indian
seas ;
When — ship and shadow blended both
in one —
Flames o'er thy mast the equatorial sun,
From sparkling midnight to resplendent
noon
Thy canvas swelling with the still mon-
soon ;
When through thy shrouds the wild tor-
nado sings,
And thy poor seabird folds her tattered
wings, —
Oft will delusion o'er thy senses steal,
And airy echoes ring the Sabbath peal !
Then, dim with grateful tears, in long
array
Rise the fair town, the island-studded
bay,
Home, with its smiling board, its cheer-
ing fire,
The half-choked welcome of the expect-
ing sire,
The mother's kiss, and, still if aught re-
main,
Our whispering hearts shall aid the silent
strain. —
Ah, let the dreamer o'er the taffrail
lean
To muse unheeded, and to weep unseen ;
Fear not the tropic's dews, the evening's
chills,
His heart lies warm among his triple
hills !

Turned from her path by this deceit-
ful gleam,
My wayward fancy half forgets her
theme ;
See through the streets that slumbered
in repose
The living current of devotion flows ;
Its varied forms in one harmonious band,
Age leading childhood by its dimpled
hand,
Want, in the robe whose faded edges
fall
To tell of rags beneath the tartan shawl,
And wealth, in silks that, fluttering to
appear,
Lift the deep borders of the proud cash-
mere.

See, but glance briefly, sorrow-worn
and pale,
Those sunken cheeks beneath the widow's
veil ;
Alone she wanders where with *him* she
trod,
No arm to stay her, but she leans on
God.
While other doublets deviate here and
there,
What secret handcuff binds that pretty
pair ?
Compactest couple ! pressing side to
side, —
Ah, the white bonnet that reveals the
bride !
By the white neckcloth, with its
straitened tie,
The sober hat, the Sabbath-speaking
eye,
Severe and smileless, he that runs may
read
The stern disciple of Geneva's creed ;
Decent and slow, behold his solemn
march ;
Silent he enters through yon crowded
arch.
A livelier bearing of the outward
man,
The light-hued gloves, the undevout
rattan,
Now smartly raised or half-profanely
twirled, —
A bright, fresh twinkle from the week-
day world, —
Tell their plain story ; — yes, thine eyes
behold
A cheerful Christian from the liberal fold.

Down the chill street that curves in
gloomiest shade
What marks betray yon solitary maid ?
The cheek's red rose, that speaks of
balmier air ;
The Celtic hue that shades her braided
hair ;
The gilded missal in her kerchief tied ;
Poor Nora, exile from Killarney's side !
Sister in toil, though blanched by
colder skies,
That left their azure in her downcast
eyes,
See pallid Margaret, Labor's patient
child,
Scarce weaned from home, the nursling
of the wild,

Where white Katahdin o'er the horizon
shines,
And broad Penobscot dashes through
the pines.
Still, as she hastens, her careful fingers
hold
The unfailing hymn-book in its cambric
fold.
Six days at drudgery's heavy wheel she
stands,
The seventh sweet morning folds her
weary hands :
Yes, child of suffering, thou mayst well
be sure
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the
poor !

This weekly picture faithful Memory
draws.
Nor claims the noisy tribute of applause ;
Faint is the glow such barren hopes can
lend.
And frail the line that asks no loftier
end.
Trust me, kind listener, I will yet
beguile
Thy saddened features of the promised
smile :
This magic mantle thou must well
divide.
It has its sable and its ermine side ;
Yet, ere the lining of the robe appears,
Take thou in silence what I give in
tears.

Dear listening soul, this transitory
scene
Of murmuring stillness, busily serene, —
This solemn pause, the breathing-space
of man,
The halt of toil's exhausted caravan, —
Comes sweet with music to thy wearied
ear :
Rise with its anthems to a holier sphere !

Deal meekly, gently, with the hopes
that guide
The lowliest brother straying from thy
side :
If right, they bid thee tremble for thine
own,
If wrong, the verdict is for God alone !

What though the champions of thy
faith esteem
The sprinkled fountain or baptismal
stream :

Shall jealous passions in unseemly strife
Cross their dark weapons o'er the waves
of life ?

Let my free soul, expanding as it can,
Leave to his scheme the thoughtful
Puritan ;
But Calvin's dogma shall my lips de-
ride ?
In that stern faith my angel Mary
died ; —
Or ask if mercy's milder creed can save,
Sweet sister, risen from thy new-made
grave ?

True, the harsh founders of thy church
reviled
That ancient faith, the trust of Erin's
child ;
Must thou be raking in the crumbled
past
For racks and fagots in her teeth to
cast ?
See from the ashes of Helvetia's pile
The whitened skull of old Servetus
smile !
Round her young heart thy "Romish
Upas" threw
Its firm, deep fibres, strengthening as
she grew ;
Thy sneering voice may call them
"Popish tricks," —
Her Latin prayers, her dangling cruci-
fix, —
But *De Profundis* blessed her father's
grave ;
That "idol" cross her dying mother
gave !
What if some angel looks with equal
eyes
On her and thee, the simple and the
wise,
Writes each dark fault against thy
brighter creed,
And drops a tear with every foolish
bead !

Grieve, as thou must, o'er history's
reeking page ;
Blush for the wrongs that stain thy
happier age ;
Strive with the wanderer from the
better path,
Bearing thy message meekly, not in
wrath ;

Weep for the frail that err, the weak
that fall,
Have thine own faith, — but hope and
pray for all !

Faith ; Conscience ; Love. A meaner
task remains,
And humbler thoughts must creep in
lowlier strains ;
Shalt thou be honest ? Ask the worldly
schools,
And all will tell thee knaves are busier
fools ;
Prudent ? Industrious ? Let not modern
pens
Instruct "Poor Richard's" fellow-citi-
zens.

Be firm ! one constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck ;
See yon tall shaft ; it felt the earth-
quake's thrill,
Clung to its base, and greets the sun-
rise still.

Stick to your aim ; the mongrel's hold
will slip,
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's
grip ;
Small as he looks, the jaw that never
yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of
the fields !

Yet in opinions look not always back ;
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming
track ;
Leave what you 've done for what you
have to do ;
Don't be "consistent," but be simply
true.

Don't catch the fidgets ; you have
found your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss ;—
Think of the patriarchs ; then compare
as men
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the
tongue and pen !
Run, if you like, but try to keep your
breath ;
Work like a man, but don't be worked
to death ;
And with new notions, — let me change
the rule, —
Don't strike the iron till it 's slightly
cool.

Choose well your *set* ; our feeble na-
ture seeks
The aid of clubs, the countenance of
cliques ;

And with this object settle first of all
Your weight of metal and your size of
ball.

Track not the steps of such as hold you
cheap,
Too mean to prize, though good enough
to keep ;
The "real, genuine, no-mistake Tom
Thumbs"

Are little people fed on great men's
crumbs.

Yet keep no followers of that hateful
brood
That basely mingles with its wholesome
food
The tumid reptile, which, the poet said,
Doth wear a precious jewel in his head.

If the wild filly, "Progress," thou
wouldst ride,

Have young companions ever at thy
side ;

But, wouldst thou stride the stanch old
mare, "Success,"

Go with thine elders, though they please
thee less.

Shun such as lounge through after-
noons and eves,

And on thy dial write, "Beware of
thieves !"

Felon of minutes, never taught to feel
The worth of treasures which thy fingers
steal,

Pick my left pocket of its silver dime,
But spare the right, — it holds my
golden time !

Does praise delight thee ? Choose
some *ultra* side ;

A sure old recipe, and often tried ;
Be its apostle, congressman, or bard,
Spokesman, or jokesman, only drive it
hard ;

But know the forfeit which thy choice
abides,

For on two wheels the poor reformer
rides,

One black with epithets the *anti* throws,
One white with flattery painted by the
pros.

Though books on MANNERS are not
out of print,

An honest tongue may drop a harmless hint.
 Stop not, unthinking, every friend you meet,
 To spin your wordy fabric in the street ;
 While you are emptying your colloquial pack,
 The fiend *Lumbago* jumps upon his back.
 Nor cloud his features with the unwelcome tale
 Of how he looks, if haply thin and pale ;
 Health is a subject for his child, his wife,
 And the rude office that insures his life.
 Look in his face, to meet thy neighbour's soul,
 Not on his garments, to detect a hole ;
 "How to observe," is what thy pages show,
 Pride of thy sex, Miss Harriet Martineau !
 O, what a precious book the one would be
 That taught observers what they're *not* to see !

I tell in verse, — 't were better done in prose, —
 One curious trick that everybody knows ;
 Once form this habit, and it's very strange
 How long it sticks, how hard it is to change.
 Two friendly people, both disposed to smile,
 Who meet, like others, every little while,
 Instead of passing with a pleasant bow,
 And "How d' ye do?" or "How's your uncle now?"
 Impelled by feelings in their nature kind,
 But slightly weak, and somewhat undefined,
 Rush at each other, make a sudden stand,
 Begin to talk, expatiate, and expand ;
 Each looks quite radiant, seems extremely struck,
 Their meeting so was such a piece of luck ;
 Each thinks the other thinks he's greatly pleased
 To screw the vice in which they both are squeezed ;
 So there they talk, in dust, or mud, or snow,

Both bored to death, and both afraid to go !
 Your hat once lifted, do not hang your fire,
 Nor, like slow Ajax, fighting still, retire ;
 When your old castor on your crown you clap,
 Go off ; you've mounted your percussion cap.
 Some words on LANGUAGE may be well applied,
 And take them kindly, though they touch your pride ;
 Words lead to things ; a scale is more precise, —
 Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing, drinking, vice.
 Our cold Northeaster's icy fetter clips
 The native freedom of the Saxon lips ;
 See the brown peasant of the plastic South,
 How all his passions play about his mouth !
 With us, the feature that transmits the soul,
 A frozen, passive, palsied breathing-hole.
 The crampy shackles of the ploughboy's walk
 Tie the small muscles when he strives to talk ;
 Not all the pumice of the polished town
 Can smooth this roughness of the barnyard down ;
 Rich, honored, titled, he betrays his race
 By this one mark, — he's awkward in the face ; —
 Nature's rude impress, long before he knew
 The sunny street that holds the sifted few.
 It can't be helped, though, if we're taken young,
 We gain some freedom of the lips and tongue ;
 But school and college often try in vain
 To break the padlock of our boyhood's chain :
 One stubborn word will prove this axiom true, —
 No quondam rustic can enunciate *view*.
 A few brief stanzas may be well employed
 To speak of errors we can all avoid.
 Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope
 The careless lips that speak of sōap for sōap ;

Her edict exiles from her fair abode
The clownish voice that utters rōad for
rōad :
Less stern to him who calls his cōat a
cōat,
And steers his bōat, believing it a
bōat,
She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,
Who said at Cambridge, mōst instead of
mōst,
But knit her brows and stamped her
angry foot
To hear a Teacher call a rōot a rōot.

Once more ; speak clearly, if you speak
at all ;
Carve every word before you let it
fall ;
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try over hard to roll the British R ;
Do put your accents in the proper spot ;
Don't, — let me beg you, — don't say
“How ?” for “What ?”
And, when you stick on conversation's
burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those
dreadful urs.

From little matters let us pass to
less,
And lightly touch the mysteries of DRESS ;
The outward forms the inner man re-
veal, —
We guess the pulp before we cut the
peel.

I leave the broadcloth, — coats and
all the rest, —
The dangerous waistcoat, called by cock-
neys “vest,”
The things named “pants” in certain
documents,
A word not made for gentlemen, but
“gents” ;
One single precept might the whole con-
dense :
Be sure your tailor is a man of sense ;
But add a little care, a decent pride,
And always err upon the sober side.

Three pairs of boots one pair of feet de-
mands,
If polished daily by the owner's hands ;
If the dark menial's visit save from
this,
Have twice the number, for he 'll some-
times miss.
One pair for critics of the nicer sex,

Close in the instep's clinging circum-
flex,
Long, narrow, light ; the Gallic boot of
love,
A kind of cross between a boot and
glove.
Compact, but easy, strong, substantial,
square,
Let native art compile the medium pair.
The third remains, and let your tasteful
skill
Here show some relics of affection still ;
Let no stiff cowhide, reeking from the
tan,
No rough caoutchouc, no deformed bro-
gan,
Disgrace the tapering outline of your
feet,
Though yellow torrents gurgle through
the street.

Wear seemly gloves ; not black, nor
yet too light,
And least of all the pair that once was
white ;
Let the dead party where you told your
loves
Bury in peace its dead bouquets and
gloves ;
Shave like the goat, if so your fancy bids,
But be a parent, — don't neglect your
kids.

Have a good hat ; the secret of your
looks
Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks ;
Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
But man and nature scorn the shocking
hat.
Does beauty slight you from her gay
abodes ?
Like bright Apollo, you must take to
Rhoades, —
Mount the new castor, — ice itself will
melt ;
Boots, gloves, may fail ; the hat is al-
ways felt !

Be shy of breastpins ; plain, well-
ironed white,
With small pearl buttons, — two of them
in sight, —
Is always genuine, while your gems may
pass,
Though real diamonds, for ignoble glass ;
But spurn those paltry Cisatlantic lies,
That round his breast the shabby rustic
ties ;

Breathe not the name, profaned to hallow
things
The indignant laundress blushes when
she brings !

Our freeborn race, averse to every
check,
Has tossed the yoke of Europe from its
neck ;
From the green prairie to the sea-girt
town,
The whole wide nation turns its collars
down.
The stately neck is manhood's manli-
est part ;
It takes the life-blood freshest from the
heart ;
With short, curled ringlets close around
it spread,
How light and strong it lifts the Grecian
head !
Thine, fair Erechtheus of Minerva's
wall ;—
Or thine, young athlete of the Louvre's
hall,
Smooth as the pillar flashing in the
sun
That filled the arena where thy wreaths
were won, —
Firm as the band that clasps the antlered
spoil,
Strained in the winding anaconda's coil !

I spare the contrast ; it were only
kind
To be a little, nay, intensely blind :
Choose for yourself : I know it cuts your
ear ;
I know the points will sometimes inter-
fere ;
I know that often, like the filial John,
Whom sleep surprised with half his dra-
peries on,
You show your features to the astonished
town
With one side standing and the other
down ;—
But, O my friend ! my favorite fellow-
man !
If Nature made you on her modern
plan,
Sooner than wander with your windpipe
bare, —
The fruit of Eden ripening in the air, —
With that lean head-stalk, that protrud-
ing chin,
Wear standing collars, were they made
of tin !

And have a neck-cloth, — by the throat
of Jove !
Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove !

The long-drawn lesson narrows to its
close,
Chill, slender, slow, the dwindled cur-
rent flows ;
Tired of the ripples on its feeble springs,
Once more the Muse unfolds her upward
wings.

Land of my birth, with this unhal-
lowed tongue,
Thy hopes, thy dangers, I perchance had
sung ;
But who shall sing, in brutal disregard
Of all the essentials of the “native
bard” ?

Lake, sea, shore, prairie, forest, moun-
tain, fall,
His eye omnivorous must devour them
all ;
The tallest summits and the broadest
tides
His foot must compass with its giant
strides,
Where Ocean thunders, where Missouri
rolls,
And tread at once the tropics and the
poles ;
His food all forms of earth, fire, water,
air,
His home all space, his birthplace every-
where.

Some grave compatriot, having seen
perhaps
The pictured page that goes in Worces-
ter's Maps,
And read in earnest what was said in jest,
“Who drives fat oxen” — please to add
the rest, —
Sprung the odd notion that the poet's
dreams
Grow in the ratio of his hills and streams ;
And hence insisted that the aforesaid
“bard,”
Pink of the future, — fancy's pattern-
card, —
The babe of nature in the “giant West,”
Must be of course her biggest and her
best.

O when at length the expected bard
shall come,
Land of our pride, to strike thine echoes
dumb,

(And many a voice exclaims in prose
and rhyme,
It's getting late, and he's behind his
time,) When all thy mountains clap their hands
in joy,
And all thy cataracts thunder, "That's
the boy,"—
Say if with him the reign of song shall
end,
And Heaven declare its final dividend?

Be calm, dear brother! whose impa-
sioned strain
Comes from an alley watered by a drain;
The little Mincio, dribbling to the Po,
Beats all the epics of the Hoang Ho;
If loved in earnest by the tuneful maid,
Don't mind their nonsense,— never be
afraid!

The nurse of poets feeds her wingèd
brood
By common firesides, on familiar food;
In a low hamlet, by a narrow stream,
Where bovine rustics used to doze and
dream,
She filled young William's fiery fancy full,
While old John Shakespeare talked of
beevves and wool!

No Alpine needle, with its climbing
spire,
Brings down for mortals the Promethean
fire;
If careless nature have forgot to frame
An altar worthy of the sacred flame.
Unblest by any save the goatherd's
lines,
Mont Blanc rose soaring through his
"sea of pines";
In vain the rivers from their ice-caves
flash;
No hymn salutes them but the Ranz des
Vaches,
Till lazy Coleridge, by the morning's
light,
Gazed for a moment on the fields of
white,
And lo, the glaciers found at length a
tongue,
Mont Blanc was vocal, and Chamouni
sung!

Children of wealth or want, to each is
given
One spot of green, and all the blue of
heaven!

Enough, if these their outward shows
impart;
The rest is thine,— the scenery of the
heart.

If passion's hectic in thy stanzas glow,
Thy heart's best life-blood ebbing as
they flow;
If with thy verse thy strength and bloom
distil,
Drained by the pulses of the fevered
thrill;
If sound's sweet effluvèe polarize thy
brain,
And thoughts turn crystals in thy fluid
strain,—
Nor rolling ocean, nor the prairie's
bloom,
Nor streaming cliffs, nor rayless cavern's
gloom,
Need'st thou, young poet, to inform thy
line;
Thy own broad signet stamps thy song
divine!
Let others gaze where silvery streams
are rolled,
And chase the rainbow for its cup of
gold;
To thee all landscapes wear a heavenly
dye,
Changed in the glance of thy prismatic
eye;
Nature evoked thee in sublimer throes,
For thee her inmost Arethusa flows,—
The mighty mother's living depths are
stirred,—
Thou art the starred Osiris of the herd!

A few brief lines; they touch on
solemn chords,
And hearts may leap to hear their hon-
est words;
Yet, ere the jarring bugle-blast is blown,
The softer lyre shall breathe its soothing
tone.

New England! proudly may thy
children claim
Their honored birthright by its hum-
blest name!
Cold are thy skies, but, ever fresh and
clear,
No rank malaria stains thine atmos-
phere;
No fungous weeds invade thy scanty
soil,
Scarred by the ploughshares of unslum-
bering toil.

Long may the doctrines by thy sages taught,
Raised from the quarries where their sires have wrought,
Be like the granite of thy rock-ribbed land,—
As slow to rear, as obdurate to stand :
And as the ice, that leaves thy crystal mine,
Chills the fierce alcohol in the Creole's wine,
So may the doctrines of thy sober school
Keep the hot theories of thy neighbors cool !

If ever, trampling on her ancient path,
Cankered by treachery, or inflamed by wrath,
With smooth "Resolves," or with discordant cries,
The mad Briareus of disunion rise,
Chiefs of New England ! by your sires' renown,
Dash the red torches of the rebel down !
Flood his black hearthstone till its flames expire,
Though your old Sachem fanned his council-fire !

But if at last—her fading cycle run—
The tongue must forfeit what the arm has won,
Then rise, wild Ocean ! roll thy surging shock
Full on old Plymouth's desecrated rock !
Scale the proud shaft degenerate hands have hewn,
Where bleeding Valor stained the flowers of June !
Sweep in one tide her spires and turrets down,
And howl her dirge above Monadnock's crown !

List not the tale ; the Pilgrim's hallowed shore,
Though strewn with weeds, is granite at the core ;
O rather trust that He who made her free
Will keep her true, as long as faith shall be !
Farewell ! yet lingering through the destined hour,
Leave, sweet Enchantress, one memorial flower !

An Angel, floating o'er the waste of snow
That clad our Western desert, long ago,
(The same fair spirit, who, unseen by day,
Shone as a star along the Mayflower's way,) Sent, the first herald of the Heavenly plan,
To choose on earth a resting-place for man,—
Tired with his flight along the unvaried field,
Turned to soar upwards, when his glance revealed
A calm, bright bay, enclosed in rocky bounds,
And at its entrance stood three sister mounds.

The Angel spake : "This threefold hill shall be
The home of Arts, the nurse of Liberty !
One stately summit from its shaft shall pour
Its deep-red blaze along the darkened shore ;
Emblem of thoughts, that, kindling far and wide,
In danger's night shall be a nation's guide.
One swelling crest the citadel shall crown,
Its slanted bastions black with battle's frown,
And bid the sons that tread its scowling heights
Bare their strong arms for man and all his rights !
One silent steep along the northern wave
Shall hold the patriarch's and the hero's grave ;
When fades the torch, when o'er the peaceful scene
The embattled fortress smiles in living green,
The cross of Faith, the anchor staff of Hope,
Shall stand eternal on its grassy slope ;
There through all time shall faithful Memory tell,
'Here Virtue toiled, and Patriot Valor fell ;
Thy free, proud fathers slumber at thy side ;
Live as they lived, or perish as they died !'"

AN AFTER-DINNER POEM.¹

(TERPSICHORE.)

In narrowest girdle, O reluctant Muse,
In closest frock and Cinderella shoes,
Bound to the foot-lights for thy brief
display,
One zephyr step, and then dissolve away !

Short is the space that gods and men
can spare
To Song's twin brother when she is not
there.
Let others water every lusty line,
As Homer's heroes did their purple
wine ;
Pierian revellers ! Know in strains like
these
The native juice, the real honest
squeeze, —
Strains that, diluted to the twentieth
power,
In yon grave temple might have filled
an hour.
Small room for Fancy's many-chorded
lyre,
For Wit's bright rockets with their trains
of fire,
For Pathos, struggling vainly to surprise
The iron tutor's tear-denying eyes,
For Mirth, whose finger with delusive
wile
Turns the grim key of many a rusty
smile,
For Satire, emptying his corrosive flood
On hissing Folly's gas-exhaling brood,
The pun, the fun, the moral and the
joke,
The hit, the thrust, the pugilistic
poke, —
Small space for these, so pressed by niggard Time,
Like that false matron, known to nursery
rhyme, —
Insidious Morey, — scarce her tale begun,
Ere listening infants weep the story
done.

O had we room to rip the mighty bags
That Time, the harlequin, has stuffed
with rags !
Grant us one moment to unloose the
strings,

¹ Read at the Annual Dinner of the Φ B K Society, at Cambridge, August 24, 1843.

While the old graybeard shuts his leather
wings.
But what a heap of motley trash appears
Crammed in the bundles of successive
years !
As the lost rustic on some festal day
Stares through the concourse in its vast
array, —
Where in one cake a throng of faces
runs,
All stuck together like a sheet of
buns, —
And throws the bait of some unheeded
name,
Or shoots a wink with most uncertain
aim,
So roams my vision, wandering over all,
And strives to choose, but knows not
where to fall.

Skins of flayed authors, — husks of dead
reviews, —
The turn-coat's clothes, — the office-
seeker's shoes, —
Scraps from cold feasts, where conversa-
tion runs
Through mouldy toasts to oxidated puns,
And grating songs a listening crowd en-
dures,
Rasped from the throats of bellowing
amateurs ; —
Sermons, whose writers played such dan-
gerous tricks
Their own heresiarchs called them here-
tics
(Strange that one term such distant poles
should link,
The Priestleyan's copper and the Pusey-
an's zinc) ; —
Poems that shuffle with superfluous legs
A blindfold minuet over addled eggs,
Where all the syllables that end in éd,
Like old dragoons, have cuts across the
head ; —
Essays so dark Champollion might de-
spair
To guess what mummy of a thought was
there,
Where our poor English, striped with for-
eign phrase,
Looks like a Zebra in a parson's chaise ; —
Lectures that cut our dinners down to
roots,
Or prove (by monkeys) men should stick
to fruits ;
Delusive error, — as at trifling charge
Professor Gripes will certify at large ; —

Mesmeric pamphlets, which to facts appeal,
Each fact as slippery as a fresh-caught eel ; —
And figured heads, whose hieroglyphs invite
To wandering knaves that discount fools at sight ; —
Such things as these, with heaps of unpaid bills,
And candy puffs and homœopathic pills,
And ancient bell-crowns with contracted rim,
And bonnets hideous with expanded brim,
And coats whose memory turns the sartor pale,
Their sequels tapering like a lizard's tail ; —
How might we spread them to the smiling day,
And toss them, fluttering like the new-mown hay,
To laughter's light or sorrow's pitying shower,
Were these brief minutes lengthened to an hour.

The narrow moments fit like Sunday shoes,
How vast the heap, how quickly must we choose ;
A few small scraps from out his mountain mass
We snatch in haste, and let the vagrant pass.

This shrunken CRUST that Cerberus could not bite,
Stamped (in one corner) "Pickwick copy-right,"
Kneaded by youngsters, raised by flattery's yeast,
Was once a loaf, and helped to make a feast.
He for whose sake the glittering show appears
Has sown the world with laughter and with tears,
And they whose welcome wets the bumper's brim
Have wit and wisdom, — for they all quote him.
So, many a tongue the evening hour prolongs
With spangled speeches, — let alone the songs, —

Statesmen grow merry, lean attorneys laugh,
And weak teetotals warm to half and half,
And beardless Tullys, new to festive scenes,
Cut their first crop of youth's precocious greens,
And wits stand ready for impromptu claps,
With loaded barrels and percussion caps,
And Pathos, cantering through the minor keys,
Waves all her onions to the trembling breeze ;
While the great Feasted views with silent glee
His scattered limbs in Yankee fricassee.
Sweet is the scene where genial friendship plays
The pleasing game of interchanging praise ;
Self-love, grimalkin of the human heart,
Is ever pliant to the master's art ;
Soothed with a word, she peacefully withdraws
And sheathes in velvet her obnoxious claws,
And thrills the hand that smooths her glossy fur
With the light tremor of her grateful pur.
But what sad music fills the quiet hall,
If on her back a feline rival fall ;
And O, what noises shake the tranquil house,
If old Self-interest cheats her of a mouse !
Thou, O my country, hast thy foolish ways,
Too apt to pur at every stranger's praise ;
But, if the stranger touch thy modes or laws,
Off goes the velvet and out come the claws !
And thou, Illustrious ! but too poorly paid
In toasts from Pickwick for thy great crusade,
Though, while the echoes labored with thy name,
The public trap denied thy little game,
Let other lips our jealous laws revile, —
The marble Talfourd or the rude Carlyle, —

But on thy lids, which Heaven forbids
to close
Where'er the light of kindly nature glows,
Let not the dollars that a churl denies
Weigh like the shillings on a dead man's
eyes !
Or, if thou wilt, be more discreetly blind,
Nor ask to see all wide extremes com-
bined.
Not in our wastes the dainty blossoms
smile,
That crowd the gardens of thy scanty isle.
There white-cheeked Luxury weaves a
thousand charms ; —
Here sun-browned Labor swings his
naked arms.
Long are the furrows he must trace be-
tween
The ocean's azure and the prairie's green ;
Full many a blank his destined realm
displays,
Yet see the promise of his riper days :
Far through yon depths the panting
engine moves,
His chariots ringing in their steel-shod
grooves ;
And Erie's naiad flings her diamond wave
O'er the wild sea-nymph in her distant
cave !
While tasks like these employ his anx-
ious hours,
What if his cornfields are not edged
with flowers ?
Though bright as silver the meridian
beams
Shine through the crystal of thine Eng-
lish streams,
Turbid and dark the mighty wave is
whirled
That drains our Andes and divides a
world !

But lo ! a PARCHMENT ! Surely it would
seem
The sculptured impress speaks of power
supreme ;
Some grave design the solemn page must
claim
That shows so broadly an emblazoned
name ;
A sovereign's promise ! Look, the lines
afford
All Honor gives when Caution asks his
word :
There sacred Faith has laid her snow-
white hands,
And awful Justice knit her iron bands ;

Yet every leaf is stained with treachery's
dye,
And every letter crusted with a lie.
Alas ! no treason has degraded yet
The Arab's salt, the Indian's calumet ;
A simple rite, that bears the wanderer's
pledge,
Blunts the keen shaft and turns the
dagger's edge ; —
While jockeying senates stop to sign
and seal,
And freeborn statesmen legislate to steal.
Rise, Europe, tottering with thine Atlas
load,
Turn thy proud eye to Freedom's blest
abode,
And round her forehead, wreathed with
heavenly flame,
Bind the dark garland of her daughter's
shame !
Ye ocean clouds, that wrap the angry
blast,
Coil her stained ensign round its haughty
mast,
Or tear the fold that wears so foul a scar ;
And drive a bolt through every black-
ened star !

Once more, — once only, — we must stop
so soon, —
What have we here ? A GERMAN-SIL-
VER SPOON ;
A cheap utensil, which we often see
Used by the dabblers in æsthetic tea,
Of slender fabric, somewhat light and
thin,
Made of mixed metal, chiefly lead and
tin ;
The bowl is shallow, and the handle
small,
Marked in large letters with the name
JEAN PAUL.
Small as it is, its powers are passing
strange,
For all who use it show a wondrous
change ;
And first, a fact to make the barbers
stare,
It beats Macassar for the growth of hair ;
See those small youngsters whose ex-
pansive ears
Maternal kindness grazed with frequent
shears ;
Each bristling crop a dangling mass
becomes,
And all the spoonies turn to Absa-
loms !

Nor this alone its magic power displays,
It alters strangely all their works and
ways;
With uncouth words they tire their
tender lungs,
The same bald phrases on their hun-
dred tongues;
“Ever” “The Ages” in their page ap-
pear,
“Alway” the bedlamite is called a
“Seer”;
On every leaf the “earnest” sage may
scan,
Portentous bore! their “many-sided”
man,—
A weak eclectic, groping vague and
dim,
Whose every angle is a half-starved
whim,
Blind as a mole and curious as a lynx,
Who rides a beetle, which he calls a
“Sphinx.”
And O what questions asked in club-
foot rhyme
Of Earth the tongueless and the deaf-
mute Time!
Here babbling “Insight” shouts in Na-
ture’s ears
His last conundrum on the orbs and
spheres;
There Self-inspection sucks its little
thumb,
With “Whence am I?” and “Where-
fore did I come?”
Deluded infants! will they ever know
Some doubts must darken o’er the world
below,
Though all the Platos of the nursery
trail
Their “clouds of glory” at the go-cart’s
tail?
O might these couplets their attention
claim,
That gain their author the Philistine’s
name;
(A stubborn race, that, spurning foreign
law,
Was much belabored with an ass’s jaw!)

Melodious Laura! From the sad re-
treats

That hold thee, smothered with excess
of sweets,
Shade of a shadow, spectre of a dream,
Glance thy wan eye across the Stygian
stream!
The slip-shod dreamer treads thy fra-
grant halls,
The sophist’s cobwebs hang thy roseate
walls,
And o’er the crotchets of thy jingling
tunes
The bard of mystery scrawls his crooked
“runes.”
Yes, thou art gone, with all the tuneful
hordes
That candied thoughts in amber-colored
words,
And in the precincts of thy late abodes
The clattering verse-wright hammers
Orphic odes.
Thou, soft as zephyr, wast content to
fly
On the gilt pinions of a balmy sigh;
He, vast as Phœbus on his burning
wheels,
Would stride through ether at Orion’s
heels;
Thy emblem, Laura, was a perfume-jar,
And thine, young Orpheus, is a pewter
star;
The balance trembles,—be its verdict
told
When the new jargon slumbers with the
old!

Cease, playful goddess! From thine airy
bound
Drop like a feather softly to the ground;
This light bolero grows a ticklish dance,
And there is mischief in thy kindling
glance.
To-morrow bids thee, with rebuking
frown,
Change thy gauze tunic for a home-made
gown,
Too blest by fortune, if the passing day
Adorn thy bosom with its frail bouquet,
But O still happier if the next forgets
Thy daring steps and dangerous pirou-
ettes!

THE TOADSTOOL.

THERE's a thing that grows by the fainting flower,
And springs in the shade of the lady's bower;
The lily shrinks, and the rose turns pale,
When they feel its breath in the summer gale,
And the tulip curls its leaves in pride,
But the lily may flaunt, and the tulip stare,
For what does the honest toadstool care?

She does not glow in a painted vest,
But she comes, as the saintly sisters do,
In a modest suit of a Quaker hue.
And, when the stars in the evening skies
Are weeping dew from their gentle eyes,
The toad comes out from his hermit cell,
The tale of his faithful love to tell.

O there is light in her lover's glance,
That flies to her heart like a silver lance;
His breeches are made of spotted skin,
His jacket is tight, and his pumps are thin;
In a cloudless night you may hear his song,
As its pensive melody floats along,
The trembling form of the toad is there.

And he twines his arms round her slender stem,
In the shade of her velvet diadem;
But she turns away in her maiden shame,
And will not breathe on the kindling flame;
He sings at her feet through the live-long night,
And creeps to his cave at the break of light;
And whenever he comes to the air above,
His throat is swelling with baffled love.

THE SPECTRE PIG.**A BALLAD.**

It was the stalwart butcher man,
That knit his swarthy brow,
And said the gentle Pig must die,
And sealed it with a vow.

And oh! it was the gentle Pig
Lay stretched upon the ground,
And ah! it was the cruel knife
His little heart that found.

They took him then, those wicked men,
They trailed him all along;
They put a stick between his lips,
And through his heels a thong;

And round and round an oaken beam
A hempen cord they flung,
And, like a mighty pendulum,
All solemnly he swung!

Now say thy prayers, thou sinful man,
And think what thou hast done,
And read thy catechism well,
Thou bloody-minded one;

For if his sprite should walk by night,
It better were for thee,
That thou wert mouldering in the ground,
Or bleaching in the sea.

It was the savage butcher then,
That made a mock of sin,
And swore a very wicked oath,
He did not care a pin.

It was the butcher's youngest son,—
His voice was broke with sighs,
And with his pocket-handkerchief
He wiped his little eyes;

All young and ignorant was he,
But innocent and mild,
And, in his soft simplicity,
Out spoke the tender child:—

“O father, father, list to me;
The Pig is deadly sick,
And men have hung him by his heels,
And fed him with a stick.”

It was the bloody butcher then,
That laughed as he would die,
Yet did he soothe the sorrowing child,
And bid him not to cry;—

“O Nathan, Nathan, what's a Pig,
That thou shouldst weep and wail?
Come, bear thee like a butcher's child,
And thou shalt have his tail!”

It was the butcher's daughter then,
So slender and so fair,
That sobbed as if her heart would break,
And tore her yellow hair ;

And thus she spoke in thrilling tone, —
Fast fell the tear-drops big ; —
“Ah ! woe is me ! Alas ! Alas !
The Pig ! The Pig ! The Pig !”

Then did her wicked father's lips
Make merry with her woe,
And call her many a naughty name,
Because she whimpered so.

Ye need not weep, ye gentle ones,
In vain your tears are shed,
Ye cannot wash his crimson hand,
Ye cannot soothe the dead.

The bright sun folded on his breast
His robes of rosy flame,
And softly over all the west
The shades of evening came

He slept, and troops of murdered Pigs
Were busy with his dreams ;
Loud rang their wild, unearthly shrieks,
Wide yawned their mortal seams.

The clock struck twelve ; the Dead hath
heard ;
He opened both his eyes,
And sullenly he shook his tail
To lash the feeding flies.

One quiver of the hempen cord, —
One struggle and one bound, —
With stiffened limb and leaden eye,
The Pig was on the ground !

And straight towards the sleeper's house
His fearful way he wended ;
And hooting owl, and hovering bat,
On midnight wing attended.

Back flew the bolt, up rose the latch,
And open swung the door,
And little mincing feet were heard
Pat, pat along the floor.

Two hoofs upon the sanded floor,
And two upon the bed ;
And they are breathing side by side,
The living and the dead !

“Now wake, now wake, thou butcher
man !
What makes thy cheek so pale ?

Take hold ! take hold ! thou dost not fear
To clasp a spectre's tail ?”

Untwisted every winding coil ;
The shuddering wretch took hold,
All like an icicle it seemed,
So tapering and so cold.

“Thou com'st with me, thou butcher
man !” —
He strives to loose his grasp,
But, faster than the clinging vine,
Those twining spirals clasp.

And open, open swung the door,
And, fleeter than the wind,
The shadowy spectre swept before,
The butcher trailed behind.

Fast fled the darkness of the night,
And morn rose faint and dim ;
They called full loud, they knocked full
long,
They did not waken him.

Straight, straight towards that oaken
beam,
A trampled pathway ran ;
A ghastly shape was swinging there, —
It was the butcher man.

TO A CAGED LION.

Poor conquered monarch ! though that
haughty glance
Still speaks thy courage unsubdued
by time,
And in the grandeur of thy sullen tread
Lives the proud spirit of thy burning
clime ; —
Fettered by things that shudder at thy
roar,
Torn from thy pathless wilds to pace
this narrow floor !

Thou wast the victor, and all nature
shrunk
Before the thunders of thine awful
wrath ;
The steel-armed hunter viewed thee
from afar,
Fearless and trackless in thy lonely
path !
The famished tiger closed his flaming
eye,
And crouched and panted as thy step
went by !

Thou art the vanquished, and insulting man
 Bars thy broad bosom as a sparrow's wing ;
 His nerveless arms thine iron sinews bind,
 And lead in chains the desert's fallen king ;
 Are these the beings that have dared to twine
 Their feeble threads around those limbs of thine ?

So must it be ; the weaker, wiser race,
 That wields the tempest and that rides the sea,
 Even in the stillness of thy solitude
 Must teach the lesson of its power to thee ;
 And thou, the terror of the trembling wild,
 Must bow thy savage strength, the mockery of a child !

THE STAR AND THE WATER-LILY.

THE sun stepped down from his golden throne,
 And lay in the silent sea,
 And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,
 For a sleepy thing was she ;
 What is the Lily dreaming of ?
 Why crisp the waters blue ?
 See, see, she is lifting her varnished lid !
 Her white leaves are glistening through !

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek
 In the lap of the breathless tide ;—
 The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair,
 That would lie by the Rose's side ;
 He would love her better than all the rest,
 And he would be fond and true ;—
 But the Lily unfolded her weary lids,
 And looked at the sky so blue.

Remember, remember, thou silly one,
 How fast will thy summer glide,
 And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,
 Or flourish a blooming bride ?
 "O the Rose is old, and thorny, and cold,
 And he lives on earth," said she ;
 "But the Star is fair and he lives in the air,
 And he shall my bridegroom be."

But what if the stormy cloud should come,
 And ruffle the silver sea ?
 Would he turn his eye from the distant sky,
 To smile on a thing like thee ?
 O no, fair Lily, he will not send
 One ray from his far-off throne ;
 The winds shall blow and the waves shall flow,
 And thou wilt be left alone.

There is not a leaf on the mountain-top
 Nor a drop of evening dew,
 Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore,
 Nor a pearl in the waters blue,
 That he has not cheered with his fickle smile,
 And warmed with his faithless beam,—
 And will he be true to a pallid flower,
 That floats on the quiet stream ?

Alas for the Lily ! she would not heed,
 But turned to the skies afar,
 And bared her breast to the trembling ray
 That shot from the rising star ;
 The cloud came over the darkened sky,
 And over the waters wide :
 She looked in vain through the beating rain,
 And sank in the stormy tide.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

"A SPANISH GIRL IN REVERIE."

SHE twirled the string of golden beads,
 That round her neck was hung,—
 My grandsire's gift ; the good old man
 Loved girls when he was young ;
 And, bending lightly o'er the cord,
 And turning half away,
 With something like a youthful sigh,
 Thus spoke the maiden gray :—

"Well, one may trail her silken robe,
 And bind her locks with pearls,
 And one may wreath the woodland rose
 Among her floating curls ;
 And one may tread the dewy grass,
 And one the marble floor,
 Nor half-hid bosom heave the less,
 Nor broidered corset more !

"Some years ago, a dark-eyed girl
Was sitting in the shade,—
There's something brings her to my mind
In that young dreaming maid,—
And in her hand she held a flower,
A flower, whose speaking hue
Said, in the language of the heart,
'Believe the giver true.'

"And, as she looked upon its leaves,
The maiden made a vow
To wear it when the bridal wreath
Was woven for her brow;
She watched the flower, as, day by day,
The leaflets curled and died;
But he who gave it never came
To claim her for his bride.

"O many a summer's morning glow
Has lent the rose its ray,
And many a winter's drifting snow
Has swept its bloom away;
But she has kept that faithless pledge
To this, her winter hour,
And keeps it still, herself alone,
And wasted like the flower."

Her pale lip quivered, and the light
Gleamed in her moistening eyes;—
I asked her how she liked the tints
In those Castilian skies?
"She thought them misty, — 't was
perhaps
Because she stood too near";
She turned away, and as she turned
I saw her wipe a tear.

A ROMAN AQUEDUCT.

THE sun-browned girl, whose limbs recline
When noon her languid hand has laid
Hot on the green flakes of the pine,
Beneath its narrow disk of shade;

As, through the flickering noontide glare,
She gazes on the rainbow chain
Of arches, lifting once in air
The rivers of the Roman's plain;—

Say, does her wandering eye recall
The mountain-current's icy wave,—
Or for the dead one tear let fall,
Whose founts are broken by their
grave?

From stone to stone the ivy weaves
Her braided tracery's winding veil,

And lacing stalks and tangled leaves
Nod heavy in the drowsy gale.

And lightly floats the pendent vine,
That swings beneath her slender bow,
Arch answering arch, — whose rounded
line
Seems mirrored in the wreath below.

How patient Nature smiles at Fame!
The weeds, that strewed the victor's
way,
Feed on his dust to shroud his name,
Green where his proudest towers decay.

See, through that channel, empty now,
The scanty rain its tribute pours,—
Which cooled the lip and laved the brow
Of conquerors from a hundred shores.

Thus bending o'er the nation's bier,
Whose wants the captive earth supplied,
The dew of Memory's passing tear
Falls on the arches of her pride!

FROM A BACHELOR'S PRIVATE JOURNAL.

SWEET Mary, I have never breathed
The love it were in vain to name;
Though round my heart a serpent
wreathed,
I smiled, or strove to smile, the same.

Once more the pulse of Nature glows
With faster throb and fresher fire,
While music round her pathway flows,
Like echoes from a hidden lyre.

And is there none with me to share
The glories of the earth and sky?
The eagle through the pathless air
Is followed by one burning eye.

Ah no! the cradled flowers may wake,
Again may flow the frozen sea,
From every cloud a star may break,—
There comes no second Spring to me.

Go, — ere the painted toys of youth
Are crushed beneath the tread of years;
Ere visions have been chilled to truth,
And hopes are washed away in tears.

Go, — for I will not bid thee weep,—
Too soon my sorrows will be thine,

And evening's troubled air shall sweep
The incense from the broken shrine.

If Heaven can hear the dying tone
Of chords that soon will cease to thrill,
The prayer that Heaven has heard alone
May bless thee when those chords are
still.

LA GRISSETTE.

AH Clemence ! when I saw thee last
Trip down the Rue de Seine,
And turning, when thy form had past,
I said, "We meet again," —
I dreamed not in that idle glance
Thy latest image came,
And only left to memory's trance
A shadow and a name.

The few strange words my lips had taught
Thy timid voice to speak,
Their gentler signs, which often brought
Fresh roses to thy cheek,
The trailing of thy long loose hair
Bent o'er my couch of pain,
All, all returned, more sweet, more fair ;
O had we met again !

I walked where saint and virgin keep
The vigil lights of Heaven,
I knew that thou hadst woes to weep,
And sins to be forgiven ;
I watched where Genevieve was laid,
I knelt by Mary's shrine,
Beside me low, soft voices prayed ;
Alas ! but where was thine ?

And when the morning sun was bright,
When wind and wave were calm,
And flamed, in thousand-tinted light,
The rose of Notre Dame,
I wandered through the haunts of men,
From Boulevard to Quai,
Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne,
The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain ; we meet no more,
Nor dream what fates befall ;
And long upon the stranger's shore
My voice on thee may call,
When years have clothed the line in moss
That tells thy name and days,
And withered, on thy simple cross,
The wreaths of Père-la-Chaise !

OUR YANKEE GIRLS.

LET greener lands and bluer skies,
If such the wide earth shows,
With fairer cheeks and brighter eyes,
Match us the star and rose ;
The winds that lift the Georgian's veil,
Or wave Circassia's curls,
Waft to their shores the sultan's sail, —
Who buys our Yankee girls ?

The gay grisette, whose fingers touch
Love's thousand chords so well ;
The dark Italian, loving much,
But more than *one* can tell ;
And England's fair-haired, blue-eyed
dame,
Who binds her brow with pearls ; —
Ye who have seen them, can they shame
Our own sweet Yankee girls ?

And what if court or castle vaunt
Its children loftier born ? —
Who heeds the silken tassel's flaunt
Beside the golden corn ?
They ask not for the dainty toil
Of ribboned knights and earls,
The daughters of the virgin soil,
Our freeborn Yankee girls !

By every hill whose stately pines
Wave their dark arms above
The home where some fair being shines,
To warm the wilds with love,
From barest rock to bleakest shore
Where farthest sail unfurls,
That stars and stripes are streaming
o'er, —
God bless our Yankee girls !

L'INCONNUE.

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair ?
Such should, methinks, its music be ;
The sweetest name that mortals bear
Were best befitting thee ;
And she to whom it once was given,
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,
I look upon thy folded hair ;
Ah ! while we dream not they beguile,
Our hearts are in the snare ;
And she who chains a wild bird's wing
Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls,
To all but thee unseen, unknown ;
When evening shades thy silent walls,
Then read it all alone ;
In stillness read, in darkness seal,
Forget, despise, but not reveal !

STANZAS.

STRANGE ! that one lightly whispered
tone
Is far, far sweeter unto me,
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,
Or breathe along the sea ;
But, lady, when thy voice I greet,
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair blue skies,
And naught but empty air I see ;
But when I turn me to thine eyes,
It seemeth unto me
Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure rings.

The lily hath the softest leaf
That ever western breeze hath fanned,
But thou shalt have the tender flower,
So I may take thy hand ;
That little hand to me doth yield
More joy than all the broidered field.

O lady ! there be many things
That seem right fair, below, above ;
But sure not one among them all
Is half so sweet as love ;—
Let us not pay our vows alone,
But join two altars both in one.

LINES BY A CLERK.

OH ! I did love her dearly,
And gave her toys and rings,
And I thought she meant sincerely,
When she took my pretty things.
But her heart has grown as icy
As a fountain in the fall,
And her love, that was so spicy,
It did not last at all.

I gave her once a locket,
It was filled with my own hair,
And she put it in her pocket
With very special care.
But a jeweller has got it,—
He offered it to me,
And another that is not it
Around her neck I see.

For my cooings and my billings
I do not now complain,
But my dollars and my shillings
Will never come again ;
They were earned with toil and sorrow,
But I never told her that,
And now I have to borrow,
And want another hat.

Think, think, thou cruel Emma,
When thou shalt hear my woe,
And know my sad dilemma,
That thou hast made it so.
See, see my beaver rusty,
Look, look upon this hole,
This coat is dim and dusty ;
O let it rend thy soul !

Before the gates of fashion
I daily bent my knee,
But I sought the shrine of passion,
And found my idol, — thee.
Though never love intenser
Had bowed a soul before it,
Thine eye was on the censer,
And not the hand that bore it.

THE PHILOSOPHER TO HIS LOVE.

DEAREST, a look is but a ray
Reflected in a certain way ;
A word, whatever tone it wear,
Is but a trembling wave of air ;
A touch, obedience to a clause
In nature's pure material laws.

The very flowers that bend and meet,
In sweetening others, grow more sweet ;
The clouds by day, the stars by night,
Inweave their floating locks of light ;
The rainbow, Heaven's own forehead's
braid,
Is but the embrace of sun and shade.

How few that love us have we found !
How wide the world that girds them
round !
Like mountain streams we meet and part,
Each living in the other's heart,
Our course unknown, our hope to be
Yet mingled in the distant sea.

But Ocean coils and heaves in vain,
Bound in the subtle moonbeam's chain ;
And love and hope do but obey
Some cold, capricious planet's ray,
Which lights and leads the tide it charms
To Death's dark caves and icy arms.

Alas ! one narrow line is drawn,
That links our sunset with our dawn ;
In mist and shade life's morning rose,
And clouds are round it at its close ;
But ah ! no twilight beam ascends
To whisper where that evening ends.

Oh ! in the hour when I shall feel
Those shadows round my senses steal,
When gentle eyes are weeping o'er
The clay that feels their tears no more,
Then let thy spirit with me be,
Or some sweet angel, likest thee !

THE POET'S LOT.

WHAT is a poet's love ?—
To write a girl a sonnet,
To get a ring, or some such thing,
And fustianize upon it.

What is a poet's fame ?—
Sad hints about his reason,
And sadder praise from garreteers,
To be returned in season.

Where go the poet's lines ?—
Answer, ye evening tapers !
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers !

Child of the ploughshare, smile ;
Boy of the counter, grieve not,
Though muses round thy trundle-bed
Their broidered tissue weave not.

The poet's future holds
No civic wreath above him ;
Nor slated roof, nor varnished chaise,
Nor wife nor child to love him.

Maid of the village inn,
Who workest woe on satin,
(The grass in black, the graves in green,
The epitaph in Latin.)

Trust not to them who say,
In stanzas, they adore thee ;
O rather sleep in churchyard clay,
With urn and cherub o'er thee !

TO A BLANK SHEET OF PAPER.

WAN-VISAGED thing ! thy virgin leaf
To me looks more than deadly pale,

Unknowing what may stain thee yet,—
A poem or a tale.

Who can thy unborn meaning scan ?
Can Seer or Sibyl read thee now ?
No,—seek to trace the fate of man
Writ on his infant brow.

Love may light on thy snowy cheek,
And shake his Eden-breathing plumes ;
Then shalt thou tell how Lelia smiles,
Or Angelina blooms.

Satire may lift his bearded lance,
Forestalling Time's slow-moving
scythe,
And, scattered on thy little field,
Disjointed bards may writhe.

Perchance a vision of the night,
Some grizzled spectre, gaunt and thin,
Or sheeted corpse, may stalk along,
Or skeleton may grin !

If it should be in pensive hour
Some sorrow-moving theme I try,
Ah, maiden, how thy tears will fall,
For all I doom to die !

But if in merry mood I touch
Thy leaves, then shall the sight of
thee
Sow smiles as thick on rosy lips
As ripples on the sea.

The Weekly press shall gladly stoop
To bind thee up among its sheaves ;
The Daily steal thy shining ore,
To gild its leaden leaves.

Thou hast no tongue, yet thou canst
speak,
Till distant shores shall hear the
sound ;
Thou hast no life, yet thou canst breathe
Fresh life on all around.

Thou art the arena of the wise,
The noiseless battle-ground of fame ;
The sky where halos may be wreathed
Around the humblest name.

Take, then, this treasure to thy trust,
To win some idle reader's smile,
Then fade and moulder in the dust,
Or swell some bonfire's pile.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF "A GENTLEMAN."

IN THE ATHENÆUM GALLERY.

It may be so, — perhaps thou hast
A warm and loving heart ;
I will not blame thee for thy face,
Poor devil as thou art.

That thing, thou fondly deem'st a nose,
Unsightly though it be, —
In spite of all the cold world's scorn,
It may be much to thee.

Those eyes, — among thine elder friends
Perhaps they pass for blue, —
No matter, — if a man can see,
What more have eyes to do ?

Thy mouth, — that fissure in thy face,
By something like a chin, —
May be a very useful place
To put thy virtuel in.

I know thou hast a wife at home,
I know thou hast a child,
By that subdued, domestic smile
Upon thy features mild.

That wife sits fearless by thy side,
That cherub on thy knee ;
They do not shudder at thy looks,
They do not shrink from thee.

Above thy mantel is a hook, —
A portrait once was there ;
It was thine only ornament, —
Alas ! that hook is bare.

She begged thee not to let it go,
She begged thee all in vain ;
She wept, — and breathed a trembling
prayer
To meet it safe again.

It was a bitter sight to see
That picture torn away ;
It was a solemn thought to think
What all her friends would say !

And often in her calmer hours,
And in her happy dreams,
Upon its long-deserted hook
The absent portrait seems.

Thy wretched infant turns his head
In melancholy wise,

And looks to meet the placid stare
Of those unbending eyes.

I never saw thee, lovely one, —
Perchance I never may ;
It is not often that we cross
Such people in our way ;

But if we meet in distant years,
Or on some foreign shore,
Sure I can take my Bible oath,
I've seen that face before.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

IT was a tall young oysterman lived by
the river-side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his
boat was on the tide ;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so
straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right
opposite to him.

IT was the pensive oysterman that saw
a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in
the shade ;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as
much as if to say,
“I’m wide awake, young oysterman,
and all the folks away.”

Then up arose the oysterman, and to
himself said he,
“I guess I’ll leave the skiff at home,
for fear that folks should see ;
I read it in the story-book, that, for to
kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont, — and I
will swim this here.”

And he has leaped into the waves, and
crossed the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all
in the moonlight gleam ;
O there were kisses sweet as dew, and
wofds as soft as rain, —
But they have heard her father’s step,
and in he leaps again !

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — “O
what was that, my daughter?”
“T was nothing but a pebble, sir, I
threw into the water.”

"And what is that, pray tell me, love,
that paddles off so fast?"
"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's
been a swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—
"Now bring me my harpoon!
I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix
the fellow soon."
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls
a snow-white lamb,
Her hair drooped round her pallid
cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she
waked not from her swound,
And he was taken with the cramp, and
in the waves was drowned;
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in
pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster-shop for
mermaids down below.

A NOONTIDE LYRIC.

THE dinner-bell, the dinner-bell
Is ringing loud and clear;
Through hill and plain, through street
and lane,
It echoes far and near;
From curtained hall and whitewashed
stall,
Wherever men can hide,
Like bursting waves from ocean caves,
They float upon the tide.

I smell the smell of roasted meat!
I hear the hissing fry!
The beggars know where they can go,
But where, O where shall I?
At twelve o'clock men took my hand,
At two they only stare,
And eye me with a fearful look,
As if I were a bear!

The poet lays his laurels down,
And hastens to his greens;
The happy tailor quits his goose,
To riot on his beans;
The weary cobbler snaps his thread,
The printer leaves his pi;
His very devil hath a home,
But what, O what have I?

Methinks I hear an angel voice,
That softly seems to say:

"Pale stranger, all may yet be well,
Then wipe thy tears away;
Erect thy head, and cock thy hat,
And follow me afar,
And thou shalt have a jolly meal,
And charge it at the bar."

I hear the voice! I go! I go!
Prepare your meat and wine!
They little heed their future need,
Who pay not when they dine.
Give me to-day the rosy bowl,
Give me one golden dream,—
To-morrow kick away the stool,
And dangle from the beam!

THE HOT SEASON.

THE folks, that on the first of May
Wore winter coats and hose,
Began to say, the first of June,
"Good Lord! how hot it grows!"
At last two Fahreneights blew up,
And killed two children small,
And one barometer shot dead
A tutor with its ball!

Now all day long the locusts sang
Among the leafless trees;
Three new hotels warped inside out,
The pumps could only wheeze;
And ripe old wine, that twenty years
Had cobwebbed o'er in vain,
Came spouting through the rotten corks,
Like Joly's best Champagne!

The Worcester locomotives did
Their trip in half an hour;
The Lowell cars ran forty miles
Before they checked the power;
Roll brimstone soon became a drug,
And loco-focos fell;
All asked for ice, but everywhere
Saltpetre was to sell.

Plump men of mornings ordered tights,
But, ere the scorching noons,
Their candle-moulds had grown as loose
As Cossack pantaloons!
The dogs ran mad,—men could not try
If water they would choose;
A horse fell dead,—he only left
Four red-hot, rusty shoes!

But soon the people could not bear
The slightest hint of fire;

Allusions to caloric drew
A flood of savage ire ;
The leaves on heat were all torn out
From every book at school,
And many blackguards kicked and
caned,
Because they said, "Keep cool !"

The gas-light companies were mobbed,
The bakers all were shot,
The penny press began to talk
Of Lynching Doctor Nott ;
And all about the warehouse steps
Were angry men in droves,
Crashing and splintering through the
doors
To smash the patent stoves !

The abolition men and maids
Were tanned to such a hue,
You scarce could tell them from their
friends,
Unless their eyes were blue ;
And, when I left, society
Had burst its ancient guards,
And Brattle Street and Temple Place
Were interchanging cards !

A PORTRAIT.

A STILL sweet, placid, moonlight face,
And slightly nonchalant,
Which seems to claim a middle place
Between one's love and aunt,
Where childhood's star has left a ray
In woman's sunniest sky,
As morning dew and blushing day
On fruit and blossom lie.

And yet, — and yet I cannot love
Those lovely lines on steel ;
They beam too much of heaven above,
Earth's darker shades to feel ;
Perchance some early weeds of care
Around my heart have grown,
And brows unfurrowed seem not fair,
Because they mock my own.

Alas ! when Eden's gates were sealed,
How oft some sheltered flower
Breathed o'er the wanderers of the
field,
Like their own bridal bower ;
Yet, saddened by its loveliness,
And humbled by its pride,

Earth's fairest child they could not
bless, —
It mocked them when they sighed.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

IF sometimes in the dark blue eye,
Or in the deep red wine,
Or soothed by gentlest melody,
Still warms this heart of mine,
Yet something colder in the blood,
And calmer in the brain,
Have whispered that my youth's bright
flood
Ebbs, not to flow again.

If by Helvetia's azure lake,
Or Arno's yellow stream,
Each star of memory could awake,
As in my first young dream,
I know that when mine eye shall greet
The hillsides bleak and bare,
That gird my home, it will not meet
My childhood's sunsets there.

O when love's first, sweet, stolen kiss
Burned on my boyish brow,
Was that young forehead worn as
this ?
Was that flushed cheek as now ?
Were that wild pulse and throbbing
heart
Like these, which vainly strive,
In thankless strains of soulless art,
To dream themselves alive ?

Alas ! the morning dew is gone,
Gone ere the full of day ;
Life's iron fetter still is on,
Its wreaths all torn away ;
Happy if still some casual hour
Can warm the fading shrine,
Too soon to chill beyond the power
Of love, or song, or wine !

THE WASP AND THE HORNET.

THE two proud sisters of the sea,
In glory and in doom ! —
Well may the eternal waters be
Their broad, unsculptured tomb !
The wind that rings along the wave,
The clear, unshadowed sun,

Are torch and trumpet o'er the brave,
Whose last green wreath is won !

No stranger-hand their banners furled,
No victor's shout they heard ;
Unseen, above them ocean curled,
Save by his own pale bird ;
The gnashing billows heaved and fell ;
Wild shrieked the midnight gale ;
Far, far beneath the morning swell
Were pennon, spar, and sail.

The land of Freedom ! Sea and shore
Are guarded now, as when
Her ebbing waves to victory bore
Fair barks and gallant men ;
O many a ship of prouder name
May wave her starry fold,
Nor trail, with deeper light of fame,
The paths they swept of old !

“QUI VIVE.”

“*Qui vive !*” The sentry's musket
rings,
The channelled bayonet gleams ;
High o'er him, like a raven's wings
The broad tricolored banner flings
Its shadow, rustling as it swings
Pale in the moonlight beams ;
Pass on ! while steel-clad sentries keep
Their vigil o'er the monarch's sleep,
Thy bare, unguarded breast

Asks not the unbroken, bristling zone
That girds yon sceptred trembler's
throne ; —
Pass on, and take thy rest !

“*Qui vive !*” How oft the midnight
air
That startling cry has borne !
How oft the evening breeze has fanned
The banner of this haughty land,
O'er mountain snow and desert sand,
Ere yet its folds were torn !
Through Jena's carnage flying red,
Or tossing o'er Marengo's dead,
Or curling on the towers
Where Austria's eagle quivers yet,
And suns the ruffled plumage, wet
With battle's crimson showers !

“*Qui vive !*” And is the sentry's
cry, —
The sleepless soldier's hand, —
Are these — the painted folds that fly
And lift their emblems, printed high
On morning mist and sunset sky —
The guardians of a land ?
No ! If the patriot's pulses sleep,
How vain the watch that hirelings
keep, —
The idle flag that waves,
When Conquest, with his iron heel,
Treads down the standards and the steel
That belt the soil of slaves !

SONGS IN MANY KEYS.

THE piping of our slender, peaceful reeds
Whispers uncared for while the trumpets bray;
Song is thin air; our hearts' exulting play
Beats time but to the tread of marching deeds,
Following the mighty van that Freedom leads,
Her glorious standard flaming to the day!
The crimsoned pavement where a hero bleeds
Breathes nobler lessons than the poet's lay.
Strong arms, broad breasts, brave hearts, are better worth
Than strains that sing the ravished echoes dumb.
Hark! 't is the loud reverberating drum
Rolls o'er the prairied West, the rock-bound North:
The myriad-handed Future stretches forth
Its shadowy palms. Behold, we come,—we come!

Turn o'er these idle leaves. Such toys as these
Were not unsought for, as, in languid dreams,
We lay beside our lotus-feeding streams,
And nursed our fancies in forgetful ease.
It matters little if they pall or please,
Dropping untimely, while the sudden gleams
Glare from the mustering clouds whose blackness seems
Too swollen to hold its lightning from the trees.
Yet, in some lull of passion, when at last
These calm revolving moons that come and go—
Turning our months to years, they creep so slow—
Have brought us rest, the not unwelcome past
May flutter to thee through these leaflets, cast
On the wild winds that all around us blow.

MAY 1, 1861.

SONGS IN MANY KEYS.

I.—1849-1856.

AGNES.

PART FIRST.

THE KNIGHT.

THE tale I tell is gospel true,
As all the bookmen know,
And pilgrims who have strayed to view
The wrecks still left to show.

The old, old story, — fair, and young,
And fond, — and not too wise, —
That matrons tell, with sharpened
tongue,
To maids with downcast eyes.

Ah ! maidens err and matrons warn
Beneath the coldest sky ;
Love lurks amid the tasselled corn
As in the bearded rye !

But who would dream our sober sires
Had learned the old world's ways,
And warmed their hearths with lawless
fires
In Shirley's homespun days ?

T is like some poet's pictured trance
His idle rhymes recite, —
This old New-England-born romance
Of Agnes and the Knight ;

Yet, known to all the country round,
Their home is standing still,
Between Wachuset's lonely mound
And Shawmut's threefold hill.

— One hour we rumble on the rail,
One half-hour guide the rein,
We reach at last, o'er hill and dale,
The village on the plain.

With blackening wall and mossy roof,
With stained and warping floor,

A stately mansion stands aloof
And bars its haughty door.

This lowlier portal may be tried,
That breaks the gable wall ;
And lo ! with arches opening wide,
Sir Harry Frankland's hall !

'T was in the second George's day
They sought the forest shade,
The knotted trunks they cleared away,
The massive beams they laid,

They piled the rock-hewn chimney tall,
They smoothed the terraced ground,
They reared the marble-pillared wall
That fenced the mansion round.

Far stretched beyond the village bound
The Master's broad domain ;
With page and valet, horse and hound,
He kept a goodly train.

And, all the midland county through,
The ploughman stopped to gaze
Whene'er his chariot swept in view
Behind the shining bays,

With mute obeisance, grave and slow,
Repaid by nod polite, —
For such the way with high and low
Till after Concord fight.

Nor less to courtly circles known
That graced the three-hilled town
With far-off splendors of the Throne,
And glimmerings from the Crown ;

Wise Phipps, who held the seals of state
For Shirley over sea ;
Brave Knowles, whose press-gang moved
of late
The King Street mob's decree ;

And judges grave, and colonels grand,
Fair dames and stately men,
The mighty people of the land,
The "World" of there and then.

"T was strange no Chloe's "beauteous
Form,"
And "Eyes' celestial Blew,"
This Strephon of the West could warm,
No Nymph his Heart subdue !

Perchance he wooed as gallants use,
Whom fleeting loves enchain,
But still unfettered, free to choose,
Would brook no bridle-rein.

He saw the fairest of the fair,
But smiled alike on all ;
No band his roving foot might snare,
No ring his hand enthrall.

PART SECOND.

THE MAIDEN.

WHY seeks the knight that rocky cape
Beyond the Bay of Lynn ?
What chance his wayward course may
shape
To reach its village inn ?

No story tells ; whate'er we guess,
The past lies deaf and still,
But Fate, who rules to blight or bless,
Can lead us where she will.

Make way ! Sir Harry's coach and four,
And liveried grooms that ride !
They cross the ferry, touch the shore
On Winnisimmet's side.

They hear the wash on Chelsea Beach,—
The level marsh they pass,
Where miles on miles the desert reach
Is rough with bitter grass.

The shining horses foam and pant,
And now the smells begin
Of fishy Swampscot, salt Nahant,
And leather-scented Lynn.

Next, on their left, the slender spires,
And glittering vanes, that crown,
The home of Salem's frugal sires,
The old, witch-haunted town.

So onward, o'er the rugged way
That runs through rocks and sand,
Showered by the tempest-driven spray,
From bays on either hand,

That shut between their outstretched
arms
The crews of Marblehead,
The lords of ocean's watery farms,
Who plough the waves for bread.

At last the ancient inn appears,
The spreading elm below,
Whose flapping sign these fifty years
Has seesawed to and fro.

How fair the azure fields in sight
Before the low-browed inn !
The tumbling billows fringe with light
The crescent shore of Lynn ;

Nahant thrusts outward through the
waves
Her arm of yellow sand,
And breaks the roaring surge that braves
The gauntlet on her hand ;

With eddying whirl the waters lock
Yon treeless mound forlorn,
The sharp-winged sea-fowl's breeding-
rock,
That fronts the Spouting Horn ;

Then free the white-sailed shallop glide,
And wide the ocean smiles,
Till, shoreward bent, his streams divide
The two bare Misery Isles.

The master's silent signal stays
The wearied cavalcade ;
The coachman reins his smoking bays
Beneath the elm-tree's shade.

A gathering on the village green !
The cocked-hats crowd to see,
On legs in ancient velveteen,
With buckles at the knee.

A clustering round the tavern-door
Of square-toed village boys,
Still wearing, as their grandsires wore,
The old-world corduroys !

A scampering at the "Fountain" inn, —
A rush of great and small, —
With hurrying servants' mingled din
And screaming matron's call !

Poor Agnes ! with her work half done
They caught her unaware ;
As, humbly, like a praying nun,
She knelt upon the stair ;

Bent o'er the steps, with lowliest mien
She knelt, but not to pray, —
Her little hands must keep them clean,
And wash their stains away.

A foot, an ankle, bare and white,
Her girlish shapes betrayed, —
“ Ha ! Nymphs and Graces ! ” spoke
the Knight ;
“ Look up, my beauteous Maid ! ”

She turned, — a reddening rose in bud,
Its calyx half withdrawn, —
Her cheek on fire with damasked blood
Of girlhood’s glowing dawn !

He searched her features through and
through,
As royal lovers look
On lowly maidens, when they woo
Without the ring and book.

“ Come hither, Fair one ! Here, my
Sweet !
Nay, prithee, look not down !
Take this to shoe those little feet,” —
He tossed a silver crown.

A sudden paleness struck her brow, —
A swifter flush succeeds ;
It burns her cheek ; it kindles now
Beneath her golden beads.

She flitted, but the glittering eye
Still sought the lovely face.
Who was she ? What, and whence ? and
why
Doomed to such menial place ?

A skipper’s daughter, — so they said, —
Left orphan by the gale
That cost the fleet of Marblehead
And Gloucester thirty sail.

Ah ! many a lonely home is found
Along the Essex shore,
That cheered its goodman outward
bound,
And sees his face no more !

“ Not so,” the matron whispered, —
“ sure
No orphan girl is she, —

The Surriage folk are deadly poor
Since Edward left the sea,

“ And Mary, with her growing brood,
Has work enough to do
To find the children clothes and food
With Thomas, John, and Hugh.

“ This girl of Mary’s, growing tall, —
(Just turned her sixteenth year,) —
To earn her bread and help them all,
Would work as housemaid here.”

So Agnes, with her golden beads,
And naught beside as dower,
Grew at the wayside with the weeds,
Herself a garden-flower.

“ T was strange, ‘t was sad, — so fresh, so
fair !
Thus Pity’s voice began.
Such grace ! an angel’s shape and air !
The half-heard whisper ran.

For eyes could see in George’s time,
As now in later days,
And lips could shape, in prose and
rhyme,
The honeyed breath of praise.

No time to woo ! The train must go
Long ere the sun is down,
To reach, before the night-winds blow,
The many-steeped town.

“ T is midnight, — street and square are
still ;
Dark roll the whispering waves
That lap the piers beneath the hill
Ridged thick with ancient graves.

Ah, gentle sleep ! thy hand will smooth
The weary couch of pain,
When all thy poppies fail to soothe
The lover’s throbbing brain !

“ T is morn, — the orange-mantled sun
Breaks through the fading gray,
And long and loud the Castle gun
Peals o’er the glistening bay.

“ Thank God ‘t is day ! ” With eager
eye
He hails the morning’s shine : —
“ If art can win, or gold can buy,
The maiden shall be mine ! ”

PART THIRD.

THE CONQUEST.

“ WHO saw this hussy when she came ?
What is the wench, and who ? ”
They whisper. “ *Agnes*, — is her name ?
Pray what has she to do ? ”

The housemaids parley at the gate,
The scullions on the stair,
And in the footmen’s grave debate
The butler deigns to share.

Black Dinah, stolen when a child,
And sold on Boston pier,
Grown up in service, petted, spoiled,
Speaks in the coachman’s ear :

“ What, all this household at his will ?
And all are yet too few ?
More servants, and more servants still, —
This pert young madam too ! ”

“ *Servant ! fine servant !* ” laughed aloud
The man of coach and steeds ;
“ She looks too fair, she steps too proud,
This girl with golden beads ! ”

“ I tell you, you may fret and frown,
And call her what you choose,
You ’ll find my Lady in her gown,
Your Mistress in her shoes ! ”

Ah, gentle maidens, free from blame,
God grant you never know
The little whisper, loud with shame,
That makes the world your foe !

Why tell the lordly flatterer’s art,
That won the maiden’s ear, —
The fluttering of the frightened heart,
The blush, the smile, the tear ?

Alas ! it were the saddening tale
That every language knows, —
The wooing wind, the yielding sail,
The sunbeam and the rose.

And now the gown of sober stuff
Has changed to fair brocade,
With broidered hem, and hanging cuff,
And flower of silken braid ;

And clasped around her blanching wrist
A jewelled bracelet shines,
Her flowing tresses’ massive twist
A glittering net confines ;

And mingling with their truant wave
A fretted chain is hung ;
But ah ! the gift her mother gave, —
Its beads are all unstrung !

Her place is at the master’s board,
Where none disputes her claim ;
She walks beside the mansion’s lord,
His bride in all but name.

The busy tongues have ceased to talk,
Or speak in softened tone,
So gracious in her daily walk
The angel light has shown.

No want that kindness may relieve
Assails her heart in vain,
The lifting of a ragged sleeve
Will check her palfrey’s rein.

A thoughtful calm, a quiet grace
In every movement shown,
Reveal her moulded for the place
She may not call her own.

And, save that on her youthful brow
There broods a shadowy care,
No matron sealed with holy vow
In all the land so fair !

PART FOURTH.

THE RESCUE.

A SHIP comes foaming up the bay,
Along the pier she glides ;
Before her furrow melts away,
A courier mounts and rides.

“ Haste, Haste, post Haste ! ” the letters bear ;
“ Sir Harry Frankland, These.”
Sad news to tell the loving pair !
The knight must cross the seas.

“ Alas ! we part ! ” — the lips that spoke
Lost all their rosy red,
As when a crystal cup is broke,
And all its wine is shed.

“ Nay, droop not thus, — where’er,” he cried,
“ I go by land or sea,
My love, my life, my joy, my pride,
Thy place is still by me ! ”



"She turned, — a reddening rose in bud." Page 73

Through town and city, far and wide,
Their wandering feet have strayed,
From Alpine lake to ocean tide,
And cold Sierra's shade.

At length they see the waters gleam
Amid the fragrant bowers
Where Lisbon mirrors in the stream
Her belt of ancient towers.

Red is the orange on its bough,
To-morrow's sun shall fling
O'er Cintra's hazel-shaded brow
The flush of April's wing.

The streets are loud with noisy mirth,
They dance on every green ;
The morning's dial marks the birth
Of proud Braganza's queen.

At eve beneath their pictured dome
The gilded courtiers throng ;
The broad moidores have cheated Rome
Of all her lords of song.

Ah ! Lisbon dreams not of the day—
Pleased with her painted scenes—
When all her towers shall slide away
As now these canvas screens !

The spring has passed, the summer fled,
And yet they linger still,
Though autumn's rustling leaves have
spread
The flank of Cintra's hill.

The town has learned their Saxon name,
And touched their English gold,
Nor tale of doubt nor hint of blame
From over sea is told.

Three hours the first November dawn
Has climbed with feeble ray
Through mists like heavy curtains drawn
Before the darkened day.

How still the muffled echoes sleep !
Hark ! hark ! a hollow sound, —
A noise like chariots rumbling deep
Beneath the solid ground.

The channel lifts, the water slides
And bares its bar of sand,
Anon a mountain billow strides
And crashes o'er the land.

The turrets lean, the steeples reel
Like masts on ocean's swell,

And clash a long discordant peal,
The death-doomed city's knell.

The pavement bursts, the earth upheaves
Beneath the staggering town !
The turrets crack — the castle cleaves —
The spires come rushing down.

Around, the lurid mountains glow
With strange unearthly gleams ;
While black abysses gape below,
Then close in jagged seams.

The earth has folded like a wave,
And thrice a thousand score,
Clasped, shroudless, in their closing
grave,
The sun shall see no more !

And all is over. Street and square
In ruined heaps are piled ;
Ah ! where is she, so frail, so fair,
Amid the tumult wild ?

Unscathed, she treads the wreck-piled
street,
Whose narrow gaps afford
A pathway for her bleeding feet,
To seek her absent lord.

A temple's broken walls arrest
Her wild and wandering eyes ;
Beneath its shattered portal pressed,
Her lord unconscious lies.

The power that living hearts obey
Shall lifeless blocks withstand ?
Love led her footsteps where he lay, —
Love nerves her woman's hand :

One cry,—the marble shaft she grasps, —
Up heaves the ponderous stone : —
He breathes, — her fainting form he
clasps, —
Her life has bought his own !

PART FIFTH.

THE REWARD.

How like the starless night of death
Our being's brief eclipse,
When faltering heart and failing breath
Have bleached the fading lips !

She lives ! What guerdon shall repay
His debt of ransomed life ?
One word can charm all wrongs away, —
The sacred name of WIFE !

The love that won her girlish charms
Must shield her matron fame,
And write beneath the Frankland arms
The village beauty's name.

Go, call the priest ! no vain delay
Shall dim the sacred ring !
Who knows what change the passing day,
The fleeting hour, may bring ?

Before the holy altar bent,
There kneels a goodly pair ;
A stately man, of high descent,
A woman, passing fair.

No jewels lend the blinding sheen
That meaner beauty needs,
But on her bosom heaves unseen
A string of golden beads.

The vow is spoke, — the prayer is said, —
And with a gentle pride
The Lady Agnes lifts her head,
Sir Harry Frankland's bride.

No more her faithful heart shall bear
Those griefs so meekly borne, —
The passing sneer, the freezing stare,
The icy look of scorn ;

No more the blue-eyed English dames
Their haughty lips shall curl,
Whene'er a hissing whisper names
The poor New England girl.

But stay ! — his mother's haughty
brow, —
The pride of ancient race, —
Will plighted faith, and holy vow,
Win back her fond embrace ?

Too well she knew the saddening tale
Of love no vow had blest,
That turned his blushing honors pale
And stained his knightly crest.

They seek his Northern home, — alas :
He goes alone before ; —
His own dear Agnes may not pass
The proud, ancestral door.

He stood before the stately dame ;
He spoke ; she calmly heard,
But not to pity, nor to blame ;
She breathed no single word.

He told his love, — her faith betrayed ;
She heard with tearless eyes ;
Could she forgive the erring maid ?
She stared in cold surprise.

How fond her heart, he told, — how true ;
The haughty eyelids fell ; —
The kindly deeds she loved to do ;
She murmured, “ It is well.”

But when he told that fearful day,
And how her feet were led
To where entombed in life he lay,
The breathing with the dead,

And how she bruised her tender breasts
Against the crushing stone,
That still the strong-armed clown pro-
tests
No man can lift alone, —

O then the frozen spring was broke ;
By turns she wept and smiled ; —
“ Sweet Agnes ! ” so the mother spoke,
“ God bless my angel child ! ”

“ She saved thee from the jaws of
death, —
‘ T is thine to right her wrongs ;
I tell thee, — I, who gave thee breath, —
To her thy life belongs ! ”

Thus Agnes won her noble name,
Her lawless lover's hand ;
The lowly maiden so became
A lady in the land !

PART SIXTH.

CONCLUSION.

THE tale is done ; it little needs
To track their after ways,
And string again the golden beads
Of love's uncounted days.

They leave the fair ancestral isle
For bleak New England's shore ;
How gracious is the courtly smile
Of all who frowned before !

Again through Lisbon's orange bowers
They watch the river's gleam,
And shudder as her shadowy towers
Shake in the trembling stream.

Whom John, obedient to his master's sign,
Conducts, laborious, up to *ninety-nine*,
While Peter, glistening with luxurious scorn,
Husks his white ivories like an ear of corn ;
Dark in the brow and biliary in the cheek,
Whose yellowish linen flowers but once a week,
Conspicuous, annual, in their threadbare suits,
And the laced high-lows which they call their boots,
Well mayst thou *shun* that dingy front severe,
But him, O stranger, him thou canst not fear !

Be slow to judge, and slower to despise,
Man of broad shoulders and heroic size !
The tiger, writhing from the boa's rings, Drops at the fountain where the cobra stings.
In that lean phantom, whose extended glove Points to the text of universal love, Behold the master that can tame thee down
To crouch, the vassal of his Sunday frown ;
His velvet throat against thy corded wrist,
His loosened tongue against thy doubled fist !

The MORAL BULLY, though he never swears, Nor kicks intruders down his entry stairs, Though meekness plants his backward-sloping hat, And non-resistance ties his white cravat, Though his black broadcloth glories to be seen In the same plight with Shylock's gaberdine, Hugs the same passion to his narrow breast That heaves the cuirass on the trooper's chest, Hears the same hell-hounds yelling in his rear That chase from port the maddened buccaneer,

Feels the same comfort while his acrid words Turn the sweet milk of kindness into curds, Or with grim logic prove, beyond debate, That all we love is worthiest of our hate, As the scarred ruffian of the pirate's deck, When his long swivel rakes the staggering wreck !

Heaven keep us all ! Is every rascal clown Whose arm is stronger free to knock us down ? Has every scarecrow, whose cachectic soul Seems fresh from Bedlam, airing on parole, Who, though he carries but a doubtful trace Of angel visits on his hungry face, From lack of marrow or the coins to pay, Has dodged some vices in a shabby way, The right to stick us with his cutthroat terms, And bait his homilies with his brother worms ?

THE MIND'S DIET.

No life worth naming ever comes to good If always nourished on the selfsame food ; The creeping mite may live so if he please, And feed on Stilton till he turns to cheese, But cool Magendie proves beyond a doubt, If mammals try it, that their eyes drop out.

No reasoning natures find it safe to feed, For their sole diet, on a single creed ; It spoils their eyeballs while it spares their tongues, And starves the heart to feed the noisy lungs.

When the first larvae on the elm are seen, The crawling wretches, like its leaves, are green ;

Ere chill October shakes the latest down,
They, like the foliage, change their tint
to brown ;
On the blue flower a bluer flower you spy,
You stretch to pluck it — 't is a butter-
fly ;
The flattened tree-toads so resemble bark,
They're hard to find as Ethiops in the
dark ;
The woodcock, stiffening to fictitious
mud,
Cheats the young sportsman thirsting for
his blood ;
So by long living on a single lie,
Nay, on one truth, will creatures get its
dye ;
Red, yellow, green, they take their sub-
ject's hue. —
Except when squabbling turns them
black and blue !

OUR LIMITATIONS.

WE trust and fear, we question and
believe,
From life's dark threads a trembling
faith to weave,
Frail as the web that misty night has
spun,
Whose dew-gemmed awnings glitter in
the sun.
While the calm centuries spell their les-
sons out,
Each truth we conquer spreads the realm
of doubt ;
When Sinai's summit was Jehovah's
throne,
The chosen Prophet knew his voice
alone ;
When Pilate's hall that awful question
heard,
The Heavenly Captive answered not a
word.

Eternal Truth ! beyond our hopes and
fears
Sweep the vast orbits of thy myriad
spheres !
From age to age, while History carves
sublime
On her waste rock the flaming curves of
time,
How the wild swayings of our planet
show
That worlds unseen surround the world
we know.

THE OLD PLAYER.

THE curtain rose; in thunders long
and loud
The galleries rung; the veteran actor
bowed.
In flaming line the telltales of the stage
Showed on his brow the autograph of
age;
Pale, hueless waves amid his clustered
hair,
And umbered shadows, prints of toil
and care;
Round the wide circle glanced his vacant
eye, —
He strove to speak, — his voice was but
a sigh.

Year after year had seen its short-
lived race
Flit past the scenes and others take their
place ;
Yet the old prompter watched his accents
still,
His name still flaunted on the evening's
bill.
Heroes, the monarchs of the scenic floor,
Had died in earnest and were heard no
more ;
Beauties, whose cheeks such roseate
bloom o'erspread
They faced the footlights in unborrowed
red,
Had faded slowly through successive
shades
To gray duennas, foils of younger maids ;
Sweet voices lost the melting tones that
start
With Southern throbs the sturdy Saxon
heart,
While fresh sopranos shook the painted
sky
With their long, breathless, quivering
locust-cry.
Yet there he stood, — the man of other
days,
In the clear present's full, unsparing
blaze,
As on the oak a faded leaf that clings
While a new April spreads its burnished
wings.

How bright yon rows that soared in
triple tier,
Their central sun the flashing chandelier !
How dim the eye that sought with
doubtful aim

Some friendly smile it still might dare
to claim !
How fresh these hearts ! his own how
worn and cold !
Such the sad thoughts that long-drawn
sigh had told.
No word yet faltered on his trembling
tongue ;
Again, again, the crashing galleries rung.
As the old guardsman at the bugle's blast
Hears in its strain the echoes of the past ;
So, as the plaudits rolled and thundered
round,
A life of memories startled at the sound.
He lived again, — the page of earliest
days, —
Days of small fee and parsimonious
praise ;
Then lithe young Romeo — hark that
silvered tone,
From those smooth lips — alas ! they
were his own.
Then the bronzed Moor, with all his
love and woe,
Told his strange tale of midnight melt-
ing snow ;
And dark-plumed Hamlet, with his
cloak and blade,
Looked on the royal ghost, himself a
shade.
All in one flash, his youthful memories
came,
Traced in bright hues of evanescent
flame,
As the spent swimmer's in the lifelong
dream,
While the last bubble rises through the
stream.

Call him not old, whose visionary
brain
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.
For him in vain the envious seasons roll
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.
If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,
Spring with her birds, or children at
their play,
Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream
of art,
Stir the few life-drops creeping round
his heart,
Turn to the record where his years are
told, —
Count his gray hairs, — they cannot
make him old !
What magic power has changed the
faded mime ?

One breath of memory on the dust of
time.
As the last window in the buttressed wall
Of some gray minster tottering to its fall,
Though to the passing crowd its hues
are spread,
A dull mosaic, yellow, green, and red,
Viewed from within, a radiant glory
shows
When through its pictured screen the
sunlight flows,
And kneeling pilgrims on its storied pane
See angels glow in every shapeless stain ;
So streamed the vision through his
sunken eye,
Clad in the splendors of his morning sky.
All the wild hopes his eager boyhood
knew,
All the young fancies riper years proved
true,
The sweet, low-whispered words, the
winning glance
From queens of song, from Houris of
the dance,
Wealth's lavish gift, and Flattery's
soothing phrase,
And Beauty's silence when her blush
was praise,
And melting Pride, her lashes wet with
tears,
Triumphs and banquets, wreaths and
crowns and cheers,
Pangs of wild joy that perish on the
tongue,
And all that poets dream, but leave
unsung !

In every heart some viewless founts
are fed
From far-off hillsides where the dews
were shed ;
On the worn features of the weariest face
Some youthful memory leaves its hidden
trace,
As in old gardens left by exiled kings
The marble basins tell of hidden springs,
But, gray with dust, and overgrown with
weeds,
Their choking jets the passer little heeds,
Till time's revenges break their seals
away,
And, clad in rainbow light, the waters
play.

Good night, fond dreamer ! let the
curtain fall :
The world 's a stage, and we are players
all.

A strange rehearsal! Kings without
their crowns,
And threadbare lords, and jewel-wear-
ing clowns,
Speak the vain words that mock their
throbbing hearts,
As Want, stern prompter! spells them
out their parts.
The tinselled hero whom we praise and pay
Is twice an actor in a twofold play.
We smile at children when a painted
screen
Seems to their simple eyes a real scene;
Ask the poor hireling, who has left his
throne
To seek the cheerless home he calls his
own,
Which of his double lives most real
seems,
The world of solid fact or scenic dreams?
Canvas, or clouds, — the footlights, or
the spheres, —
The play of two short hours, or seventy
years?
Dream on! Though Heaven may woo
our open eyes,
Through their closed lids we look on
fairer skies;
Truth is for other worlds, and hope for
this;
The cheating future lends the present's
bliss;
Life is a running shade, with fettered
hands,
That chases phantoms over shifting
sands;
Death a still spectre on a marble seat,
With ever clutching palms and shackled
feet;
The airy shapes that mock life's slender
chain,
The flying joys he strives to clasp in vain,
Death only grasps; to live is to pur-
sue, —
Dream on! there's nothing but illusion
true!

THE ISLAND RUIN.

YE that have faced the billows and
the spray
Of good St. Botolph's island-studded
bay,
As from the gliding bark your eye has
scanned
The beaconed rocks, the wave-girt hills
of sand,

Have ye not marked one elm-o'ershad-
owed isle,
Round as the dimple chased in beauty's
smile, —
A stain of verdure on an azure field,
Set like a jewel in a battered shield?
Fixed in the narrow gorge of Ocean's
path,
Peaceful it meets him in his hour of
wrath;
When the mailed Titan, scourged by
hissing gales,
Writhes in his glistening coat of clash-
ing scales;
The storm-beat island spreads its tran-
quil green,
Calm as an emerald on an angry queen.
So fair when distant should be fairer
near;
A boat shall waft us from the out-
stretched pier.
The breeze blows fresh; we reach the
island's edge,
Our shallop rustling through the yield-
ing sedge.
No welcome greets us on the desert
isle;
Those elms, far-shadowing, hide no
stately pile:
Yet these green ridges mark an ancient
road;
And lo! the traces of a fair abode;
The long gray line that marks a garden-
wall,
And heaps of fallen beams, — fire-
branded all.

Who sees unmoved, a ruin at his feet,
The lowliest home where human hearts
have beat?
Its hearthstone, shaded with the bistre
stain
A century's showery torrents wash in
vain;
Its starving orchard, where the thistle
blows
And mossy trunks still mark the broken
rows;
Its chimney-loving poplar, oftenest seen
Next an old roof, or where a roof has
been;
Its knot-grass, plantain, — all the social
weeds,
Man's mute companions, following where
he leads;
Its dwarfed, pale flowers, that show their
straggling heads,

Sown by the wind from grass-choked
garden-beds ;
Its woodbine, creeping where it used to
climb ;
Its roses, breathing of the olden time ;
All the poor shows the curious idler sees,
As life's thin shadows waste by slow
degrees,
Till naught remains, the saddening tale
to tell,
Save home's last wrecks, — the cellar
and the well !

And whose the home that strews in
black decay
The one green-glowing island of the bay ?
Some dark-browed pirate's, jealous of
the fate
That seized the strangled wretch of
“Nix's Mate” ?
Some forger's, skulking in a borrowed
name,
Whom Tyburn's dangling halter yet
may claim ?
Some wan-eyed exile's, wealth and sor-
row's heir,
Who sought a lone retreat for tears and
prayer ?
Some brooding poet's, sure of deathless
fame,
Had not his epic perished in the flame ?
Or some gray wooer's, whom a girlish
frown
Chased from his solid friends and sober
town ?
Or some plain tradesman's, fond of shade
and ease,
Who sought them both beneath these
quiet trees ?
Why question mutes no question can
unlock,
Dumb as the legend on the Dighton rock ?
One thing at least these ruined heaps
declare, —
They were a shelter once ; a man lived
there.

But where the charred and crumbling
records fail,
Some breathing lips may piece the half-
told tale ;
No man may live with neighbors such
as these,
Though girt with walls of rock and angry
seas,
And shield his home, his children, or
his wife,

His ways, his means, his vote, his creed,
his life,
From the dread sovereignty of Ears and
Eyes
And the small member that beneath
them lies.
They told strange things of that mys-
terious man ;
Believe who will, deny them such as can ;
Why should we fret if every passing sail
Had its old seaman talking on the rail ?
The deep-sunk schooner stuffed with
Eastern lime,
Slow wedging on, as if the waves were
slime ;
The knife-edged clipper with her ruffled
spars,
The pawing steamer with her mane of
stars,
The bull-browed galliot butting through
the stream,
The wide-sailed yacht that slipped along
her beam,
The deck-piled sloops, the pinched che-
bacco-boats,
The frigate, black with thunder-freighted
throats,
All had their talk about the lonely man ;
And thus, in varying phrase, the story
ran.
His name had cost him little care to
seek,
Plain, honest, brief, a decent name to
speak,
Common, not vulgar, just the kind that
slips
With least suggestion from a stranger's
lips.
His birthplace England, as his speech
might show,
Or his hale cheek, that wore the red-
streak's glow ;
His mouth sharp-moulded ; in its mirth
or scorn
There came a flash as from the milky corn,
When from the ear you rip the rustling
sheath,
And the white ridges show their even
teeth.
His stature moderate, but his strength
confessed,
In spite of broadcloth, by his ample
breast ;
Full-armed, thick-handed ; one that
had been strong,
And might be dangerous still, if things
went wrong.

He lived at ease beneath his elm-trees' shade,
Did naught for gain, yet all his debts were paid;
Rich, so 't was thought, but careful of his store;
Had all he needed, claimed to have no more.

But some that lingered round the isle at night
Spoke of strange stealthy doings in their sight;
Of creeping lonely visits that he made To nooks and corners, with a torch and spade.

Some said they saw the hollow of a cave; One, given to fables, swore it was a grave; Whereat some shuddered, others boldly cried,

Those prowling boatmen lied, and knew they lied.

They said his house was framed with curious cares,

Lest some old friend might enter unawares;

That on the platform at his chamber's door

Hinged a loose square that opened through the floor;

Touch the black silken tassel next the bell,

Down, with a crash, the flapping trap-door fell;

Three stories deep the falling wretch would strike,

To writhe at leisure on a boarder's pike.

By day armed always; double-armed at night,

His tools lay round him; wake him such as might.

A carbine hung beside his India fan, His hand could reach a Turkish ataghan; Pistols, with quaint-carved stocks and barrels gilt,

Crossed a long dagger with a jewelled hilt;

A slashing cutlass stretched along the bed; —

All this was what those lying boatmen said.

Then some were full of wondrous stories told

Of great oak chests and cupboards full of gold;

Of the wedged ingots and the silver bars

That cost old pirates ugly sabre-scars; How his laced wallet often would disgorge

The fresh-faced guinea of an English George,

Or sweated ducat, palmed by Jews of yore,

Or double Joe, or Portuguese moidore, And how his finger wore a rubied ring Fit for the white-necked play-girl of a king.

But these fine legends, told with staring eyes,

Met with small credence from the old and wise.

Why tell each idle guess, each whisper vain?

Enough: the scorched and cindered beams remain.

He came, a silent pilgrim to the West, Some old-world mystery throbbing in his breast;

Close to the thronging mart he dwelt alone;

He lived; he died. The rest is all unknown.

Stranger, whose eyes the shadowy isle survey,

As the black steamer dashes through the bay,

Why ask his buried secret to divine?

He was thy brother; speak, and tell us thine!

THE BANKER'S DINNER.

THE Banker's dinner is the stateliest feast

The town has heard of for a year, at least;

The sparry lustres shed their broadest blaze,

Damask and silver catch and spread the rays;

The florist's triumphs crown the daintier spoil

Won from the sea, the forest, or the soil; The steaming hot-house yields its largest pines,

The sunless vaults unearth their oldest wines;

With one admiring look the scene survey,

And turn a moment from the bright display.

Of all the joys of earthly pride or power,
What gives most life, worth living, in an hour?
When Victory settles on the doubtful fight
And the last foeman wheels in panting flight,
No thrill like this is felt beneath the sun;
Life's sovereign moment is a battle won.
But say what next? To shape a Senate's choice,
By the strong magic of the master's voice;
To ride the stormy tempest of debate
That whirls the wavering fortunes of the state.
Third in the list, the happy lover's prize
Is won by honeyed words from women's eyes.
If some would have it first instead of third,
So let it be, — I answer not a word.
The fourth, — sweet readers, let the thoughtless half
Have its small shrug and inoffensive laugh;
Let the grave quarter wear its virtuous frown,
The stern half-quarter try to scowl us down;
But the last eighth, the choice and sifted few,
Will hear my words, and, pleased, confess them true.

Among the great whom Heaven has made to shine,
How few have learned the art of arts, — to dine!
Nature, indulgent to our daily need,
Kind-hearted mother! taught us all to feed;
But the chief art, — how rarely Nature flings
This choicest gift among her social kings!
Say, man of truth, has life a brighter hour
Than waits the chosen guest who knows his power?
He moves with ease, itself an angel charm, —
Lifts with light touch my lady's jewelled arm,

Slides to his seat, half leading and half led,
Smiling but quiet till the grace is said,
Then gently kindles, while by slow degrees
Creep softly out the little arts that please;
Bright looks, the cheerful language of the eye,
The neat, crisp question and the gay reply, —
Talk light and airy, such as well may pass
Between the rested fork and lifted glass; —
With play like this the earlier evening flies,
Till rustling silks proclaim the ladies rise.
His hour has come, — he looks along the chairs,
As the Great Duke surveyed his iron squares.
— That's the young traveller, — is n't much to show, —
Fast on the road, but at the table slow.
— Next him, — you see the author in his look, —
His forehead lined with wrinkles like a book, —
Wrote the great history of the ancient Huns, —
Holds back to fire among the heavy guns.
— O, there's our poet seated at his side,
Beloved of ladies, soft, cerulean-eyed.
Poets are prosy in their common talk,
As the fast trotters, for the most part, walk.
— And there's our well-dressed gentleman, who sits,
By right divine, no doubt, among the wits,
Who airs his tailor's patterns when he walks,
The man that often speaks, but never talks.
Why should he talk, whose presence lends a grace
To every table where he shows his face?
He knows the manual of the silver fork,
Can name his claret — if he sees the cork, —
Remark that "White-top" was considered fine,
But swear the "Juno" is the better wine; —

Is not this talking? Ask Quintilian's rules;
 If they say No, the town has many fools.
 — Pause for a moment, — for our eyes behold
 The plain unsceptred king, the man of gold,
 The thrice illustrious threefold millionaire;
 Mark his slow-creeping, dead, metallic stare;
 His eyes, dull glimmering, like the balance-pan
 That weighs its guinea as he weighs his man.
 — Who's next? An artist, in a satin tie
 Whose ample folds defeat the curious eye.
 — And there's the cousin, — must be asked, you know, —
 Looks like a spinster at a baby-show.
 Hope he is cool, — they set him next the door, —
 And likes his place, between the gap and bore.
 — Next comes a Congress-man, distinguished guest!
 We don't count him, — they asked him with the rest;
 And then some white cravats, with well-shaped ties,
 And heads above them which their owners prize.

Of all that cluster round the genial board,
 Not one so radiant as the banquet's lord.
 Some say they fancy, but they know not why,
 A shade of trouble brooding in his eye,
 Nothing, perhaps, — the rooms are over-hot, —
 Yet see his cheek, — the dull-red burning spot, —
 Taste the brown sherry which he does not pass, —
 Ha! That is brandy; see him fill his glass!
 But not forgetful of his feasting friends,
 To each in turn some lively word he sends;
 See how he throws his baited lines about,
 And plays his men as anglers play their trout.

With the dry sticks all bonfires are begun;
 Bring the first fagot, proser number one! A question drops among the listening crew
 And hits the traveller, pat on Timbuctoo.
 We're on the Niger, somewhere near its source, —
 Not the least hurry, take the river's course
 Through Kissi, Foata, Kankan, Bammar-koo,
 Bambarra, Sego, so to Timbuctoo,
 Thence down to Youri; — stop him if we can,
 We can't fare worse, — wake up the Congress-man!
 The Congress-man, once on his talking legs,
 Stirs up his knowledge to its thickest dregs;
 Tremendous draught for dining men to quaff!
 Nothing will choke him but a purpling laugh.
 A word, — a shout, — a mighty roar, — 't is done;
 Extinguished; lassoed by a treacherous pun.
 A laugh is priming to the loaded soul; The scattering shots become a steady roll,
 Broke by sharp cracks that run along the line,
 The light artillery of the talker's wine.
 The kindling goblets flame with golden dews,
 The hoarded flasks their tawny fire diffuse,
 And the Rhine's breast-milk gushes cold and bright,
 Pale as the moon and maddening as her light;
 With crimson juice the thirsty southern sky
 Sucks from the hills where buried armies lie,
 So that the dreamy passion it imparts Is drawn from heroes' bones and lovers' hearts.
 But lulls will come; the flashing soul transmits
 Its gleams of light in alternating fits.
 The shower of talk that rattled down amain

Ends in small pattering like an April's rain ;

The voices halt ; the game is at a stand ;
Now for a solo from the master-hand !

'T is but a story, — quite a simple thing, —

An *aria* touched upon a single string,
But every accent comes with such a grace

The stupid servants listen in their place,
Each with his waiter in his lifted hands,
Still as a well-bred pointer when he stands.

A query checks him : " Is he quite exact ? " —

(This from a grizzled, square-jawed man of fact.)

The sparkling story leaves him to his fate,

Crushed by a witness, smothered with a date,

As a swift river, sown with many a star,

Runs brighter, rippling on a shallow bar.

The smooth divine suggests a graver doubt ;

A neat quotation bowls the parson out ;
Then, sliding gayly from his own display,

He laughs the learned dulness all away.

So, with the merry tale and jovial song,

The jocund evening whirls itself along,
Till the last chorus shrieks its loud *encore*,

And the white neckcloths vanish through the door.

One savage word ! — The menials know its tone,

And slink away ; the master stands alone.

" Well played, by — " ; breathe not what were best unheard ;

His goblet shivers while he speaks the word, —

" If wine tells truth, — and so have said the wise, —

It makes me laugh to think how brandy lies !

Bankrupt to-morrow, — millionaire to-day, —

The farce is over, — now begins the play ! "

The spring he touches lets a panel glide ;

An iron closet lurks beneath the slide,
Bright with such treasures as a search might bring

From the deep pockets of a truant king.
Two diamonds, eyeballs of a God of bronze,

Bought from his faithful priest, a pious Bonze ;

A string of brilliants ; rubies, three or four ;

Bags of old coin and bars of virgin ore ;
A jewelled poniard and a Turkish knife,

Noiseless and useful if we come to strife.

Gone ! As a pirate flies before the wind,

And' not one tear for all he leaves behind !

From all the love his better years have known

Fled like a felon, — ah ! but not alone !
The chariot flashes through a lantern's glare, —

O the wild eyes ! the storm of sable hair !

Still to his side the broken heart will cling, —

The bride of shame, the wife without the ring :

Hark, the deep oath, — the wail of frenzied woe, —

Lost ! lost to hope of Heaven and peace below !

He kept his secret ; but the seed of crime

Bursts of itself in God's appointed time.
The lives he wrecked were scattered far and wide ;

One never blamed nor wept, — she only died.

None knew his lot, though idle tongues would say

He sought a lonely refuge far away,
And there, with borrowed name and altered mien,

He died unheeded, as he lived unseen.
The moral market had the usual chills

Of Virtue suffering from protested bills ;
The White Cravats, to friendship's memory true,

Sighed for the past, surveyed the future too ;

Their sorrow breathed in one expressive line, —

"Gave pleasant dinners ; who has got his wine ? "

THE MYSTERIOUS ILLNESS.

WHAT ailed young Lucius? Art had vainly tried
To guess his ill, and found herself defied.
The Augur plied his legendary skill;
Useless; the fair young Roman languished still.
His chariot took him every cloudless day
Along the Pincian Hill or Appian Way;
They rubbed his wasted limbs with sulpurous oil,
Oozed from the far-off Orient's heated soil;
They led him tottering down the steamy path
Where bubbling fountains filled the thermal bath;
Borne in his litter to Egeria's cave,
They washed him, shivering, in her icy wave.
They sought all curious herbs and costly stones,
They scraped the moss that grew on dead men's bones,
They tried all cures the votive tablets taught,
Scoured every place whence healing drugs were brought,
O'er Thracian hills his breathless couriers ran,
His slaves waylaid the Syrian caravan.
At last a servant heard a stranger speak
A new chirurgeon's name; a clever Greek,
Skilled in his art; from Pergamus he came
To Rome but lately; GALEN was the name.
The Greek was called; a man with piercing eyes,
Who must be cunning, and who might be wise.
He spoke but little,—if they pleased, he said,
He'd wait awhile beside the sufferer's bed.
So by his side he sat, serene and calm,
His very accents soft as healing balm;
Not curious seemed, but every movement spied,
His sharp eyes searching where they seemed to glide;
Asked a few questions,—what he felt, and where?

"A pain just here," "A constant beating there."
Who ordered bathing for his aches and ails?
"Charmis, the water-doctor from Marailles."
What was the last prescription in his case?
"A draught of wine with powdered chrysoprase."
Had he no secret grief he nursed alone?
A pause; a little tremor; answer,—
"None."
Thoughtful, a moment, sat the cunning leech,
And muttered "Eros!" in his native speech.
In the broad atrium various friends await
The last new utterance from the lips of fate;
Men, matrons, maids, they talk the question o'er,
And, restless, pace the tessellated floor.
Not unobserved the youth so long had pined
By gentle-hearted dames and damsels kind;
One with the rest, a rich Patrician's pride,
The lady Hermia, called "the golden-eyed";
The same the old Proconsul fain must woo,
Whom, one dark night, a masked sicarius slew;
The same black Crassus over roughly pressed
To hear his suit,—the Tiber knows the rest.
(Crassus was missed next morning by his set;
Next week the fishers found him in their net.)
She with the others paced the ample hall,
Fairest, alas! and saddest of them all.
At length the Greek declared, with puzzled face,
Some strange enchantment mingled in the case,
And naught would serve to act as counter-charm
Save a warm bracelet from a maiden's arm.
Not every maiden's,—many might be tried;

Which not in vain, experience must decide.
 Were there no damsels willing to attend
 And do such service for a suffering friend?
 The message passed among the waiting crowd,
 First in a whisper, then proclaimed aloud.
 Some wore no jewels; some were disinclined,
 For reasons better guessed at than defined;
 Though all were saints,—at least professed to be,—
 The list all counted, there were named but three.
 The leech, still seated by the patient's side,
 Held his thin wrist, and watched him, eagle-eyed.
 Aurelia first, a fair-haired Tuscan girl,
 Slipped off her golden asp, with eyes of pearl.
 His solemn head the grave physician shook;
 The waxy features thanked her with a look.
 Olympia next, a creature half divine,
 Sprung from the blood of old Evander's line,
 Held her white arm, that wore a twisted chain
 Clasped with an opal-sheeny cymophane.
 In vain, O daughter! said the baffled Greek.
 The patient sighed the thanks he could not speak.
 Last, Hermia entered; look, that sudden start!
 The pallium heaves above his leaping heart;
 The beating pulse, the cheek's rekindled flame,
 Those quivering lips, the secret all proclaim.
 The deep disease long throbbing in the breast,
 The dread enchantment, all at once confessed!
 The case was plain; the treatment was begun;
 And Love soon cured the mischief he had done.
 Young Love, too oft thy treacherous bandage slips

Down from the eyes it blinded to the lips!
 Ask not the Gods, O youth, for clearer sight,
 But the bold heart to plead thy cause aright.
 And thou, fair maiden, when thy lovers sigh,
 Suspect thy flattering ear, but trust thine eye;
 And learn this secret from the tale of old:
 No love so true as love that dies untold.

A MOTHER'S SECRET.

How sweet the sacred legend—if unblamed
 In my slight verse such holy things are named—
 Of Mary's secret hours of hidden joy,
 Silent, but pondering on her wondrous boy!
 Ave, Maria! Pardon, if I wrong
 Those heavenly words that shame my earthly song!
 The choral host had closed the Angel's strain
 Sung to the listening watch on Bethlehem's plain,
 And now the shepherds, hastening on their way,
 Sought the still hamlet where the Infant lay.
 They passed the fields that gleaning Ruth toiled o'er,—
 They saw afar the ruined threshing-floor
 Where Moab's daughter, homeless and forlorn,
 Found Boaz slumbering by his heaps of corn;
 And some remembered how the holy scribe,
 Skilled in the lore of every jealous tribe,
 Traced the warm blood of Jesse's royal son
 To that fair alien, bravely wooed and won.
 So fared they on to seek the promised sign,
 That marked the anointed heir of David's line.
 At last, by forms of earthly semblance led,

They found the crowded inn, the oxen's
shed.
No pomp was there, no glory shone
around
On the coarse straw that strewed the
reeking ground;
One dim retreat a flickering torch be-
trayed,—
In that poor cell the Lord of Life was
laid!
The wondering shepherds told their
breathless tale
Of the bright choir that woke the sleep-
ing vale;
Told how the skies with sudden glory
flamed,
Told how the shining multitude pro-
claimed,
“Joy, joy to earth! Behold the hal-
lowed morn!
In David's city Christ the Lord is born!
‘Glory to God!’ let angels shout on high,
‘Good-will to men!’ the listening earth
reply!”
They spoke with hurried words and
accents wild;
Calm in his cradle slept the heavenly
child.
No trembling word the mother's joy re-
vealed,—
One sigh of rapture, and her lips were
sealed;
Unmoved she saw the rustic train depart,
But kept their words to ponder in her
heart.

Twelve years had passed; the boy was
fair and tall,
Growing in wisdom, finding grace with
all.
The maid's of Nazareth, as they trooped
to fill
Their balanced urns beside the moun-
tain rill,
The gathered matrons, as they sat and
spun,
Spoke in soft words of Joseph's quiet
son.
No voice had reached the Galilean vale
Of star-led kings, or awe-struck shep-
herd's tale;
In the meek, studious child they only saw
The future Rabbi, learned in Israel's law.
So grew the boy, and now the feast
was near
When at the Holy Place the tribes
appear.

Scarce had the home-bred child of
Nazareth seen
Beyond the hills that girt the village
green;
Save when at midnight, o'er the starlit
sands,
Snatched from the steel of Herod's mur-
dering bands,
A babe, close folded to his mother's
breast,
Through Edom's wilds he sought the
sheltering West.
Then Joseph spake: “Thy boy hath
largely grown;
Weave him fine raiment, fitting to be
shown;
Fair robes beseem the pilgrim, as the
priest:
Goes he not with us to the holy feast?”
And Mary culled the flaxen fibres
white;
Till eve she spun; she spun till morn-
ing light.
The thread was twined; its parting
meshes through
From hand to hand her restless shuttle
flew,
Till the full web was wound upon the
beam;
Love's curious toil,—a vest without a
seam!
They reach the Holy Place, fulfil the
days
To solemn feasting given, and grateful
praise.
At last they turn, and far Moriah's
height
Melts in the southern sky and fades
from sight.
All day the dusky caravan has flowed
In devious trails along the winding road;
(For many a step their homeward path
attends,
And all the sons of Abraham are as
friends.)
Evening has come,—the hour of rest
and joy,—
Hush! Hush! That whisper,—“Where
is Mary's boy?”
O weary hour! O aching days that
passed
Filled with strange fears each wilder
than the last,—
The soldier's lance, the fierce centurion's
sword,
The crushing wheels that whirl some
Roman lord,



"Till eve she spun; she spun till morning light." Page 94.



The midnight crypt that sucks the captive's breath,
The blistering sun on Hinnom's vale of death!
Thrice on his cheek had rained the morning light ;
Thrice on his lips the mildewed kiss of night,
Crouched by a sheltering column's shining plinth,
Or stretched beneath the odorous terebinth.
At last, in desperate mood, they sought once more
The Temple's porches, searched in vain before ;
They found him seated with the ancient men, —
The grim old rufflers of the tongue and pen, —
Their bald heads glistening as they clustered near,
Their gray beards slanting as they turned to hear,
Lost in half-envious wonder and surprise
That lips so fresh should utter words so wise.
And Mary said, —as one who, tried too long,
Tells all her grief and half her sense of wrong, —
“What is this thoughtless thing which thou hast done ?
Lo, we have sought thee sorrowing, O my son !”
Few words he spake, and scarce of filial tone,
Strange words, their sense a mystery yet unknown ;
Then turned with them and left the holy hill,
To all their mild commands obedient still.
The tale was told to Nazareth's sober men,
And Nazareth's matrons told it oft again ;
The maids retold it at the fountain's side,
The youthful shepherds doubted or denied ;
It passed around among the listening friends,
With all that fancy adds and fiction lends,
Till newer marvels dimmed the young renown

Of Joseph's son, who talked the Rabbis down.

But Mary, faithful to its lightest word,
Kept in her heart the sayings she had heard,
Till the dread morning rent the Temple's veil,
And shuddering earth confirmed the wondrous tale.

* Youth fades ; love droops ; the leaves of friendship fall :

A mother's secret hope outlives them all.

THE DISAPPOINTED STATESMAN.

WHO of all statesmen is his country's pride,
Her councils' prompter and her leaders' guide ?
He speaks ; the nation holds its breath to hear ;
He nods, and shakes the sunset hemisphere.
Born where the primal fount of Nature springs
By the rude cradles of her throneless kings,
In his proud eye her royal signet flames,
By his own lips her Monarch she proclaims.
Why name his countless triumphs, whom to meet
Is to be famous, envied in defeat ?
The keen debaters, trained to brawls and strife,
Who fire one shot, and finish with the knife,
Tried him but once, and, cowering in their shame,
Ground their hacked blades to strike at meander game.
The lordly chief, his party's central stay,
Whose lightest word a hundred votes obey,
Found a new listener seated at his side,
Looked in his eye, and felt himself defied,
Flung his rash gauntlet on the startled floor,
Met the all-conquering, fought — and ruled no more.
See where he moves, what eager crowds attend !
What shouts of thronging multitudes ascend !
If this is life, — to mark with every hour

The purple deepening in his robes of power,
To see the painted fruits of honor fall Thick at his feet, and choose among them all,
To hear the sounds that shape his spreading name Peal through the myriad organ-stops of fame,
Stamp the lone isle that spots the sea-man's chart, And crown the pillared glory of the mart, To count as peers the few supremely wise Who mark their planet in the angels' eyes,—

If this is life—

What savage man is he Who strides alone beside the sounding sea ?

Alone he wanders by the murmuring shore, His thoughts as restless as the waves that roar ; Looks on the sullen sky as stormy-browed As on the waves yon tempest-brooding cloud, Heaves from his aching breast a wailing sigh, Sad as the gust that sweeps the clouded sky.

Ask him his griefs ; what midnight demons plough The lines of torture on his lofty brow ; Unlock those marble lips, and bid them speak

The mystery freezing in his bloodless cheek.

His secret ? Hid beneath a flimsy word ;

One foolish whisper that ambition heard ; And thus it spake : " Behold yon gilded chair,

The world's one vacant throne, — thy place is there ! "

Ah, fatal dream ! What warning spectres meet

In ghastly circle round its shadowy seat ! Yet still the Tempter murmurs in his ear The maddening taunt he cannot choose but hear :

" Meanest of slaves, by gods and men accurst,

He who is second when he might be first !

Climb with bold front the ladder's top-most round,

Or chain thy creeping footsteps to the ground ! "

Illustrious Dupe ! Have those majestic eyes

Lost their proud fire for such a vulgar prize ?

Art thou the last of all mankind to know That party-fights are won by aiming low ? Thou, stamped by Nature with her royal sign,

That party-hirelings hate a look like thine ?

Shake from thy sense the wild delusive dream !

Without the purple, art thou not supreme ?

And soothed by love unbought, thy heart shall own

A nation's homage nobler than its throne !

THE SECRET OF THE STARS.

Is man's the only throbbing heart that hides

The silent spring that feeds its whispering tides ?

Speak from thy caverns, mystery-breeding Earth,

Tell the half-hinted story of thy birth, And calm the noisy champions who have thrown

The book of types against the book of stone !

Have ye not secrets, ye resplendent spheres,

No sleepless listener of the starlight hears ?

In vain the sweeping equatorial pries Through every world-sown corner of the skies,

To the far orb that so remotely strays Our midnight darkness is its noonday blaze ;

In vain the climbing soul of creeping man

Metes out the heavenly concave with a span,

Tracks into space the long-lost meteor's trail,

And weighs an unseen planet in the scale ;

Still o'er their doubts the waneyed watchers sigh,

And Science lifts her still unanswered cry :

" Are all these worlds, that speed their circling flight,
Dumb, vacant, soulless, — bawbles of the night ?
Warmed with God's smile and wafted by his breath,
To weave in ceaseless round the dance of Death ?
Or rolls a sphere in each expanding zone, Crowned with a life as varied as our own ? "

Maker of earth and stars ! If thou hast taught
By what thy voice hath spoke, thy hand hath wrought,
By all that Science proves, or guesses true,
More than thy Poet dreamed, thy prophet knew, —
The heavens still bow in darkness at thy feet,
And shadows veil thy cloud-pavilioned seat !
Not for ourselves we ask thee to reveal One awful word beneath the future's seal ;
What thou shalt tell us, grant us strength to bear ;
What thou withholdest is thy single care.
Not for ourselves ; the present clings too fast,
Moored to the mighty anchors of the past ;
But when, with angry snap, some cable parts,
The sound re-echoing in our startled hearts, —
When, through the wall that clasps the harbor round,
And shuts the raving ocean from its bound,
Shattered and rent by sacrilegious hands, The first mad billow leaps upon the sands, —
Then to the Future's awful page we turn,
And what we question hardly dare to learn.
Still let us hope ! for while we seem to tread
The time-worn pathway of the nations dead,
Though Sparta laughs at all our warlike deeds,
And buried Athens claims our stolen creeds,

Though Rome, a spectre on her broken throne,
Beholds our eagle and recalls her own,
Though England fling her pennons on the breeze
And reign before us Mistress of the seas, —
While calm-eyed History tracks us circling round
Fate's iron pillar where they all were bound,
She sees new beacons crowned with brighter flame
Than the old watch-fires, like, but not the same !
Still in our path a larger curve she finds,
The spiral widening as the chain unwinds !
No shameless haste shall spot with bandit-crime
Our destined empire snatched before its time.
Wait, — wait, undoubting, for the winds have caught
From our bold speech the heritage of thought ;
No marble form that sculptured truth can wear
Vies with the image shaped in viewless air ;
And thought unfettered grows through speech to deeds,
As the broad forest marches in its seeds.
What though we perish ere the day is won ?
Enough to see its glorious work begun !
The thistle falls before a trampling clown,
But who can chain the flying thistle-down ?
Wait while the fiery seeds of freedom fly,
The prairie blazes when the grass is dry !
What arms might ravish, leave to peaceful arts,
Wisdom and love shall win the roughest hearts ;
So shall the angel who has closed for man
The blissful garden since his woes began
Swing wide the golden portals of the West,
And Eden's secret stand at length confessed !

A POEM.

DEDICATION OF THE PITTSFIELD CEME-
TERY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1850.

ANGEL of Death ! extend thy silent reign!
Stretch thy dark sceptre o'er this new
domain !

No sable car along the winding road
Has borne to earth its unresisting load ;
No sudden mound has risen yet to show
Where the pale slumberer folds his arms
below ;

No marble gleams to bid his memory live
In the brief lines that hurrying Time
can give ;

Yet, O Destroyer ! from thy shrouded
throne

Look on our gift ; this realm is all thine
own !

Fair is the scene ; its sweetness oft be-
guiled

From their dim paths the children of
the wild ;

The dark-haired maiden loved its grassy
dells,

The feathered warrior claimed its wooded
swells,

Still on its slopes the ploughman's ridges
show

The pointed flints that left his fatal bow,
Chipped with rough art and slow bar-
barian toil, —

Last of his wrecks that strews the alien
soil !

Here spread the fields that heaped
their ripened store

Till the brown arms of Labor held no
more ;

The scythe's broad meadow with its
dusky blush ;

The sickle's harvest with its velvet flush ;
The green-haired maize, her silken
tresses laid,

In soft luxuriance, on her harsh brocade ;
The gourd that swells beneath her toss-
ing plume ;

The coarser wheat that rolls in lakes of
bloom, —

Its coral stems and milk-white flowers
alive

With the wide murmurs of the scattered
hive ;

Here glowed the apple with the pen-
cilled streak

Of morning painted on its southern
. cheek ;

The pear's long necklace strung with
golden drops,
Arched, like the banian, o'er its pillared
props ;
Here crept the growths that paid the
laborer's care
With the cheap luxuries wealth con-
sents to spare ;
Here sprang the healing herbs which
could not save
The hand that reared them from the
neighboring grave.

Yet all its varied charms, forever free
From task and tribute, Labor yields to
thee :

No more, when April sheds her fitful
rain,

The sower's hand shall cast its flying
grain ;

No more, when Autumn strews the
flaming leaves,

The reaper's band shall gird its yellow
sheaves ;

For thee alike the circling seasons flow
Till the first blossoms heave the latest
snow.

In the stiff clod below the whirling
drifts,

In the loose soil the springing herbage
lifts,

In the hot dust beneath the parching
weeds,

Life's withering flower shall drop its
shriveled seeds ;

Its germ entranced in thy unbreathing
sleep

Till what thou sowest mightier angels
reap !

Spirit of Beauty ! let thy graces blend
With loveliest Nature all that Art can
lend.

Come from the bowers where Summer's
life-blood flows

Through the red lips of June's half-open
rose,

Dressed in bright hues, the loving sun-
shine's dower ;

For tranquil Nature owns no mourning
flower.

Come from the forest where the beech's
screen

Bars the fierce noonbeam with its flakes
of green ;

Stay the rude axe that bares the shadowy
plains,

Stanch the deep wound that dries the maple's veins.
 Come with the stream whose silver-braided rills
 Fling their unclasping bracelets from the hills,
 Till in one gleam, beneath the forest's wings,
 Melts the white glitter of a hundred springs.
 Come from the steeps where look majestic forth
 From their twin thrones the Giants of the North
 On the huge shapes, that, crouching at their knees,
 Stretch their broad shoulders, rough with shaggy trees.
 Through the wide waste of ether, not in vain,
 Their softened gaze shall reach our distant plain ;
 There, while the mourner turns his aching eyes
 On the blue mounds that print the bluer skies,
 Nature shall whisper that the fading view
 Of mightiest grief may wear a heavenly hue.

Cherub of Wisdom ! let thy marble page
 Leave its sad lesson, new to every age ;
 Teach us to live, not grudging every breath
 To the chill winds that waft us on to death,
 But ruling calmly every pulse it warms,
 And tempering gently every word it forms.
 Seraph of Love ! in heaven's adoring zone,
 Nearest of all around the central throne,
 While with soft hands the pillow'd turf we spread
 That soon shall hold us in its dreamless bed,
 With the low whisper, — Who shall first be laid
 In the dark chamber's yet unbroken shade ?—
 Let thy sweet radiance shine rekindled here,
 And all we cherish grow more truly dear.
 Here in the gates of Death's o'erhanging vault,

O teach us kindness for our brother's fault ;
 Lay all our wrongs beneath this peaceful sod,
 And lead our hearts to Mercy and its God.

FATHER of all ! in Death's relentless claim
 We read thy mercy by its sterner name ;
 In the bright flower that decks the solemn bier,
 We see thy glory in its narrowed sphere ;
 In the deep lessons that affliction draws,
 We trace the curves of thy encircling laws ;
 In the long sigh that sets our spirits free,
 We own the love that calls us back to Thee !

Through the hushed street, along the silent plain,
 The spectral future leads its mourning train,
 Dark with the shadows of uncounted bands,
 Where man's white lips and woman's wringing hands
 Track the still burden, rolling slow before,
 That love and kindness can protect no more ;
 The smiling babe that, called to mortal strife,
 Shuts its meek eyes and drops its little life ;
 The drooping child who prays in vain to live,
 And pleads for help its parent cannot give ;
 The pride of beauty stricken in its flower ;
 The strength of manhood broken in an hour ;
 Age in its weakness, bowed by toil and care,
 Traced in sad lines beneath its silvered hair.

The sun shall set, and heaven's resplendent spheres
 Gild the smooth turf unhallowed yet by tears,
 But ah ! how soon the evening stars will shed
 Their sleepless light around the slumbering dead !

Take them, O Father, in immortal trust!

Ashes to ashes, dust to kindred dust,
Till the last angel rolls the stone away,
And a new morning brings eternal day!

TO GOVERNOR SWAIN.

DEAR GOVERNOR, if my skiff might brave
The winds that lift the ocean wave,
The mountain stream that loops and swerves
Through my broad meadow's channelled curves
Should waft me on from bound to bound
To where the River weds the Sound,
The Sound should give me to the Sea,
That to the Bay, the Bay to Thee.

It may not be; too long the track
To follow down or struggle back.
The sun has set on fair Naushon
Long ere my western blaze is gone;
The ocean disk is rolling dark
In shadows round your swinging bark,
While yet the yellow sunset fills
The stream that scarfs my spruce-clad hills;
The day-star wakes your island deer
Long ere my barnyard chanticleer;
Your mists are soaring in the blue
While mine are sparks of glittering dew.

It may not be; O would it might,
Could I live o'er that glowing night!
What golden hours would come to life,
What goodly feats of peaceful strife,—
Such jests, that, drained of every joke,
The very bank of language broke,—
Such deeds, that Laughter nearly died
With stitches in his belted side;
While Time, caught fast in pleasure's chain,
His double goblet snapped in twain,
And stood with half in either hand,—
Both brimming full,—but not of sand!

It may not be; I strive in vain
To break my slender household chain,—
Three pairs of little clasping hands,
One voice, that whispers, not commands.

Even while my spirit flies away,
My gentle jailers murmur nay;
All shapes of elemental wrath
They raise along my threatened path;
The storm grows black, the waters rise,
The mountains mingle with the skies,
The mad tornado scoops the ground,
The midnight robber prowls around,—
Thus, kissing every limb they tie,
They draw a knot and heave a sigh,
Till, fairly netted in the toil,
My feet are rooted to the soil.
Only the soaring wish is free! —
And that, dear Governor, flies to thee!

PITTSFIELD, 1851.

TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND.

THE seed that wasteful autumn cast
To waver on its stormy blast,
Long o'er the wintry desert tost,
Its living germ has never lost.
Dropped by the weary tempest's wing,
It feels the kindling ray of spring,
And, starting from its dream of death,
Pours on the air its perfumed breath.

So, parted by the rolling flood,
The love that springs from common blood
Needs but a single sunlit hour
Of mingling smiles to bud and flower;
Unharmed its slumbering life has flown,
From shore to shore, from zone to zone,
Where summer's falling roses stain
The tepid waves of Pontchartrain,
Or where the lichen creeps below Katahdin's wreaths of whirling snow.

Though fiery sun and stiffening cold
May change the fair ancestral mould,
No winter chills, no summer drains
The life-blood drawn from English veins,
Still bearing wheresoe'er it flows
The love that with its fountain rose,
Unchanged by space, unwronged by time,
From age to age, from clime to clime!

1852

I stood by the Avon, whose waves as
they glide
Still whisper his glory who sleeps at
their side.

But my heart would still yearn for the
sound of the waves
That sing as they flow by my fore-
fathers' graves ;
If manhood yet honors my cheek with a
tear,

I care not who sees it, — no blush for it
here !

Farewell to the deep-bosomed stream of
the West !
I fling this loose blossom to float on its
breast ;
Nor let the dear love of its children
grow cold,
Till the channel is dry where its waters
have rolled !

December, 1854.

A POEM

FOR THE MEETING OF THE AMERICAN
MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AT NEW YORK,
MAY 5, 1853.

I HOLD a letter in my hand, —
A flattering letter—more's the pity,—
By some contriving junto planned,
And signed *per order of Committee* ;
It touches every tenderest spot, —
My patriotic predilections,
My well-known — something — don't
ask what,
My poor old songs, my kind affec-
tions.

They make a feast on Thursday next,
And hope to make the feasters merry ;
They own they're something more per-
plexed
For poets than for port and sherry ; —
They want the men of — (word torn
out) ;
Our friends will come with anxious
faces
(To see our blankets off, no doubt,
And trot us out and show our paces).

They hint that papers by the score
Are rather musty kind of rations ;
They don't exactly mean a bore,
But only trying to the patience ;
That such as — you know who I mean —
Distinguished for their — what d' ye
call 'em —
Should bring the dews of Hippocrene
To sprinkle on the faces solemn.

—The same old story ; that's the chaff
To catch the birds that sing the dit-
ties ;
Upon my soul, it makes me laugh
To read these letters from Commit-
tees !
They're all *so* loving and *so* fair, —
All for *your* sake such kind compunc-
tion, —
'T would save your carriage half its wear
To touch its wheels with such an unc-
tion !

Why, who am I, to lift me here
And beg such learned folk to listen, —
To ask a smile, or coax a tear
Beneath these stoic lids to glisten ?
As well might some arterial thread
Ask the whole frame to feel it gushing,
While throbbing fierce from heel to head
The vast aortic tide was rushing.

As well some hair-like nerve might strain
To set its special streamlet going,
While through the myriad-channelled
brain
The burning flood of thought was
flowing ;
Or trembling fibre strive to keep
The springing haunches gathered
shorter,
While the scourged racer, leap on leap,
Was stretching through the last hot
quarter !

Ah me ! you take the bud that came
Self-sown in your poor garden's bor-
ders,

And hand it to the stately dame
That florists breed for, all she orders ;
She thanks you — it was kindly meant—
(A pale affair, not worth the keeping,) —

Good morning ; — and your bud is sent
To join the tea-leaves used for sweep-
ing.

Not always so, kind hearts and true,—
For such I know are round me beat-
ing ;

Is not the bud I offer you, —
Fresh gathered for the hour of meet-
ing, —
Pale though its outer leaves may be,
Rose-red in all its inner petals,
Where the warm life we cannot see —
The life of love that gave it — settles.

We meet from regions far away,
Like rills from distant mountains
streaming ;

The sun is on Francisco's bay,
O'er Chesapeake the lighthouse gleam-
ing ;
While summer girds the still bayou
In chains of bloom, her bridal token,
Monadnock sees the sky grow blue,
His crystal bracelet yet unbroken.

Yet Nature bears the selfsame heart
Beneath her russet-mantled bosom,
As where with burning lips apart
She breathes, and white magnolias
blossom ;
The selfsame founts her chalice fill
With showery sunlight running over,
On fiery plain and frozen hill,
On myrtle-beds and fields of clover.

I give you *Home!* its crossing lines
United in one golden suture,
And showing every day that shines
The present growing to the future, —
A flag that bears a hundred stars
In one bright ring, with love for
centre,
Fenced round with white and crimson
bars,
No prowling treason dares to enter !

O brothers, home may be a word
To make affection's living treasure —
The wave an angel might have stirred —
A stagnant pool of selfish pleasure ;

HOME ! It is where the day-star springs
And where the evening sun reposes,
Where'er the eagle spreads his wings,
From northern pines to southern
roses !

A SENTIMENT.

A TRIPLE health to Friendship, Sci-
ence, Art,
From heads and hands that own a com-
mon heart !
Each in its turn the others' willing
slave, —
Each in its season strong to heal and save.

Friendship's blind service, in the hour
of need,
Wipes the pale face — and lets the vic-
tim bleed.
Science must stop to reason and explain ;
ART claps his finger on the streaming
vein.

But ART's brief memory fails the hand
at last ;
Then SCIENCE lifts the flambeau of the
past.
When both their equal impotence de-
plore, —
When LEARNING sighs, and SKILL can do
no more, —
The tear of FRIENDSHIP pours its heav-
enly balm,
And soothes the pang no anodyne may
calm !

May 1, 1855.

THE NEW EDEN.

MEETING OF THE BERKSHIRE HORTI-
CULTURAL SOCIETY, AT STOCKBRIDGE,
SEPT. 13, 1854.

SCARCE could the parting ocean close,
Seamed by the Mayflower's cleaving
bow,
When o'er the rugged desert rose
The waves that tracked the Pilgrim's
plough.

Then sprang from many a rock-strewn
field
The rippling grass, the nodding grain,
Such growths as English meadows yield
To scanty sun and frequent rain.

But when the fiery days were done,
And Autumn brought his purple haze,
Then, kindling in the slanted sun,
The hillsides gleamed with golden
maize.

The food was scant, the fruits were few:
A red-streak glistening here and there;
Perchance in statelier precincts grew
Some stern old Puritanic pear.

Austere in taste, and tough at core,
Its unrelenting bulk was shed,
To ripen in the Pilgrim's store
When all the summer sweets were fled.

Such was his lot, to front the storm
With iron heart and marble brow,
Nor ripen till his earthly form
Was cast from life's autumnal bough.

— But ever on the bleakest rock
We bid the brightest beacon glow,
And still upon the thorniest stock
The sweetest roses love to blow.

So on our rude and wintry soil
We feed the kindling flame of art,
And steal the tropic's blushing spoil
To bloom on Nature's ice-clad heart.

See how the softening Mother's breast
Warms to her children's patient
wiles, —
Her lips by loving Labor pressed
Break in a thousand dimpling smiles,

From when the flushing bud of June
Dawns with its first auroral hue,
Till shines the rounded harvest-moon,
And velvet dahlias drink the dew.

Nor these the only gifts she brings ;
Look where the laboring orchard
groans,
And yields its beryl-threaded strings
For chestnut burs and hemlock cones.

Dear though the shadowy maple be,
And dearer still the whispering pine,
Dearest yon russet-laden tree
Browned by the heavy rubbing kine !

There childhood flung its rustling stone,
There venturous boyhood learned to
climb, —
How well the early graft was known
Whose fruit was ripe ere harvest-time !

Nor be the Fleming's pride forgot,
With swinging drops and drooping
bells,
Freckled and splashed with streak and
spot,
On the warm-breasted, sloping swells;

Nor Persia's painted garden-queen, —
Frail Houri of the trellised wall, —
Her deep-cleft bosom scarfed with
green, —
Fairest to see, and first to fall.

When man provoked his mortal doom,
And Eden trembled as he fell,
When blossoms sighed their last perfume,
And branches waved their long farewell,

One sucker crept beneath the gate,
One seed was wafted o'er the wall,
One bough sustained his trembling weight ;
These left the garden, — these were all.

And far o'er many a distant zone
These wrecks of Eden still are flung :
The fruits that Paradise hath known
Are still in earthly gardens hung.

Yes, by our own unstoried stream
The pink-white apple-blossoms burst
That saw the young Euphrates gleam, —
That Gihon's circling waters nursed.

For us the ambrosial pear displays
The wealth its arching branches hold,
Bathed by a hundred summy days
In floods of mingling fire and gold.

And here, where beauty's cheek of flame
With morning's earliest beam is fed,
The sunset-painted peach may claim
To rival its celestial red.

— What though in some unmoistened
vale

The summer leaf grow brown and sere,
Say, shall our star of promise fail
That circles half the rolling sphere,

From beaches salt with bitter spray,
O'er prairies green with softest rain,

And ridges bright with evening's ray,
To rocks that shade the stormless
main ?

If by our slender-threaded streams
The blade and leaf and blossom die,
If, drained by noon tide's parching
beams,
The milky veins of Nature dry,

See, with her swelling bosom bare,
Yon wild-eyed Sister in the West,—
The ring of Empire round her hair,
The Indian's wampum on her breast !

We saw the August sun descend,
Day after day, with blood-red stain,
And the blue mountains dimly blend
With smoke-wreaths from the burning
plain ;

Beneath the hot Sirocco's wings
We sat and told the withering hours,
Till Heaven unsealed its hoarded springs,
And bade them leapin flashing showers.

Yet in our Ishmael's thirst we knew
The mercy of the Sovereign hand
Would pour the fountain's quickening
dew
To feed some harvest of the land.

No flaming swords of wrath surround
Our second Garden of the Blest ;
It spreads beyond its rocky bound,
It climbs Nevada's glittering crest.

God keep the tempter from its gate !
God shield the children, lest they fall
From their stern fathers' free estate,—
Till Ocean is its only wall !

SEMICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY,

NEW YORK, DEC. 22, 1855.

NEW ENGLAND, we love thee ; no time
can erase
From the hearts of thy children the smile
on thy face.
'T is the mother's fond look of affection
and pride,
As she gives her fair son to the arms of
his bride.

His bride may be fresher in beauty's
young flower ;
She may blaze in the jewels she brings
with her dower.

But passion must chill in Time's pitiless
blast ;
The one that first loved us will love to
the last.

You have left the dear land of the lake
and the hill,
But its winds and its waters will talk
with you still.

"Forget not," they whisper, "your love
is our debt,"
And echo breathes softly, "We never
forget."

The banquet's gay splendors are gleam-
ing around,
But your hearts have flown back o'er the
waves of the Sound ;
They have found the brown home where
their pulses were born ;
They are throbbing their way through
the trees and the corn.

There are roofs you remember, — their
glory is fled ;
There are mounds in the churchyard, —
one sigh for the dead.
There are wrecks, there are ruins, all
scattered around ;
But Earth has no spot like that corner
of ground.

Come, let us be cheerful, — remember
last night,
How they cheered us, and — never mind
— meant it all right ;
To-night, we harm nothing, — we love
in the lump ;
Here's a bumper to Maine, in the juice
of the pump !

Here's to all the good people, wherever
they be,
Who have grown in the shade of the lib-
erty-tree ;
We all love its leaves, and its blossoms
and fruit,
But pray have a care of the fence round
its root.

We should like to talk big ; it's a kind
of a right,
When the tongue has got loose and the
waistband grown tight ;

Ah, veil the living death from sight
That wounds our beauty-loving eye !
The children turn in selfish fright,
The white-lipped nurses hurry by.

Take her, dread Angel ! Break in love
This bruised reed and make it thine !—
No voice descended from above,
But Avis answered, "She is mine."

The task that dainty menials spurn
The fair young girl has made her own ;
Her heart shall teach, her hand shall
learn
The toils, the duties yet unknown.

So Love and Death in lingering strife
Stand face to face from day to day,
Still battling for the spoil of Life
While the slow seasons creep away.

Love conquers Death ; the prize is won ;
See to her joyous bosom pressed
The dusky daughter of the sun,—
The bronze against the marble breast !

Her task is done ; no voice divine
Has crowned her deeds with saintly
fame.

No eye can see the aureole shine
That rings her brow with heavenly
fame.

Yet what has holy page more sweet,
Or what had woman's love more fair,
When Mary clasped her Saviour's feet
With flowing eyes and streaming hair ?

Meek child of sorrow, walk unknown,
The Angel of that earthly throng,
And let thine image live alone
To hallow this unstudied song !

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen :
Look in upon thy wondrous frame,—
Eternal wisdom still the same !

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like
waves
Flows murmuring through its hidden
caves,

Whose streams of brightening purple
rush,
Fired with a new and livelier blush,
While all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with Nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net
Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then, kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong,
And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine
ear

With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds.
That feels sensations faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will ;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells !
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads !

O Father ! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine !
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mould it into heavenly forms !

AT A BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL

TO J. R. LOWELL.

We will not speak of years to-night,—
For what have years to bring

But larger floods of love and light,
And sweeter songs to sing ?

We will not drown in wordy praise
The kindly thoughts that rise ;
If Friendship own one tender phrase,
He reads it in our eyes.

We need not waste our school-boy art
To gild this notch of Time ; —
Forgive me if my wayward heart
Has throbbed in artless rhyme.

Enough for him the silent grasp
That knits us hand in hand,
And he the bracelet's radiant clasp
That locks our circling band.

Strength to his hours of manly toil !
Peace to his starlit dreams !
Who loves alike the furrowed soil,
The music-haunted streams !

Sweet smiles to keep forever bright
The sunshine on his lips,
And faith that sees the ring of light
Round nature's last eclipse !

February 22, 1859.

A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE.

TO J. F. CLARKE.

WHO is the shepherd sent to lead,
Through pastures green, the Master's
sheep ?
What guileless "Israelite indeed"
The folded flock may watch and keep ?

He who with manliest spirit joins
The heart of gentlest human mould,
With burning light and girded loins,
To guide the flock, or watch the fold ;

True to all Truth the world denies,
Not tongue-tied for its gilded sin ;
Not always right in all men's eyes,
But faithful to the light within ;

Who asks no meed of earthly fame,
Who knows no earthly master's call,
Who hopes for man, through guilt and
shame,
Still answering, "God is over all" ;

Who makes another's grief his own,
Whose smile lends joy a double cheer ;

Where lives the saint, if such be
known ? —

Speak softly, — such an one is here !

O faithful shepherd ! thou hast borne
The heat and burden of the day ;
Yet, o'er thee, bright with beams un-
shorn,

The sun still shows thine onward way.

To thee our fragrant love we bring,
In buds that April half displays,
Sweet first-born angels of the spring,
Caught in their opening hymn of
praise.

What though our faltering accents fail,
Our captives know their message well,
Our words unbreathed their lips exhale,
And sigh more love than ours can tell.

April 4, 1860.

THE GRAY CHIEF.

FOR THE MEETING OF THE MASSACHU-
SETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY, 1859.

'T IS sweet to fight our battles o'er,
And crown with honest praise
The gray old chief, who strikes no
more
The blow of better days.

Before the true and trusted sage
With willing hearts we bend,
When years have touched with hallowing
age
Our Master, Guide, and Friend.

For all his manhood's labor past,
For love and faith long tried,
His age is honored to the last,
Though strength and will have died.

But when, untamed by toil and strife,
Full in our front he stands,
The torch of light, the shield of life,
Still lifted in his hands,

No temple, though its walls resound
With bursts of ringing cheers,
Can hold the honors that surround
His manhood's twice-told years !



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Page 113.

THE LAST LOOK.

W. W. SWAIN.

BEHOLD — not him we knew !
This was the prison which his soul
 looked through,
Tender, and brave, and true.

His voice no more is heard ;
And his dead name — that dear familiar
 word —
Lies on our lips unstirred.

He spake with poet's tongue ;
Living, for him the minstrel's lyre was
 strung :
He shall not die unsung !

Grief tried his love, and pain ;
And the long bondage of his martyr-
 chain
Vexed his sweet soul, — in vain !

It felt life's surges break,
As, girt with stormy seas, his island
 lake,
Smiling while tempests wake.

How can we sorrow more ?
Grieve not for him whose heart had
 gone before
To that untrodden shore !

Lo, through its leafy screen,
A gleam of sunlight on a ring of green,
 Untrodden, half unseen !

Here let his body rest,
Where the calm shadows that his soul
 loved best
May slide above his breast.

Smooth his uncurtained bed ;
And if some natural tears are softly shed,
 It is not for the dead.

Fold the green turf aright
For the long hours before the morning's
 light,
And say the last Good Night !

And plant a clear white stone
Close by those mounds which hold his
 loved, his own, —
Lonely, but not alone.

Here let him sleeping lie,
Till Heaven's bright watchers slumber
 in the sky
And Death himself shall die !

NAUSHON, September 22, 1858.

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES WENT-
WORTH UPHAM, JR.

He was all sunshine ; in his face
 The very soul of sweetness shone ;
Fairest and gentlest of his race ;
 None like him we can call our own.

Something there was of one that died
 In her fresh spring-time long ago,
Our first dear Mary, angel-eyed,
 Whose smile it was a bliss to know.

Something of her whose love imparts
 Such radiance to her day's decline,
We feel its twilight in our hearts
 Bright as the earliest morning-shine.

Yet richer strains our eye could trace
 That made our plainer mould more
 fair,
That curved the lip with happier grace,
 That waved the soft and silken hair.

Dust unto dust ! the lips are still
 That only spoke to cheer and bless ;
The folded hands lie white and chill
 Unclasped from sorrow's last caress.

Leave him in peace ; he will not heed
 These idle tears we vainly pour,
Give back to earth the fading weed
 Of mortal shape his spirit wore.

" Shall I not weep my heartstrings torn,
 My flower of love that falls half blown,
My youth uncrowned, my life forlorn,
 A thorny path to walk alone ? "

O Mary ! one who bore thy name,
 Whose Friend and Master was divine,
Sat waiting silent till He came,
 Bowed down in speechless grief like
 thine.

" Where have ye laid him ? " " Come, "
 they say,
Pointing to where the loved one slept ;
Weeping, the sister led the way, —
 And, seeing Mary, " Jesus wept. "

He weeps with thee, with all that mourn,
 And He shall wipe thy streaming eyes
Who knew all sorrows, woman-born, —
 Trust in his word ; thy dead shall rise !

April 15, 1860.

MARTHA.

DIED JANUARY 7, 1861.

SEXTON ! Martha's dead and gone ;
 Toll the bell ! toll the bell !
 Her weary hands their labor cease ;
 Good night, poor Martha, — sleep in
 peace !
 Toll the bell !

Sexton ! Martha's dead and gone ;
 Toll the bell ! toll the bell !
 For many a year has Martha said,
 "I'm old and poor, — would I were
 dead !"
 Toll the bell !

Sexton ! Martha's dead and gone ;
 Toll the bell ! toll the bell !
 She'll bring no more, by day or night,
 Her basket full of linen white.
 Toll the bell !

Sexton ! Martha's dead and gone ;
 Toll the bell ! toll the bell !
 'T is fitting she should lie below
 A pure white sheet of drifted snow.
 Toll the bell !

Sexton ! Martha's dead and gone ;
 Toll the bell ! toll the bell !
 Sleep, Martha, sleep, to wake in light,
 Where all the robes are stainless white.
 Toll the bell !

MEETING OF THE ALUMNI OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

1857.

I THANK you, MR. PRESIDENT, you've
 kindly broke the ice ;
 Virtue should always be the first, — I'm
 only SECOND VICE—
 (A vice is something with a screw that's
 made to hold its jaw
 Till some old file has played away upon
 an ancient saw).

Sweet brothers by the Mother's side,
 the babes of days gone by,
 All nurslings of her Juno breasts whose
 milk is never dry,
 We come again, like half-grown boys,
 and gather at her beck
 About her knees, and on her lap, and
 clinging round her neck.

We find her at her stately door, and in
 her ancient chair,
 Dressed in the robes of red and green
 she always loved to wear.
 Her eye has all its radiant youth, her
 cheek its morning flame ;
 We drop our roses as we go, hers flourish
 still the same.

We have been playing many an hour,
 and far away we've strayed,
 Some laughing in the cheerful sun, some
 lingering in the shade ;
 And some have tired, and laid them down
 where darker shadows fall, —
 Dear as her loving voice may be, they
 cannot hear its call.

What miles we've travelled since we
 shook the dew-drops from our shoes
 We gathered on this classic green, so
 famed for heavy dues !
 How many boys have joined the game,
 how many slipped away,
 Since we've been running up and down,
 and having out our play !

One boy at work with book and brief,
 and one with gown and band,
 One sailing vessels on the pool, one dig-
 ging in the sand,
 One flying paper kites on change, one
 planting little pills, —
 The seeds of certain annual flowers well
 known as little bills.

What maidens met us on our way, and
 clasped us hand in hand !
 What cherubs, — not the legless kind,
 that fly, but never stand !
 How many a youthful head we've seen
 put on its silver crown !
 What sudden changes back again to
 youth's empurpled brown !

But fairer sights have met our eyes, and
 broader lights have shone,
 Since others lit their midnight lamps
 where once we trimmed our own ;
 A thousand trains that flap the sky with
 flags of rushing fire,
 And, throbbing in the Thunderer's hand,
 Thought's million-chorded lyre.

We've seen the sparks of Empire fly
 beyond the mountain bars,
 Till, glittering o'er the Western wave,
 they joined the setting stars ;

And ocean trodden into paths that
trampling giants ford,
To find the planet's vertebræ and sink
its spinal cord.

We've tried reform, — and chloroform,
— and both have turned our brain ;
When France called up the photograph,
we roused the foe to pain ;
Just so those earlier sages shared the
chaplet of renown, —
Hers sent a bladder to the clouds, ours
brought their lightning down.

We've seen the little tricks of life, its
varnish and veneer,
Its stucco-fronts of character flake off
and disappear,
We've learned that oft the brownest
hands will heap the biggest pile,
And met with many a "perfect brick"
beneath a rimless "tile."

What dreams we've had of deathless
name, as scholars, statesmen, bards,
While Fame, the lady with the trump,
held up her picture cards !
Till, having nearly played our game, she
gayly whispered, "Ah !
I said you should be something grand, —
you'll soon be grandpapa."

Well, well, the old have had their day,
the young must take their turn ;
There's something always to forget, and
something still to learn ;
But how to tell what's old or young,
the tap-root from the sprigs,
Since Florida revealed her fount to
Ponce de Leon Twiggs ?

The wisest was a Freshman once, just
freed from bar and bolt,
As noisy as a kettle-drum, as leggy as a
colt ;
Don't be too savage with the boys, —
the Primer does not say
The kitten ought to go to church because
the cat doth prey.

The law of merit and of age is not the
rule of three ;
Non constat that A. M. must prove as
busy as A. B.
When Wise the father tracked the son,
ballooning through the skies,
He taught a lesson to the old, — go thou
and do like Wise !

Now then, old boys, and reverend youth,
of high or low degree,
Remember how we only get one annual
out of three,
And such as dare to simmer down three
dinners into one
Must cut their salads mighty short, and
pepper well with fun.

I've passed my zenith long ago, it's time
for me to set ;
A dozen planets wait to shine, and I am
lingering yet,
As sometimes in the blaze of day a milk-
and-watery moon
Stains with its dim and fading ray the
lustrous blue of noon.

Farewell ! yet let one echo rise to shake
our ancient hall ;
God save the Queen, — whose throne is
here, — the Mother of us all !
Till dawns the great commencement-day
on every shore and sea,
And "Expectantur" all mankind, to
take their last Degree !

THE PARTING SONG.

FESTIVAL OF THE ALUMNI, 1857.

THE noon of summer sheds its ray
On Harvard's holy ground ;
The Matron calls, the sons obey,
And gather smiling round.

CHORUS.

Then old and young together stand,
The sunshine and the snow,
As heart to heart, and hand in hand,
We sing before we go !

Her hundred opening doors have swung ;
Through every storied hall
The pealing echoes loud have rung,
"Thrice welcome one and all !"
Then old and young, etc.

We floated through her peaceful bay,
To sail life's stormy seas ;
But left our anchor where it lay
Beneath her green old trees.
Then old and young, etc.

As now we lift its lengthening chain,
That held us fast of old,
The rusted rings grow bright again, —
Their iron turns to gold.
Then old and young, etc.

Though scattered ere the setting sun,
As leaves when wild winds blow,
Our home is here, are hearts are one,
Till Charles forgets to flow.
Then old and young, etc.

FOR THE MEETING OF THE NATIONAL SANITARY ASSOCIATION.

1860.

WHAT makes the Healing Art divine ?
The bitter drug we buy and sell,
The brands that scorch, the blades that
shine,
The scars we leave, the "cures" we
tell ?

Are these thy glories, holiest Art, —
The trophies that adorn thee best, —
Or but thy triumph's meanest part, —
Where mortal weakness stands con-
fessed ?

We take the arms that Heaven supplies
For Life's long battle with Disease,
Taught by our various need to prize
Our frailest weapons, even these.

But ah ! when Science drops her shield —
Its peaceful shelter proved in vain —
And bares her snow-white arm to wield
The sad, stern ministry of pain ;

When shuddering o'er the fount of life,
She folds her heaven-anointed wings,
To lift unmoved the glittering knife
That searches all its crimson springs ;

When, faithful to her ancient lore,
She thrusts aside her fragrant balm
For blistering juice, or cankered ore,
And tames them till they cure or
calm ;

When in her gracious hand are seen
The dregs and scum of earth and seas,
Her kindness counting all things clean
That lend the sighing sufferer ease ;

Though on the field that Death has won,
She save some stragglers in retreat ; —
These single acts of mercy done
Are but confessions of defeat.

What though our tempered poisons save
Some wrecks of life from aches and
ails ;
Those grand specifics Nature gave
Were never poised by weights or
scales !

God lent his creatures light and air,
And waters open to the skies ;
Man locks him in a stifling lair,
And wonders why his brother dies !

In vain our pitying tears are shed,
In vain we rear the sheltering pile
Where Art weeds out from bed to bed
The plagues we planted by the mile !

Be that the glory of the past ;
With these our sacred toils begin :
So flies in tatters from its mast
The yellow flag of sloth and sin,

And lo ! the starry folds reveal
The blazoned truth we hold so dear :
To guard is better than to heal, —
The shield is nobler than the spear !

FOR THE BURNS CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

JANUARY 25, 1859.

His birthday. — Nay, we need not speak
The name each heart is beating, —
Each glistening eye and flushing cheek
In light and flame repeating !

We come in one tumultuous tide, —
One surge of wild emotion, —
As crowding through the Frith of Clyde
Rolls in the Western Ocean ;

As when yon cloudless, quartered moon
Hangs o'er each storied river,
The swelling breasts of Ayr and Doon
With sea-green wavelets quiver.

The century shrivels like a scroll, —
The past becomes the present, —
And face to face, and soul to soul,
We greet the monarch-peasant.

While Shenstone strained in feeble flights
With Corydon and Phillis, —
While Wolfe was climbing Abraham's
heights
To snatch the Bourbon lilies, —

Who heard the wailing infant's cry,
The babe beneath the sheeling,
Whose song to-night in every sky
Will shake earth's starry ceiling, —

Whose passion-breathing voice ascends
And floats like incense o'er us,
Whose ringing lay of friendship blends
With labor's anvil chorus ?

We love him, not for sweetest song,
Though never tone so tender ;
We love him, even in his wrong, —
His wasteful self-surrender.

We praise him, not for gifts divine,—
His Muse was born of woman, —
His manhood breathes in every line, —
Was ever heart more human ?

We love him, praise him, just for this :
In every form and feature,
Through wealth and want, through woe
and bliss,
He saw his fellow-creature !

No soul could sink beneath his love, —
Not even angel blasted ;
No mortal power could soar above
The pride that all outlasted !

Ay ! Heaven had set one living man
Beyond the pedant's tether, —
His virtues, frailties, HE may scan,
Who weighs them all together !

I fling my pebble on the cairn
Of him, though dead, undying ;
Sweet Nature's nursling, bonniest bairn
Beneath her daisies lying.

The wan'ning suns, the wasting globe,
Shall spare the minstrel's story, —
The centuries weave his purple robe,
The mountain-mist of glory !

BOSTON COMMON.—THREE PICTURES.

FOR THE FAIR IN AID OF THE FUND
TO PROCURE BALL'S STATUE OF WASH-
INGTON.

1630.

ALL overgrown with bush and fern,
And straggling clumps of tangled
trees,

With trunks that lean and boughs that
turn,
Bent eastward by the mastering
breeze, —
With spongy bogs that drip and fill
A yellow pond with muddy rain,
Beneath the shaggy southern hill
Lies wet and low the Shawmut plain.
And hark ! the trodden branches crack ;
A crow flaps off with startled scream ;
A straying woodchuck canters back ;
A bittern rises from the stream ;
Leaps from his lair a frightened deer ;
An otter plunges in the pool ; —
Here comes old Shawmut's pioneer,
The parson on his brindled bull !

1774.

THE streets are thronged with trampling
feet,
The northern hill is ridged with graves,
But night and morn the drum is beat
To frighten down the "rebel knaves."
The stones of King Street still are red,
And yet the bloody red-coats come :
I hear their pacing sentry's tread,
The click of steel, the tap of drum,
And over all the open green,
Where grazed of late the harmless
kine,
The cannon's deepening ruts are seen,
The war-horse stamps, the bayonets
shine.
The clouds are dark with crimson rain
Above the murderous hirelings' den,
And soon their whistling showers shall
stain
The pipe-clayed belts of Gage's men.

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AROUND the green, in morning light,
The spired and palaced summits blaze,
And, sunlike, from her Beacon-height
The dome-crowned city spreads her
rays ;
They span the waves, they belt the plains,
They skirt the roads with bands of
white,
Till with a flash of gilded panes
Yon farthest hillside bounds the sight.
Peace, Freedom, Wealth ! no fairer view,
Though with the wild-bird's restless
wings
We sailed beneath the noontide's blue
Or chased the moonlight's endless
rings !

Here, fitly raised by grateful hands
His holiest memory to recall,
The Hero's, Patriot's image stands ;
He led our sires who won them all !
November 14, 1859.

THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

A NIGHTMARE DREAM BY DAYLIGHT.

Do you know the Old Man of the Sea,
of the Sea ?
Have you met with that dreadful old
man ?
If you have n't been caught, you will be,
you will be ;
For catch you he must and he can.
He does n't hold on by your throat, by
your throat,
As of old in the terrible tale ;
But he grapples you tight by the coat,
by the coat,
Till its buttons and button-holes fail.

There 's the charm of a snake in his eye,
in his eye,
And a polypus-grip in his hands ;
You cannot go back, nor get by, nor get
by,
If you look at the spot where he
stands.

O, you 're grabbed ! See his claw on
your sleeve, on your sleeve !
It is Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea !
You 're a Christian, no doubt you be-
lieve, you believe :
You 're a martyr, whatever you be !

— Is the breakfast-hour past ? They
must wait, they must wait,
While the coffee boils sullenly down,
While the Johnny-cake burns on the
grate, on the grate,
And the toast is done frightfully
brown.

— Yes, your dinner will keep ; let it
cool, let it cool,
And Madam may worry and fret,
And children half-starved go to school,
go to school ;
He can't think of sparing you yet.

— Hark ! the bell for the train ! “ Come
along ! Come along !
For there isn't a second to lose.”

“ ALL ABOARD !” (He holds on.) “ Fsht !
ding-dong ! Fsht ! ding-dong !” —
You can follow on foot, if you choose.

— There 's a maid with a cheek like a
peach, like a peach,
That is waiting for you in the
church ; —
But he clings to your side like a leech,
like a leech,
And you leave your lost bride in the
lurch.

— There 's a babe in a fit, — hurry
quick ! hurry quick !
To the doctor's as fast as you can !
The baby is off, while you stick, while
you stick,
In the grip of the dreadful Old Man !

— I have looked on the face of the Bore,
of the Bore ;
The voice of the Simple I know ;
I have welcomed the Flat at my door, at
my door ;
I have sat by the side of the Slow ;

I have walked like a lamb by the friend,
by the friend,
That stuck to my skirts like a bur ;
I have borne the stale talk without end,
without end,
Of the sitter whom nothing could stir :

But my hamstrings grow loose, and I
shake, and I shake,
At the sight of the dreadful Old Man ;
Yea, I quiver and quake, and I take,
and I take,
To my legs with what vigor I can !

O the dreadful Old Man of the Sea, of
the Sea !
He 's come back like the Wandering
Jew !
He has had his cold claw upon me, upon
me, —
And be sure that he 'll have it on you !

INTERNATIONAL ODE.

OUR FATHERS' LAND.¹

GOD bless our Fathers' Land !
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own !

¹ Sung in unison by twelve hundred chil-
dren of the public schools, at the visit of the
Prince of Wales to Boston, October 18, 1860.
Air, “ God save the Queen.”

From all her foes defend,
Be her brave People's Friend,
On all her realms descend,
Protect her Throne !

Father, with loving care
Guard Thou her kingdom's Heir,
Guide all his ways :
Thine arm his shelter be,
From him by land and sea
Bid storm and danger flee,
Prolong his days !

Lord, let War's tempest cease,
Fold the whole Earth in peace
Under thy wings !
Make all Thy nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of kings !

VIVE LA FRANCE !

A SENTIMENT OFFERED AT THE DINNER
TO H. I. H. THE PRINCE NAPOLEON, AT
THE REVERE HOUSE, SEPT. 25, 1861.

THE land of sunshine and of song !
Her name your hearts divine ;
To her the banquet's vows belong
Whose breasts have poured its
wine ;
Our trusty friend, our true ally
Through varied change and chance :
So, fill your flashing goblets high,—
I give you, VIVE LA FRANCE !

Above our hosts in triple folds
The selfsame colors spread,
Where Valor's faithful arm upholds
The blue, the white, the red ;
Alike each nation's glittering crest
Reflects the morning's glance,—
Twin eagles, soaring east and west :
Once more, then, VIVE LA FRANCE !

Sister in trial ! who shall count
Thy generous friendship's claim,
Whose blood ran mingling in the fount
That gave our land its name,
Till Yorktown saw in blended line
Our conquering arms advance,
And victory's double garlands twine
Our banners ? VIVE LA FRANCE !

O land of heroes ! in our need
One gift from Heaven we crave

To stanch these wounds that vainly
bleed, —
The wise to lead the brave !
Call back one Captain of thy past.
From glory's marble trance,
Whose name shall be a bugle-blast
To rouse us ! VIVE LA FRANCE !

Pluck Condé's baton from the trench,
Wake up stout Charles Martel,
Or find some woman's hand to clench
The sword of La Pucelle !
Give us one hour of old Turenne, —
One lift of Bayard's lance, —
Nay, call Marengo's Chief again
To lead us ! VIVE LA FRANCE !

Ah, hush ! our welcome Guest shall hear
But sounds of peace and joy ;
No angry echo vex thine ear,
Fair Daughter of Savoy !
Once more ! the land of arms and arts,
Of glory, grace, romance ;
Her love lies warm in all our hearts :
God bless her ! VIVE LA FRANCE !

BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR SISTER CAROLINE.

SHE has gone, — she has left us in pas-
sion and pride, —
Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our
side !
She has torn her own star from our fir-
mament's glow,
And turned on her brother the face of a
foe !

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
We can never forget that our hearts
have been one, —
Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's
name,
From the fountain of blood with the fin-
ger of flame !

You were always too ready to fire at a
touch ;
But we said, " She is hasty, — she does
not mean much."
We have scowled, when you uttered
some turbulent threat ;
But Friendship still whispered, " For-
give and forget ! "

Has our love all died out? Have its altars grown cold?
Has the curse come at last which the fathers foretold?
Then Nature must teach us the strength of the chain
That her petulant children would sever in vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are gorged with their spoil,
Till the harvest grows black as it rots in the soil,
Till the wolves and the catamounts troop from their caves,
And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of the waves:

In vain is the strife! When its fury is past,
Their fortunes must flow in one channel at last,
As the torrents that rush from the mountains of snow
Roll mingled in peace through the valleys below.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky:
Man breaks not the medal, when God cuts the die!
Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with steel,
The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal!

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
There are battles with Fate that can never be won!
The star-flowering banner must never be furled,
For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world!

Go, then, our rash sister! afar and aloof,
Run wild in the sunshine away from our roof;
But when your heart aches and your feet have grown sore,
Remember the pathway that leads to our door!

March 25, 1861.

UNDER THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE.

April 27, 1861.

EIGHTY years have passed, and more,
Since under the brave old tree
Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore
They would follow the sign their banners bore,
And fight till the land was free.

Half of their work was done,
Half is left to do,—
Cambridge, and Concord, and Lexington!
When the battle is fought and won,
What shall be told of you?

Hark!—'tis the south-wind moans,—
Who are the martyrs down?
Ah, the marrow was true in your children's bones
That sprinkled with blood the cursed stones
Of the murder-haunted town!

What if the storm-clouds blow?
What if the green leaves fall?
Better the crashing tempest's throes
Than the army of worms that gnawed
below;
Trample them one and all!

Then, when the battle is won,
And the land from traitors free,
Our children shall tell of the strife begun
When Liberty's second April sun.
Was bright on our brave old tree!

FREEDOM, OUR QUEEN.

LAND where the banners wave last in the sun,
Blazoned with star-clusters, many in one,
Floating o'er prairie and mountain and sea;
Hark! 't is the voice of thy children to thee!

Here at thine altar our vows we renew
Still in thy cause to be loyal and true,—
True to thy flag on the field and the wave,
Living to honor it, dying to save!

Mother of heroes ! if perfidy's blight
Fall on a star in thy garland of light,
Sound but one bugle-blast ! Lo ! at the
sign
Armies all panoplied wheel into line !

Hope of the world ! thou hast broken its
chains, —
Wear thy bright arms while a tyrant
remains,
Stand for the right till the nations shall
own
Freedom their sovereign, with Law for
her throne !

Freedom ! sweet Freedom ! our voices
resound,
Queen by God's blessing, unsceptred, un-
crowned !
Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses
repeat,
Warm with her life-blood, as long as
they beat !

Fold the broad banner-stripes over her
breast, —
Crown her with star-jewels Queen of the
West !
Earth for her heritage, God for her
friend,
She shall reign over us, world without
end !

ARMY HYMN.

"Old Hundred."

O LORD of Hosts ! Almighty King !
Behold the sacrifice we bring !
To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart !

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires ;
Thy hand hath made our Nation free ;
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe ;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations ! Sovereign Lord !
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall
reign, —
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE !

PARTING HYMN.

"Dundee."

FATHER of Mercies, Heavenly Friend,
We seek Thy gracious throne ;
To Thee our faltering prayers ascend,
Our fainting hearts are known !

From blasts that chill, from suns that
smite,
From every plague that harms ;
In camp and march, in siege and fight,
Protect our men-at-arms !

Though from our darkened lives they
take
What makes our life most dear,
We yield them for their country's sake
With no relenting tear.

Our blood their flowing veins will shed,
Their wounds our breasts will share ;
O, save us from the woes we dread,
Or grant us strength to bear !

Let each unhallowed cause that brings
The stern destroyer cease,
Thy flaming angel fold his wings,
And seraphs whisper Peace !

Thine are the sceptre and the sword,
Stretch forth Thy mighty hand, —
Reign Thou our kingless nation's Lord,
Rule Thou our throneless land !

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born ?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land :
O tell us what its name may be, —
Is this the Flower of Liberty ?

It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty !

In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed ;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with
blood,

Till lo ! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty !
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty !

Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light, —
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty !

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty !

The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground :
From tower and dome its glories spread ;
It waves where lonely sentries tread ;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea !

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty !

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower.
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew, —
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty !

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry FLOWER OF LIBERTY !

THE SWEET LITTLE MAN.

DEDICATED TO THE STAY-AT-HOME
RANGERS.

Now, while our soldiers are fighting our
battles,
Each at his post to do all that he can,
Down among rebels and contraband
chattels,
What are you doing, my sweet little
man ?

All the brave boys under canvas are
sleeping,
All of them pressing to march with
the van,
Far from the home where their sweet-
hearts are weeping ;
What are you waiting for, sweet little
man ?

You with the terrible warlike mus-
taches,
Fit for a colonel or chief of a clan,

You with the waist made for sword-belts
and sashes.
Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet
little man ?

Bring him the buttonless garment of
woman !
Cover his face lest it freckle and tan :
Muster the Apron-string Guards on the
Common,
That is the corps for the sweet little
man !

Give him for escort a file of young misses,
Each of them armed with a deadly
rattan ;
They shall defend him from laughter
and hisses,
Aimed by low boys at the sweet little
man.

All the fair maidens about him shall
cluster,
Pluck the white feathers from bonnet
and fan,
Make him a plume like a turkey-wing
duster, —
That is the crest for the sweet little
man !

O, but the Apron-string Guards are the
fellows !
Drilling each day since our troubles
began, —
“ Handle your walking - sticks ! ”
“ Shoulder umbrellas ! ”
That is the style for the sweet little
man.

Have we a nation to save ? In the first
place
Saving ourselves is the sensible
plan, —
Surely the spot where there 's shooting 's
the worst place
Where I can stand, says the sweet little
man.

Catch me confiding my person with
strangers !
Think how the cowardly Bull-Run-
ners ran !
In the brigade of the Stay-at-home
Rangers
Marches my corps, says the sweet
little man.

Such was the stuff of the Malakoff-
takers,

Such were the soldiers that scaled
the Redan ;
Truculent housemaids and bloodthirsty
Quakers,
Brave not the wrath of the sweet
little man !

Yield him the sidewalk, ye nursery
maidens !

Sauve qui peut ! Bridget, and right
about ! Ann ;—

Fierce as a shark in a school of men-
hadens,
See him advancing, the sweet little
man !

When the red flails of the battle-field's
threshers
Beat out the continent's wheat from
its bran,
While the wind scatters the chaffy
seceshers,
What will become of our sweet little
man ?

When the brown soldiers come back
from the borders,
How will he look while his features
they scan ?

How will he feel when he gets marching
orders,
Signed by his lady love ? sweet little
man !

Fear not for him, though the rebels ex-
pect him,—

Life is too precious to shorten its span ;
Woman her broomstick shall raise to
protect him,
Will she not fight for the sweet little
man !

Now then, nine cheers for the Stay-at-
home Ranger !

Blow the great fish-horn and beat the
big pan !

First in the field that is farthest from
danger,
Take your white-feather plume, sweet
little man !

UNION AND LIBERTY.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their
glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thun-
der and flame,

Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their
fame !

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from moun-
tain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —

**UNION AND LIBERTY ! ONE EVER-
MORE !**

Light of our firmament, guide of our
Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored
afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constel-
lation

Scatter each cloud that would darken
a star !

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unscaptred ! what foe shall assail
thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's
van ?

Think not the God of thy fathers shall
fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright
of man !

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet if, by madness and treachery
blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword
thou must draw,
Then with the arms of thy millions
united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom
and Law !

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Lord of the Universe ! shield us and
guide us,
Trusting thee always, through shadow
and sun !

Thou hast united us, who shall divide
us ?

Keep us, O keep us the **MANY IN
ONE !**

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from moun-
tain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —

**UNION AND LIBERTY ! ONE EVER-
MORE !**

Sometimes a flashing falcon in her daring,

Then a poor mateless dove that droops despairing.

Questioning all things : Why her Lord had sent her ?

What were these torturing gifts, and wherefore lent her ?

Scornful as spirit fallen, its own tormentor.

And then all tears and anguish : Queen of Heaven,

Sweet Saints, and Thou by mortal sorrows riven,

Save me ! O, save me ! Shall I die forgiven ?

And then — Ah, God ! But nay, it little matters :

Look at the wasted seeds that autumn scatters,

The myriad germs that Nature shapes and shatters !

If she had — Well ! She longed, and knew not wherefore.

Had the world nothing she might live to care for ?

No second self to say her evening prayer for ?

She knew the marble shapes that set men dreaming,

Yet with her shoulders bare and tresses streaming

Showed not unlovely to her simple seeming.

Vain ? Let it be so ! Nature was her teacher.

What if a lonely and unsistered creature Loved her own harmless gift of pleasing feature,

Saying, unsaddened, — This shall soon be faded,

And double-hued the shining tresses braided,

And all the sunlight of the morning shaded ?

— This her poor book is full of saddest follies,

Of tearful smiles and laughing melancholies,

With summer roses twined and wintry hollies.

In the strange crossing of uncertain chances,

Somewhere, beneath some maiden's teardimmed glances

May fall her little book of dreams and fancies.

Sweet sister ! Iris, who shall never name thee,

Trembling for fear her open heart may shame thee,

Speaks from this vision-haunted page to claim thee.

Spare her, I pray thee ! If the maid is sleeping,

Peace with her ! she has had her hour of weeping.

No more ! She leaves her memory in thy keeping.

ROBINSON OF LEYDEN.

He sleeps not here ; in hope and prayer

His wandering flock had gone before,
But he, the shepherd, might not share
Their sorrows on the wintry shore.

Before the Speedwell's anchor swung,
Ere yet the Mayflower's sail was spread,

While round his feet the Pilgrims clung,
The pastor spake, and thus he said : —

“ Men, brethren, sisters, children dear !
God calls you hence from over sea ;
Ye may not build by Haerlem Meer,
Nor yet along the Zuyder-Zee.

“ Ye go to bear the saving word
To tribes unnamed and shores untrod :
Heed well the lessons ye have heard
From those old teachers taught of God.

“ Yet think not unto them was lent
All light for all the coming days,
And Heaven's eternal wisdom spent
In making straight the ancient ways :

“ The living fountain overflows
For every flock, for every lamb,
Nor heeds, though angry creeds oppose
With Luther's dike or Calvin's dam.”

He spake : with lingering, long embrace,
With tears of love and partings fond,
They floated down the creeping Maas,
Along the isle of Ysselmond.

They passed the frowning towers of Briel,
The "Hook of Holland's" shelf of sand,
And grated soon with lifting keel
The sullen shores of Fatherland.

No home for these ! — too well they knew
The mitred king behind the throne ; —
The sails were set, the pennons flew,
And westward ho ! for worlds unknown.

— And these were they who gave us birth,
The Pilgrims of the sunset wave,
Who won for us this virgin earth,
And freedom with the soil they gave.

The pastor slumbers by the Rhine, —
In alien earth the exiles lie, —
Their nameless graves our holiest shrine,
His words our noblest battle-cry !

Still cry them, and the world shall hear,
Ye dwellers by the storm-swept sea !
Ye have not built by Haerlem Meer,
Nor on the land-locked Zuyder-Zee !

ST. ANTHONY THE REFORMER.

HIS TEMPTATION.

No fear lest praise should make us proud !
We know how cheaply that is won ;
The idle homage of the crowd
Is proof of tasks as idly done.

A surface-smile may pay the toil
That follows still the conquering
Right,
With soft, white hands to dress the spoil
That sun-brown'd valor clutched in
fight.

Sing the sweet song of other days,
Serenely placid, safely true,
And o'er the present's parching ways
The verse distils like evening dew.

But speak in words of living power, —
They fall like drops of scalding rain

That plashed before the burning shower
Swept o'er the cities of the plain !

Then scowling Hate turns deadly pale, —
Then Passion's half-coiled adders
spring,
And, smitten through their leprous mail,
Strike right and left in hope to sting.

If thou, unmoved by poisoning wrath,
Thy feet on earth, thy heart above,
Canst walk in peace thy kingly path,
Unchanged in trust, unchilled in
love, —

Too kind for bitter words to grieve,
Too firm for clamor to dismay,
When Faith forbids thee to believe,
And Meekness calls to disobey, —

Ah, then beware of mortal pride !
The smiling pride that calmly scorns
Those foolish fingers, crimson dyed
In laboring on thy crown of thorns !

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO.

In the little southern parlor of the house
you may have seen
With the gambrel-roof, and the gable
looking westward to the green,
At the side toward the sunset, with the
window on its right,
Stood the London-made piano I am
dreaming of to-night !

Ah me ! how I remember the evening
when it came !
What a cry of eager voices, what a group
of cheeks in flame,
When the wondrous box was opened
that had come from over seas,
With its smell of mastic-varnish and
its flash of ivory keys !

Then the children all grew fretful in the
restlessness of joy ;
For the boy would push his sister, and
the sister crowd the boy,
Till the father asked for quiet in his
grave paternal way,
But the mother hushed the tumult with
the words, " Now, Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was
a very sovereign balm ;

She had sprinkled it over Sorrow and
seen its brow grow calm,
In the days of slender harpsichords with
tapping tinkling quills,
Or carolling to her spinet with its thin
metallic thrills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who
always loved to please,
Sat down to the new "Clementi," and
struck the glittering keys.
Hushed were the children's voices, and
every eye grew dim,
As, floating from lip and finger, arose
the "Vesper Hymn."

— Catharine, child of a neighbor, curly
and rosy-red,
(Wedded since, and a widow, — some-
thing like ten years dead,)
Hearing a gush of music such as none
before,
Steals from her mother's chamber and
peeps at the open door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded
whisper dies,
"Open it! open it, lady!" the little
maiden cries,
(For she thought 'twas a singing crea-
ture caged in a box she heard,)
"Open it! open it, lady! and let me
see the bird!"

MIDSUMMER.

HERE! sweep these foolish leaves away,
I will not crush my brains to-day!
Look! are the southern curtains drawn?
Fetch me a fan, and so begone!

Not that, — the palm-tree's rustling leaf
Brought from a parching coral-reef!
Its breath is heated; — I would swing
The broad gray plumes, — the eagle's
wing.

I hate these roses' feverish blood! —
Pluck me a half-blown lily-bud,
A long-stemmed lily from the lake,
Cold as a coiling water-snake.

Rain me sweet odors on the air,
And wheel me up my Indian chair,
And spread some book not overwise
Flat out before my sleepy eyes.

— Who knows it not, — this dead recoil
Of weary fibres stretched with toil, —
The pulse that flutters faint and low
When Summer's seething breezes blow!

O Nature! bare thy loving breast,
And give thy child one hour of rest, —
One little hour to lie unseen
Beneath thy scarf of leafy green!

So, curtained by a singing pine,
Its murmuring voice shall blend with
mine,
Till, lost in dreams, my faltering lay
In sweeter music dies away.

DE SAUTY.

AN ELECTRO-CHEMICAL ECLOGUE.

Professor. *Blue-Nose.*

PROFESSOR.

TELL me, O Provincial! speak, Ceruleo-
Nasal!
Lives there one De Sauty extant now
among you,
Whispering Boanerges, son of silent
thunder,
Holding talk with nations?

■
Is there a De Sauty ambulant on Tellus,
Bifid-cleft like mortals, dormant in
nightcap,
Having sight, smell, hearing, food-re-
ceiving feature
Three times daily patent?

Breathes there such a being, O Ceruleo-
Nasal?
Or is he a *mythus*, — ancient word for
"humbug," —
Such as Livy told about the wolf that
wet-nursed
Romulus and Remus?

Was he born of woman, this alleged De
Sauty?
Or a living product of galvanic action,
Like the *acarus* bred in Crosse's flint-so-
lution?
Speak, thou Cyano-Rhinal!

BLUE-NOSE.

Many things thou askest, jackknife-
bearing stranger,

Much-conjecturing mortal, pork-and-treacle-waster !
Pretermitt thy whittling, wheel thine ear-flap toward me,
Thou shalt hear them answered.

When the charge galvanic tingled through the cable,
At the polar focus of the wire electric
Suddenly appeared a white-faced man among us :
Called himself " DE SAUTY."

As the small opossum held in pouch maternal
Grasps the nutrient organ whence the term *mammalia*,
So the unknown stranger held the wire electric,
Sucking in the current.

When the current strengthened, bloomed the pale-faced stranger, —
Took no drink nor victual, yet grew fat and rosy, —
And from time to time, in sharp articulation,
Said, "*All right ! De Sauty.*"

From the lonely station passed the utterance, spreading
Through the pines and hemlocks to the groves of steeples,

Till the land was filled with loud reverberations
Of "*All right ! De Sauty.*"

When the current slackened, drooped the mystic stranger, —
Faded, faded, faded, as the stream grew weaker, —
Wasted to a shadow, with a hartshorn odor
Of disintegration.

Drops of deliquescence glistened on his forehead,
Whitened round his feet the dust of efflorescence,
Till one Monday morning, when the flow suspended,
There was no De Sauty.

Nothing but a cloud of elements organic,
C. O. H. N. Ferrum, Chlor. Flu. Sil.
Potassa,
Calc. Sod. Phosph. Mag. Sulphur,
Mang. (?) Alumin. (?) Cuprum, (?)
Such as man is made of.

Born of stream galvanic, with it he had perished !
There is no De Sauty now there is no current !
Give us a new cable, then again we 'll hear him
Cry, "*All right ! De Sauty.*"

POEMS

FROM THE

POET AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

1871-1872.

HOMESICK IN HEAVEN.

THE DIVINE VOICE.

Go seek thine earth-born sisters, — thus
the Voice
That all obey, — the sad and silent
three ;
These only, while the hosts of Heaven
rejoice,
Smile never : ask them what their
sorrows be :

And when the secret of their griefs they
tell,
Look on them with thy mild, half-
human eyes ;
Say what thou wast on earth ; thou
knowest well ;
So shall they cease from unavailing
sighs.

THE ANGEL.

— Why thus, apart, — the swift-winged
herald spake, —
Sit ye with silent lips and unstrung
lyres
While the trisagion's blending chords
awake
In shouts of joy from all the heavenly
choirs ?

THE FIRST SPIRIT.

— Chide not thy sisters, — thus the an-
swer came ; —
Children of earth, our half-weaned
nature clings
To earth's fond memories, and her whis-
pered name
Untunes our quivering lips, our sad-
dened strings ;

For there we loved, and where we love
is home,

Home that our feet may leave, but not
our hearts,
Though o'er us shine the jasper-lighted
dome : —

The chain may lengthen, but it never
parts !

Sometimes a sunlit sphere comes rolling
by,
And then we softly whisper, — *can it
be?*

And leaning toward the silvery orb, we
try
To hear the music of its murmuring
sea ;

To catch, perchance, some flashing
glimpse of green,
Or breathe some wild-wood fragrance,
wafted through
The opening gates of pearl, that fold
between
The blinding splendors and the change-
less blue.

THE ANGEL.

— Nay, sister, nay ! a single healing leaf
Plucked from the bough of yon twelve-
fruited tree,
Would soothe such anguish, — deeper
stabbing grief
Has pierced thy throbbing heart —

THE FIRST SPIRIT.

— Ah, woe is me !

I from my clinging babe was rudely
torn ;
His tender lips a loveless bosom
pressed ;
Can I forget him in my life new born ?
O that my darling lay upon my breast !

THE ANGEL.

— And thou ? —

THE SECOND SPIRIT.

I was a fair and youthful bride,
The kiss of love still burns upon my
cheek,
He whom I worshipped, ever at my
side,—
Him through the spirit realm in vain
I seek.

Sweet faces turn their beaming eyes on
mine ;
Ah ! not in these the wished-for look
I read ;
Still for that one dear human smile I
pine ;
Thou and none other ! — is the lover's
creed.

THE ANGEL.

— And whence *thy* sadness in a world
of bliss
Where never parting comes, nor
mourner's tear ?
Art thou, too, dreaming of a mortal's kiss
Amid the seraphs of the heavenly
sphere ?

THE THIRD SPIRIT.

— Nay, tax not me with passion's wast-
ing fire ;
When the swift message set my spirit
free,
Blind, helpless, lone, I left my gray-
haired sire ;
My friends were many, he had none
save me.

I left him, orphaned, in the starless
night ;
Alas, for him no cheerful morning's
dawn !
I wear the ransomed spirit's robe of
white,
Yet still I hear him moaning, *She is*
gone !

THE ANGEL.

— Ye know me not, sweet sisters ? — All
in vain
Ye seek your lost ones in the shapes
they wore ;
The flower once opened may not bud
again,
The fruit once fallen finds the stem
no more.

Child, lover, sire, — yea, all things
loved below, —

Fair pictures damasked on a vapor's
fold, —

Fade like the roseate flush, the golden
glow,
When the bright curtain of the day
is rolled.

I was the babe that slumbered on *thy*
breast.

— And, sister, mine the lips that called
thee bride.
— Mine were the silvered locks *thy* hand
caressed,
That faithful hand, my faltering foot-
step's guide !

Each changing form, frail vesture of
decay,
The soul unclad forgets it once hath
worn,
Stained with the travel of the weary day,
And shamed with rents from every
wayside thorn.

To lie, an infant, in *thy* fond embrace,—
To come with love's warm kisses back
to *thee*, —
To show *thine* eyes thy gray-haired fa-
ther's face,
Not Heaven itself could grant; this
may not be !

Then spread your folded wings, and
leave to earth
The dust once breathing ye have
mourned so long,
Till Love, new risen, owns his heavenly
birth,
And sorrow's discords sweeten into
song !

FANTASIA.

THE YOUNG GIEL'S POEM.

Kiss mine eyelids, beauteous Morn,
Blushing into life new-born !
Lend me violets for my hair,
And thy russet robe to wear,
And thy ring of rosiest hue
Set in drops of diamond dew !

Kiss my cheek, thou noontide ray,
From my Love so far away !
Let thy splendor streaming down
Turn its pallid lilies brown,
Till its darkening shades reveal
Where his passion pressed its seal !

Kiss my lips, thou Lord of light,
Kiss my lips a soft good-night !
Westward sinks thy golden car ;
Leave me but the evening star,
And my solace that shall be,
Borrowing all its light from thee !

AUNT TABITHA.**THE YOUNG GIRL'S POEM.**

WHATEVER I do, and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that is n't the
way ;
When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago)
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt ! If I only would take her
advice !
But I like my own way, and I find it *so*
nice !
And besides, I forget half the things I
am told ;
But they all will come back to me —
when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no
doubt,
He may chance to look in as I chance to
look out ;
She would never endure an impertinent
stare, —
It is *horrid*, she says, and I must n't sit
there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures,
I own,
But it is n't quite safe to be walking
alone ;
So I take a lad's arm, — just for safety,
you know, —
But Aunt Tabitha tells me *they* did n't
do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they
were then !
They kept at arm's length those detestable
men ;
What an era of virtue she lived in ! —
But stay —
Were the *men* all such rogues in Aunt
Tabitha's day ?

If the men *were* so wicked, I 'll ask my
papa
How he dared to propose to my darling
mamma ;

Was he like the rest of them ? Goodness ! Who knows ?
And what shall *I* say, if a wretch should
propose ?

I am thinking if Aunt knew so little of
sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt
must have been !
And her grand-aunt — it scares me —
how shockingly sad
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully
bad !

A martyr will save us, and nothing else
can ;
Let *me* perish — to rescue some wretched
young man !
Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha 'll tell me *she* never did so !

WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR-DRIFTS.**FROM THE YOUNG ASTRONOMER'S POEM.**

I.
AMBITION.
ANOTHER clouded night ; the stars are
hid,
The orb that waits my search is hid with
them.
Patience ! Why grudge an hour, a
month, a year,
To plant my ladder and to gain the
round
That leads my footsteps to the heaven
of fame,
Where waits the wreath my sleepless
midnights won ?
Not the stained laurel such as heroes
wear
That withers when some stronger con-
queror's heel
Treads down their shrivelling trophies
in the dust ;
But the fair garland whose undying
green
Not time can change, nor wrath of gods
or men !

With quickened heart-beats I shall
hear the tongues
That speak my praise ; but better far
the sense

That in the unshaped ages, buried deep
In the dark mines of unaccomplished
time
Yet to be stamped with morning's royal
die
And coined in golden days, — in those
dim years
I shall be reckoned with the undying
dead,
My name emblazoned on the fiery arch,
Unfading till the stars themselves shall
fade.
Then, as they call the roll of shining
worlds,
Sages of race unborn in accents new
Shall count me with the Olympian ones
of old,
Whose glories kindle through the mid-
night sky :
Here glows the God of Battles ; this
recalls
The Lord of Ocean, and yon far-off sphere
The Sire of Him who gave his ancient
name
To the dim planet with the wondrous
rings ;
Here flames the Queen of Beauty's silver
lamp,
And there the moon-girt orb of mighty
Jove ;
But *this*, unseen through all earth's æons
past,
A youth who watched beneath the west-
ern star
Sought in the darkness, found, and
shewed to men ;
Linked with his name thenceforth and
evermore !
So shall that name be syllabled anew
In all the tongues of all the tribes of
men :
I that have been through immemorial
years
Dust in the dust of my forgotten time
Shall live in accents shaped of blood-
warm breath,
Yea, rise in mortal semblance, newly
born
In shining stone, in undecaying bronze,
And stand on high, and look serenely
down
On the new race that calls the earth its
own.

Is this a cloud, that, blown athwart
my soul,
Wears a false seeming of the pearly stain

Where worlds beyond the world their
mingling rays
Blend in soft white, — a cloud that, born
of earth,
Would cheat the soul that looks for light
from heaven ?
Must every coral-insect leave his sign
On each poor grain he lent to build the
reef,
As Babel's builders stamped their sun
burnt clay,
Or deem his patient service all in vain ?
What if another sit beneath the shade
Of the broad elm I planted by the way, —
What if another heed the beacon light
I set upon the rock that wrecked my
keel, —
Have I not done my task and served my
kind ?
Nay, rather act thy part, unnamed, un-
known,
And let Fame blow her trumpet through
the world
With noisy wind to swell a fool's re-
nown,
Joined with some truth he stumbled
blindly o'er,
Or coupled with some single shining
deed
That in the great account of all his
days
Will stand alone upon the bankrupt
sheet
His pitying angel shows the clerk of
Heaven.
The noblest service comes from nameless
hands,
And the best servant does his work un-
seen.
Who found the seeds of fire and made
them shoot,
Fed by his breath, in buds and flowers
of flame ?
Who forged in roaring flames the pon-
derous stone,
And shaped the moulded metal to his
need ?
Who gave the dragging car its rolling
wheel,
And tamed the steed that whirls its
circling round ?
All these have left their work and not
their names, —
Why should I murmur at a fate like
theirs ?
This is the heavenly light ; the pearly
stain

Was but a wind-cloud drifting o'er the stars !

II.

REGRETS.

BRIEF glimpses of the bright celestial spheres,
False lights, false shadows, vague, uncertain gleams,
Pale vaporous mists, wan streaks of lurid flame,
The climbing of the upward-sailing cloud,
The sinking of the downward-falling star, —
All these are pictures of the changing moods
Borne through the midnight stillness of my soul.

Here am I, bound upon this pillared rock,
Prey to the vulture of a vast desire
That feeds upon my life. I burst my bands
And steal a moment's freedom from the beak,
The clinging talons and the shadowing plumes ;
Then comes the false enchantress, with her song ;
"Thou wouldest not lay thy forehead in the dust
Like the base herd that feeds and breeds and dies !
Lo, the fair garlands that I weave for thee,
Unchanging as the belt Orion wears,
Bright as the jewels of the seven-starred Crown,
The spangled stream of Berenice's hair !"
And so she twines the fetters with the flowers
Around my yielding limbs, and the fierce bird
Stoops to his quarry, — then to feed his rage
Of ravening hunger I must drain my blood
And let the dew-drenched, poison-breeding night
Steal all the freshness from my fading cheek,
And leave its shadows round my caverned eyes.

All for a line in some unheeded scroll ;
All for a stone that tells to gaping clowns,
"Here lies a restless wretch beneath a clod
Where squats the jealous nightmare men call Fame !"

I marvel not at him who scorns his kind
And thinks not sadly of the time fore-told
When the old hulk we tread shall be a wreck,
A slag, a cinder drifting through the sky
Without its crew of fools ! We live too long
And even so are not content to die,
But load the mould that covers up our bones
With stones that stand like beggars by the road
And show death's grievous wound and ask for tears ;
Write our great books to teach men who we are,
Sing our fine songs that tell in artful phrase
The secrets of our lives, and plead and pray
For alms of memory with the after time,
Those few swift seasons while the earth shall wear
Its leafy summers, ere its core grows cold
And the moist life of all that breathes shall die ;
Or as the new-born seer, perchance more wise,
Would have us deem, before its growing mass,
Pelted with star-dust, stoned with meteor-balls,
Heats like a hammered anvil, till at last
Man and his works and all that stirred itself
Of its own motion, in the fiery glow
Turns to a flaming vapor, and our orb
Shines a new sun for earths that shall be born.
I am as old as Egypt to myself,
Brother to them that squared the pyramids
By the same stars I watch. I read the page
Where every letter is a glittering world,

With them who looked from Shinar's
clay-built towers,
Ere yet the wanderer of the Midland
sea
Had missed the fallen sister of the seven.
I dwell in spaces vague, remote, un-
known,
Save to the silent few, who, leaving
earth,
Quit all communion with their living
time.
I lose myself in that ethereal void,
Till I have tired my wings and long to
fill
My breast with denser air, to stand, to
walk
With eyes not raised above my fellow-
men.
Sick of my unwalled, solitary realm,
I ask to change the myriad lifeless
worlds
I visit as mine own for one poor patch
Of this dull spheroid and a little breath
To shape in word or deed to serve my
kind.
Was ever giant's dungeon dug so deep,
Was ever tyrant's fetter forged so strong,
Was e'er such deadly poison in the
draught
The false wife mingles for the trusting
fool,
As he whose willing victim is himself,
Digs, forges, mingles, for his captive
soul ?

III.

SYMPATHIES.

THE snows that glittered on the disk of
Mars
Have melted, and the planet's fiery orb
Rolls in the crimson summer of its year ;
But what to me the summer or the snow
Of worlds that throb with life in forms
unknown,
If life indeed be theirs ; I heed not
these.
My heart is simply human ; all my care
For them whose dust is fashioned like
mine own ;
These ache with cold and hunger, live
in pain,
And shake with fear of worlds more full
of woe ;
There may be others worthier of my
love,

But such I know not save through these
I know.
There are two veils of language, hid be-
neath
Whose sheltering folds, we dare to be
ourselves ;
And not that other self which nods and
smiles
And bubbles in our name ; the one is
Prayer,
Lending its licensed freedom to the
tongue
That tells our sorrows and our sins to
Heaven ;
The other, Verse, that throws its spangled
web
Around our naked speech and makes it
bold.
I, whose best prayer is silence ; sitting
dumb
In the great temple where I nightly
serve
Him who is throned in light, have dared
to claim
The poet's franchise, though I may not
hope
To wear his garland ; hear me while I
tell
My story in such form as poets use,
But breathed in fitful whispers, as the
wind
Sighs and then slumbers, wakes and
sighs again.
Thou Vision, floating in the breathless
air
Between me and the fairest of the stars,
I tell my lonely thoughts as unto thee.
Look not for marvels of the scholar's pen
In my rude measure ; I can only show
A slender-margined, unillumined page,
And trust its meaning to the flattering
eye
That reads it in the gracious light of
love.
Ah, wouldst thou clothe thyself in
breathing shape
And nestle at my side, my voice should
lend
Whate'er my verse may lack of tender
rhythm
To make thee listen.
I have stood entranced
When, with her fingers wandering o'er
the keys,
The white enchantress with the golden
hair

Breathed all her soul through some unvalued rhyme ;
 Some flower of song that long had lost its bloom ;
 Lo ! its dead summer kindled as she sang !
 The sweet contralto, like the ringdove's coo,
 Thrilled it with brooding, fond, caressing tones,
 And the pale minstrel's passion lived again,
 Tearful and trembling as a dewy rose
 The wind has shaken till it fills the air
 With light and fragrance. Such the wondrous charm
 A song can borrow when the bosom throbs
 That lends it breath.

So from the poet's lips
 His verse sounds doubly sweet, for none like him
 Feels every cadence of its wave-like flow ;
 He lives the passion over, while he reads,
 That shook him as he sang his lofty strain,
 And pours his life through each resounding line,
 As ocean, when the stormy winds are hushed,
 Still rolls and thunders through his bilowy caves.

IV.

MASTER AND SCHOLAR.

LET me retrace the record of the years
 That made me what I am. A man most wise,
 But overworn with toil and bent with age,
 Sought me to be his scholar, — me, run wild
 From books and teachers, — kindled in my soul
 The love of knowledge ; led me to his tower,
 Showed me the wonders of the midnight realm
 His hollow sceptre ruled, or seemed to rule,
 Taught me the mighty secrets of the spheres,
 Trained me to find the glimmering specks of light

Beyond the unaided sense, and on my chart
 To string them one by one, in order due,
 As on a rosary a saint his beads.
 I was his only scholar ; I became
 The echo to his thought ; whate'er he knew
 Was mine for asking ; so from year to year
 We wrought together, till there came a time
 When I, the learner, was the master half
 Of the twinned being in the dome-crowned tower.

Minds roll in paths like planets ; they revolve
 This in a larger, that a narrower ring,
 But round they come at last to that same phase,
 That selfsame light and shade they showed before.
 I learned his annual and his monthly tale,
 His weekly axiom and his daily phrase,
 I felt them coming in the laden air,
 And watched them laboring up to vocal breath,
 Even as the first-born at his father's board
 Knows ere he speaks the too familiar jest
 Is on its way, by some mysterious sign
 Forewarned, the click before the striking bell.

He shrivelled as I spread my growing leaves,
 Till trust and reverence changed to pitying care ;
 He lived for me in what he once had been,
 But I for him, a shadow, a defence,
 The guardian of his fame, his guide, his staff,
 Leaned on so long he fell if left alone.
 I was his eye, his ear, his cunning hand,
 Love was my spur and longing after fame,
 But his the goading thorn of sleepless age
 That sees its shortening span, its lengthening shades,
 That clutches what it may with eager grasp,

And drops at last with empty, out-stretched hands.
 All this he dreamed not. He would sit him down
 Thinking to work his problems as of old,
 And find the star he thought so plain a blur,
 The columned figures labyrinthine wilds Without my comment, blind and senseless scrawls
 That vexed him with their riddles ; he would strive
 And struggle for a while, and then his eye
 Would lose its light, and over all his mind
 The cold gray mist would settle ; and ere long
 The darkness fell, and I was left alone.

V.

ALONE.

ALONE ! no climber of an Alpine cliff, No Arctic venturer on the waveless sea, Feels the dread stillness round him as it chills
 The heart of him who leaves the slumbering earth
 To watch the silent worlds that crowd the sky.

Alone ! And as the shepherd leaves his flock
 To feed upon the hillside, he meanwhile Finds converse in the warblings of the pipe
 Himself has fashioned for his vacant hour,
 So have I grown companion to myself, And to the wandering spirits of the air That smile and whisper round us in our dreams.
 Thus have I learned to search if I may know
 The whence and why of all beneath the stars
 And all beyond them, and to weigh my life
 As in a balance, — poising good and ill Against each other, — asking of the Power
 That flung me forth among the whirling worlds,
 If I am heir to any inborn right,

Or only as an atom of the dust That every wind may blow where'er it will.

VI.

QUESTIONING.

I AM not humble ; I was shown my place, Clad in such robes as Nature had at hand ; Took what she gave, not chose ; I know no shame, No fear for being simply what I am. I am not proud, I hold my every breath At Nature's mercy. I am as a babe Borne in a giant's arms, he knows not where ; Each several heart-beat, counted like the coin A miser reckons, is a special gift As from an unseen hand ; if that withhold Its bounty for a moment, I am left A clod upon the earth to which I fall.

Something I find in me that well might claim The love of beings in a sphere above This doubtful twilight world of right and wrong ; Something that shows me of the self-same clay That creeps or swims or flies in humblest form. Had I been asked, before I left my bed Of shapeless dust, what clothing I would wear, I would have said, More angel and less worm ; But for their sake who are even such as I, Of the same mingled blood, I would not choose To hate that meaner portion of myself Which makes me brother to the least of men.

I dare not be a coward with my lips Who dare to question all things in my soul ; Some men may find their wisdom on their knees, Some prone and grovelling in the dust like slaves ; Let the meek glowworm glisten in the dew ;

I ask to lift my taper to the sky
 As they who hold their lamps above
 their heads,
 Trusting the larger currents up aloft,
 Rather than crossing eddies round their
 breast,
 Threatening with every puff the flicker-
 ing blaze.

My life shall be a challenge, not a truce !
 This is my homage to the mightier
 powers,
 To ask my boldest question, undismayed
 By muttered threats that some hysterick
 sense
 Of wrong or insult will convulse the
 throne
 Where wisdom reigns supreme ; and if I
 err,
 They all must err who have to feel their
 way
 As bats that fly at noon ; for what are we
 But creatures of the night, dragged forth
 by day,
 Who needs must stumble, and with
 stammering steps
 Spell out their paths in syllables of pain ?
 Thou wilt not hold in scorn the child
 who dares
 Look up to Thee, the Father, — dares to
 ask
 More than Thy wisdom answers. From
 Thy hand
 The worlds were cast ; yet every leaflet
 claims
 From that same hand its little shining
 sphere
 Of star-lit dew ; thine image, the great
 sun,
 Girt with his mantle of tempestuous
 flame,
 Glares in mid-heaven ; but to his noon-
 tide blaze
 The slender violet lifts its lidless eye,
 And from his splendor steals its fairest
 hue,
 Its sweetest perfume from his scorching
 fire.

VII.

WORSHIP.

FROM my lone turret as I look around
 O'er the green meadows to the ring of
 blue,

From slope, from summit, and from
 half-hid vale
 The sky is stabbed with dagger-pointed
 spires,
 Their gilded symbols whirling in the
 wind,
 Their brazen tongues proclaiming to
 the world,
 "Here truth is sold, the only genuine
 ware ;
 See that it has our trade-mark ! You
 will buy
 Poison instead of food across the way,
 The lies of —— " this or that, each sev-
 eral name
 The standard's blazon and the battle-
 cry
 Of some true-gospel faction, and again
 The token of the Beast to all beside.
 And grouped round each I see a hud-
 dling crowd
 Alike in all things save the words they
 use ;
 In love, in longing, hate and fear the
 same.

Whom do we trust and serve ? We
 speak of one
 And bow to many ; Athens still would
 find
 The shrines of all she worshipped safe
 within
 Our tall barbarian temples, and the
 thrones
 That crowned Olympus mighty as of old.
 The god of music rules the Sabbath
 choir ;
 The lyric muse must leave the sacred
 nine
 To help us please the dilettante's ear ;
 Plutus limps homeward with us, as we
 leave
 The portals of the temple where we knelt
 And listened while the god of eloquence
 (Hermes of ancient days, but now dis-
 guised
 In sable vestments) with that other god
 Somnus, the son of Erebus and Nox,
 Fights in unequal contest for our souls ;
 The dreadful sovereign of the under
 world
 Still shakes his sceptre at us, and we hear
 The baying of the triple-throated hound ;
 Eros is young as ever, and as fair
 The lovely Goddess born of ocean's foam.

These be thy gods, O Israel ! Who
is he,
The one ye name and tell us that ye
serve,
Whom ye would call me from my lonely
tower
To worship with the many-headed
throng ?
Is it the God that walked in Eden's grove
In the cool hour to seek our guilty sire ?
The God who dealt with Abraham as
the sons
Of that old patriarch deal with other
men ?
The jealous God of Moses, one who feels
An image as an insult, and is wroth
With him who made it and his child
unborn ?
The God who plagued his people for
the sin
Of their adulterous king, beloved of
him, —
The same who offers to a chosen few
The right to praise him in eternal song
While a vast shrieking world of endless
woe
Blends its dread chorus with their rapturous hymn ?
Is this the God ye mean, or is it he
Who heeds the sparrow's fall, whose
loving heart
Is as the pitying father's to his child,
Whose lesson to his children is "For-
give,"
Whose plea for all, "They know not
what they do" ?

VIII.

MANHOOD.

I CLAIM the right of knowing whom
I serve,
Else is my service idle ; He that asks
My homage asks it from a reasoning soul.
To crawl is not to worship ; we have
learned
A drill of eyelids, bended neck and knee,
Hanging our prayers on hinges, till we
ape
The flexures of the many-jointed worm.
Asia has taught her Allahs and salaams
To the world's children, — we have
grown to men !
We who have rolled the sphere beneath
our feet

To find a virgin forest, as we lay
The beams of our rude temple, first of all
Must frame its doorway high enough
for man
To pass unstooping ; knowing as we do
That He who shaped us last of living
forms
Has long enough been served by creep-
ing things,
Reptiles that left their footprints in
the sand
Of old sea-margins that have turned to
stone,
And men who learned their ritual ; we
demand
To know him first, then trust him and
then love
When we have found him worthy of our
love,
Tried by our own poor hearts and not
before ;
He must be truer than the truest friend,
He must be tenderer than a woman's
love,
A father better than the best of sires ;
Kinder than she who bore us, though
we sin
Oftener than did the brother we are told,
We — poor ill-tempered mortals — must
forgive,
Though seven times sinning threescore
times and ten.

This is the new world's gospel : Be
ye men !
Try well the legends of the children's
time ;
Ye are the chosen people, God has led
Your steps across the desert of the deep
As now across the desert of the shore ;
Mountains are cleft before you as the
sea
Before the wandering tribe of Israel's
sons ;
Still onward rolls the thunderous cara-
van,
Its coming printed on the western sky,
A cloud by day, by night a pillared
flame ;
Your prophets are a hundred unto one
Of them of old who cried, "Thus saith
the Lord" ;
They told of cities that should fall in
heaps,
But yours of mightier cities that shall
rise

Where yet the lonely fishers spread their nets,
Where hides the fox and hoots the midnight owl ;
The tree of knowledge in your garden grows
Not single, but at every humble door ;
Its branches lend you their immortal food,
That fills you with the sense of what ye are,
No servants of an altar hewed and carved From senseless stone by craft of human hands,
Rabbi, or dervish, brahmin, bishop, bonze,
But masters of the charm with which they work
To keep your hands from that forbidden tree !
Ye that have tasted that divinest fruit, Look on this world of yours with opened eyes !
Ye are as gods ! Nay, makers of your gods, —
Each day ye break an image in your shrine
And plant a fairer image where it stood : Where is the Moloch of your fathers' creed,
Whose fires of torment burned for span-long babes ?
Fit object for a tender mother's love ! Why not ? It was a bargain duly made For these same infants through the surety's act
Intrusted with their all for earth and heaven,
By Him who chose their guardian, knowing well
His fitness for the task, — this, even this,
Was the true doctrine only yesterday As thoughts are reckoned, — and to-day you hear
In words that sound as if from human tongues
Those monstrous, uncouth horrors of the past
That blot the blue of heaven and shame the earth
As would the saurians of the age of slime,
Awaking from their stony sepulchres And wallowing hateful in the eye of day !

IX. RIGHTS.

WHAT am I but the creature Thou hast made ?
What have I save the blessings Thou hast lent ?
What hope I but Thy mercy and Thy love ?
Who but myself shall cloud my soul with fear ?
Whose hand protect me from myself but Thine ?
I claim the rights of weakness, I, the babe,
Call on my sire to shield me from the ills
That still beset my path, not trying me With snares beyond my wisdom or my strength,
He knowing I shall use them to my harm,
And find a tenfold misery in the sense That in my childlike folly I have sprung The trap upon myself as vermin use Drawn by the cunning bait to certain doom.
Who wrought the wondrous charm that leads us on
To sweet perdition, but the selfsame power
That set the fearful engine to destroy His wretched offspring (as the Rabbis tell),
And hid its yawning jaws and treacherous springs
In such a show of innocent sweet flowers It lured the sinless angels and they fell ?
Ah ! He who prayed the prayer of all mankind
Summed in those few brief words the mightiest plea
For erring souls before the courts of heaven, —
Save us from being tempted, — lest we fall !
If we are only as the potter's clay Made to be fashioned as the artist wills, And broken into shards if we offend The eye of Him who made us, it is well ; Such love as the insensate lump of clay That spins upon the swift-revolving wheel
Bears to the hand that shapes its growing form, —

Such love, no more, will be our hearts' return
 To the great Master-workman for his care, —
 Or would be, save that this, our breathing clay,
 Is intertwined with fine innumerable threads
 That make it conscious in its framer's hand ;
 And this He must remember who has filled
 These vessels with the deadly draught of life, —
 Life, that means death to all it claims.
 Our love
 Must kindle in the ray that streams from heaven,
 A faint reflection of the light divine ;
 The sun must warm the earth before the rose
 Can show her inmost heart-leaves to the sun.

He yields some fraction of the Maker's right
 Who gives the quivering nerve its sense of pain ;
 Is there not something in the pleading eye
 Of the poor brute that suffers, which arraigns
 The law that bids it suffer ? Has it not A claim for some remembrance in the book
 That fills its pages with the idle words Spoken of men ? Or is it only clay, Bleeding and aching in the potter's hand, Yet all his own to treat it as he will And when he will to cast it at his feet, Shattered, dishonored, lost forevermore ? My dog loves me, but could he look beyond
 His earthly master, would his love extend
 To Him who — Hush ! I will not doubt that He Is better than our fears, and will not wrong
 The least, the meanest of created things !
 He would not trust me with the smallest orb
 That circles through the sky ; he would not give
 A meteor to my guidance ; would not leave

The coloring of a cloudlet to my hand ; He locks my beating heart beneath its bars
 And keeps the key himself ; he measures out
 The draughts of vital breath that warm my blood,
 Winds up the springs of instinct which uncoil,
 Each in its season ; ties me to my home, My race, my time, my nation, and my creed
 So closely that if I but slip my wrist Out of the band that cuts it to the bone, Men say, "He hath a devil" ; he has lent All that I hold in trust, as unto one By reason of his weakness and his years Not fit to hold the smallest shred in fee Of those most common things he calls his own —
 And yet — my Rabbi tells me — he has left
 The care of that to which a million worlds
 Filled with unconscious life were less than naught,
 Has left that mighty universe, the Soul, To the weak guidance of our baby hands, Let the foul fiends have access at their will,
 Taking the shape of angels, to our hearts, —
 Our hearts already poisoned through and through
 With the fierce virus of ancestral sin ; Turned us adrift with our immortal charge,
 Towreck ourselves in gulfs of endless woe.
 If what my Rabbi tells me is the truth Why did the choir of angels sing for joy ? Heaven must be compassed in a narrow space,
 And offer more than room enough for all That pass its portals ; but the underworld,
 The godless realm, the place where demons forge
 Their fiery darts and adamantine chains, Must swarm with ghosts that for a little while
 Had worn the garb of flesh, and being heirs
 Of all the dulness of their stolid sires, And all the erring instincts of their tribe,
 Nature's own teaching, rudiments of "sin,"

Fell headlong in the snare that could not fail
 To trap the wretched creatures shaped of clay
 And cursed with sense enough to lose their souls !
 Brother, thy heart is troubled at my word ;
 Sister, I see the cloud is on thy brow.
 He will not blame me, He who sends not peace,
 But sends a sword, and bids us strike amain
 At Error's gilded crest, where in the van
 Of earth's great army, mingling with the best
 And bravest of its leaders, shouting loud
 The battle-cries that yesterday have led
 The host of Truth to victory, but to-day
 Are watchwords of the laggard and the slave,
 He leads his dazzled cohorts. God has made
 This world a strife of atoms and of spheres ;
 With every breath I sigh myself away
 And take my tribute from the wandering wind
 To fan the flame of life's consuming fire ;
 So, while my thought has life, it needs must burn,
 And burning, set the stubble-fields ablaze,
 Where all the harvest long ago was reaped
 And safely garnered in the ancient barns,
 But still the gleaners, groping for their food,
 Go blindly feeling through the close-shorn straw,
 While the young reapers flash their glittering steel
 Where later suns have ripened nobler grain !

X.

TRUTHS.

THE time is racked with birth-pangs ;
 every hour
 Brings forth some gasping truth, and truth new-born
 Looks a misshapen and untimely growth,
 The terror of the household and its shame,

A monster coiling in its nurse's lap
 That some would strangle, some would only starve ;
 But still it breathes, and passed from hand to hand,
 And suckled at a hundred half-clad breasts,
 Comes slowly to its stature and its form,
 Calms the rough ridges of its dragon-scales,
 Changes to shining locks its snaky hair,
 And moves transfigured into angel guise,
 Welcomed by all that cursed its hour of birth,
 And folded in the same encircling arms
 That cast it like a serpent from their hold !

If thou wouldst live in honor, die in peace,
 Have the fine words the marble-workers learn
 To carve so well, upon thy funeral-stone,
 And earn a fair obituary, dressed
 In all the many-colored robes of praise,
 Be deafer than the adder to the cry
 Of that same foundling truth, until it grows
 To seemly favor, and at length has won
 The smiles of hard-mouthed men and light-lipped dames ;
 Then snatch it from its meagre nurse's breast,
 Fold it in silk and give it food from gold ;
 So shalt thou share its glory when at last
 It drops its mortal vesture, and revealed
 In all the splendor of its heavenly form,
 Spreads on the startled air its mighty wings !

Alas ! how much that seemed immortal truth

That heroes fought for, martyrs died to save,
 Reveals its earth-born lineage, growing old
 And limping in its march, its wings un-plumed,
 Its heavenly semblance faded like a dream !
 Here in this painted casket, just unsealed,
 Lies what was once a breathing shape like thine,

Once loved as thou art loved ; there
beamed the eyes
That looked on Memphis in its hour of
pride,
That saw the walls of hundred-gated
Thebes,
And all the mirrored glories of the Nile.
See how they toiled that all-consuming
time
Might leave the frame immortal in its
tomb ;
Filled it with fragrant balms and odor-
ous gums
That still diffuse their sweetness through
the air,
And wound and wound with patient fold
on fold
The flaxen bands thy hand has rudely
torn !
Perchance thou yet canst see the faded
stain
Of the sad mourner's tear.

XI.

IDOLS.

BUT what is this ?
The sacred beetle, bound upon the breast
Of the blind heathen ! Snatch the curi-
ous prize,
Give it a place among thy treasured
spoils
Fossil and relic, — corals, encrinites,
The fly in amber and the fish in stone,
The twisted circlet of Etruscan gold,
Medal, intaglio, poniard, poison-ring,—
Place for the Memphian beetle with
thine hoard !

Ah ! longer than thy creed has blest
the world
This toy, thus ravished from thy broth-
er's breast,
Was to the heart of Mizraim as divine,
As holy, as the symbol that we lay
On the still bosom of our white-robed
dead,
And raise above their dust that all may
know
Here sleeps an heir of glory. Loving
friends,
With tears of trembling faith and chok-
ing sobs,
And prayers to those who judge of mor-
tal deeds,

Wrapped this poor image in the cere-
ment's fold
That Isis and Osiris, friends of man,
Might know their own and claim the
ransomed soul.

An idol ? Man was born to worship
such !
An idol is an image of his thought ;
Sometimes he carves it out of gleaming
stone,
And sometimes moulds it out of glitter-
ing gold,
Or rounds it in a mighty frescoed dome,
Or lifts it heavenward in a lofty spire,
Or shapes it in a cunning frame of words,
Or pays his priest to make it day by day ;
For sense must have its god as well as
soul ;
A new-born Dian calls for silver shrines,
And Egypt's holiest symbol is our own,
The sign we worship as did they of old
When Isis and Osiris ruled the world.

Let us be true to our most subtle
selves,

We long to have our idols like the rest.
Think ! when the men of Israel had
their God

Encamped among them, talking with
their chief,

Leading them in the pillar of the cloud
And watching o'er them in the shaft of
fire,

They still must have an image ; still
they longed

For somewhat of substantial, solid form
Whereon to hang their garlands, and to
fix

Their wandering thoughts and gain a
stronger hold

For their uncertain faith, not yet assured
If those same meteors of the day and
night

Were not mere exhalations of the soil.

Are we less earthly than the chosen
race ?

Are we more neighbors of the living God
Than they who gathered manna every
morn,

Reaping where none had sown, and heard
the voice

Of him who met the Highest in the
mount,

And brought them tables, graven with
His hand ?

Yet these must have their idol, brought
their gold,
That star-browed Apis might be god
again ;
Yea, from their ears the women brake
the rings
That lent such splendors to the gypsy
brown
Of sunburnt cheeks, — what more could
woman do
To show her pious zeal ? They went
astray,
But nature led them as it leads us all.
We too, who mock at Israel's golden
calf
And scoff at Egypt's sacred scarabee,
Would have our amulets to clasp and
kiss,
And flood with rapturous tears, and bear
with us
To be our dear companions in the dust ;
Such magic works an image in our souls !

Man is an embryo ; see at twenty years
His bones, the columns that uphold his
frame
Not yet cemented, shaft and capital,
Mere fragments of the temple incom-
plete.
At twoscore, threescore, is he then full
grown ?
Nay, still a child, and as the little maids
Dress and undress their puppets, so he
tries
To dress a lifeless creed, as if it lived,
And change its raiment when the world
cries shame !
We smile to see our little ones at play
So grave, so thoughtful, with maternal
care
Nursing the wisps of rags they call their
babes ; —
Does He not smile who sees us with the
toys
We call by sacred names, and idly feign
To be what we have called them ? He
is still
The Father of this helpless nursery-
brood,
Whose second childhood joins so close
its first,
That in the crowding, hurrying years
between
We scarce have trained our senses to
their task
Before the gathering mist has dimmed
our eyes,

And with our hollowed palm we help
our ear,
And trace with trembling hand our
wrinkled names,
And then begin to tell our stories o'er,
And see — not hear — the whispering
lips that say,
“ You know — ? Your father knew
him. — This is he,
Tottering and leaning on the hireling's
arm,” —
And so, at length, disrobed of all that
clad
The simple life we share with weed and
worm,
Go to our cradles, naked as we came.

XII.

LOVE.

WHAT if a soul redeemed, a spirit that
loved
While yet on earth and was beloved in
turn,
And still remembered every look and
tone
Of that dear earthly sister who was left
Among the unwise virgins at the gate, —
Itself admitted with the bridegroom's
train, —
What if this spirit redeemed, amid the
host
Of chanting angels, in some transient
lull
Of the eternal anthem, heard the cry
Of its lost darling, whom in evil hour
Some wilder pulse of nature led astray
And left an outcast in a world of fire,
Condemned to be the sport of cruel
fiends,
Sleepless, unpitying, masters of the skill
To wring the maddest ecstasies of pain
From worn-out souls that only ask to
die, —
Would it not long to leave the bliss of
Heaven, —
Bearing a little water in its hand
To moisten those poor lips that plead in
vain
With Him we call our Father ? Or is all
So changed in such as taste celestial joy
They hear unmoved the endless wail of
woe ;
The daughter in the same dear tones
that hushed

Her cradled slumbers ; she who once had held
A babe upon her bosom from its voice Hoarse with its cry of anguish, yet the same ?

No ! not in ages when the Dreadful Bird
Stamped his huge footprints, and the Fearful Beast
Strode with the flesh about those fossil bones
We build to mimic life with pygmy hands, —
Not in those earliest days when men ran wild
And gashed each other with their knives of stone,
When their low foreheads bulged in ridgy brows
And their flat hands were callous in the palm
With walking in the fashion of their sires,
Grope as they might to find a cruel god To work their will on such as human wrath
Had wrought its worst to torture, and had left
With rage unsated, white and stark and cold,
Could hate have shaped a demon more malign
Than him the dead men mummied in their creed
And taught their trembling children to adore !
Made in *his* image ! Sweet and gracious souls
Dear to my heart by nature's fondest names,
Is not your memory still the precious mould
That lends its form to Him who hears my prayer ?
Thus only I behold him, like to them, Long-suffering, gentle, ever slow to wrath,
If wrath it be that only wounds to heal, Ready to meet the wanderer ere he reach The door he seeks, forgetful of his sin, Longing to clasp him in a father's arms, And seal his pardon with a pitying tear !

Four gospels tell their story to mankind,
And none so full of soft, caressing words

That bring the Maid of Bethlehem and her Babe
Before our tear-dimmed eyes, as his who learned
In the meek service of his gracious art The tones which like the medicinal balms That calm the sufferer's anguish, soothe our souls.
— O that the loving woman, she who sat So long a listener at her Master's feet, Had left us Mary's Gospel, — all she heard
Too sweet, too subtle for the ear of man ! Mark how the tender-hearted mothers read
The messages of love between the lines Of the same page that loads the bitter tongue
Of him who deals in terror as his trade With threatening words of wrath that scorch like flame !
They tell of angels whispering round the bed
Of the sweet infant smiling in its dream, Of lambs enfolded in the Shepherd's arms,
Of Him who blessed the children ; of the land
Where crystal rivers feed unfading flowers,
Of cities golden-paved with streets of pearl,
Of the white robes the winged creatures wear,
The crowns and harps from whose melodious strings
One long, sweet anthem flows forevermore !
— We too had human mothers, even as Thou, Whom we have learned to worship as remote
From mortal kindred, wast a cradled babe.
The milk of woman filled our branching veins,
She lulled us with her tender nursery-song,
And folded round us her untiring arms, While the first unremembered twilight year
Shaped us to conscious being ; still we feel
Her pulses in our own, — too faintly feel ;
Would that the heart of woman warmed our creeds !

Not from the sad-eyed hermit's lonely cell,
Not from the conclave where the holy men
Glare on each other, as with angry eyes
They battle for God's glory and their own,
Till, sick of wordy strife, a show of hands
Fixes the faith of ages yet unborn,—
Ah, not from these the listening soul can hear
The Father's voice that speaks itself divine!
Love must be still our Master; till we learn
What he can teach us of a woman's heart,
We know not His, whose love embraces all.

EPILOGUE TO THE BREAKFAST-TABLE SERIES.

AUTOCRAT — PROFESSOR — POET.

AT A BOOKSTORE.

Anno Domini 1972.

A CRAZY bookcase, placed before
A low-price dealer's open door;
Therein arrayed in broken rows
A ragged crew of rhyme and prose,
The homeless vagrants, waifs and strays
Whose low estate this line betrays
(Set forth the lesser birds to lime)
YOUR CHOICE AMONG THESE BOOKS, 1 DIME!

Ho! dealer; for its motto's sake
This scarecrow from the shelf I take;
Three starveling volumes bound in one,
Its covers warping in the sun.
Methinks it hath a musty smell,
I like its flavor none too well,
But Yorick's brain was far from dull,
Though Hamlet pah'd, and dropped his skull.

Why, here comes rain! The sky grows dark,—
Was that the roll of thunder? Hark!
The shop affords a safe retreat,
A chair extends its welcome seat,
The tradesman has a civil look
(I've paid, impromptu, for my book),

The clouds portend a sudden shower,—
I'll read my purchase for an hour.

* * *

What have I rescued from the shelf?
A Boswell, writing out himself!
For though he changes dress and name,
The man beneath is still the same,
Laughing or sad, by fits and starts,
One actor in a dozen parts,
And whatsoe'er the mask may be,
The voice assures us, *This is he.*

I say not this to cry him down;
I find my Shakespeare in his clown,
His rogues the selfsame parent own;
Nay! Satan talks in Milton's tone!
Where'er the ocean inlet strays,
The salt sea wave its source betrays,
Where'er the queen of summer blows,
She tells the zephyr, "I'm the rose!"

And his is not the playwright's page;
His table does not ape the stage;
What matter if the figures seen
Are only shadows on a screen,
He finds in them his lurking thought,
And on their lips the words he sought,
Like one who sits before the keys
And plays a tune himself to please.

And was he noted in his day?
Read, flattered, honored? Who shall say?
Poor wreck of time the wave has cast
To find a peaceful shore at last,
Once glorying in thy gilded name
And freighted deep with hopes of fame,
Thy leaf is moistened with a tear,
The first for many a long, long year!

For be it more or less of art
That veils the lowliest human heart
Where passion throbs, where friendship glows,
Where pity's tender tribute flows,
Where love has lit its fragrant fire,
And sorrow quenched its vain desire,
For me the altar is divine,
Its flame, its ashes, — all are mine!

And thou, my brother, as I look
And see thee pictured in thy book,
Thy years on every page confessed
In shadows lengthening from the west,

Thy glance that wanders, as it sought
Some freshly opening flower of thought,
Thy hopeful nature, light and free,
I start to find myself in thee !

* * *

Come, vagrant, outcast, wretch for-
lorn

In leather jerkin stained and torn,
Whose talk has filled my idle hour
And made me half forget the shower,
I 'll do at least as much for you,
Your coat I 'll patch, your gilt renew,
Read you — perhaps — some other time.
Not bad, my bargain ! Price one dime !

POEMS OF THE CLASS OF '29.

1851-1877.

BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare ;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied
prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H O N. and L L. D.
In big brave letters, fair to see, —
Your fist, old fellow ! off they go ! —
How are you, Bill ? How are you, Joe ?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe ;
You've taught your name to half the
globe ;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain ;
You've made the dead past live again :
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say
" See those old buffers, bent and gray, —
They talk like fellows in their teens !
Mad, poor old boys ! That's what it
means," —
And shake their heads ; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe ! —

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side ;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes, —
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame ?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame ;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust ;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was
Joe ?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go, —
How vain it seems, this empty show !
Till all at once his pulses thrill ; —
'T is poor old Joe's " God bless you,
Bill ! "

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears ;
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe ?

No matter ; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear ;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones
say ?

Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

1862.

*

J. D. R.

THE friends that are, and friends that
were,

What shallow waves divide !
I miss the form for many a year
Still seated at my side.

I miss him, yet I feel him still
Amidst our faithful band,
As if not death itself could chill
The warmth of friendship's hand.

His story other lips may tell, —
For me the veil is drawn ;
I only know he loved me well,
He loved me — and is gone !

1862.

VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP UNION.

'T IS midnight : through my troubled
dream
Loud wails the tempest's cry ;
Before the gale, with tattered sail,
A ship goes plunging by.
What name ? Where bound ? — The
rocks around
Repeat the loud halloo.
— The good ship Union, southward
bound :
God help her and her crew !

And is the old flag flying still
That o'er your fathers flew,
With bands of white and rosy light,
And field of starry blue ?
— Ay ! look aloft ! its folds full oft
Have braved the roaring blast,
And still shall fly when from the sky
This black typhoon has past !

Speak, pilot of the storm-tost bark !
May I thy peril share ?
— O landsman, these are fearful seas
The brave alone may dare !
— Nay, ruler of the rebel deep,
What matters wind or wave ?
The rocks that wreck your reeling deck
Will leave me naught to save !

O landsman, art thou false or true ?
What sign hast thou to show ?
— The crimson stains from loyal veins
That hold my heart-blood's flow !

— Enough ! what more shall honor
claim ?

I know the sacred sign ;
Above thy head our flag shall spread,
Our ocean path be thine !

The bark sails on ; the Pilgrim's Cape
Lies low along her lee,
Whose headland crooks its anchor-flukes
To lock the shore and sea.

No treason here ! it cost too dear
To win this barren realm !
And true and free the hands must be
That hold the whaler's helm !

Still on ! Manhattan's narrowing bay
No Rebel cruiser scars ;
Her waters feel no pirate's keel
That flaunts the fallen stars !

— But watch the light on yonder
height, —
Ay, pilot, have a care !
Some lingering cloud in mist may shroud
The capes of Delaware !

Say, pilot, what this fort may be,
Whose sentinels look down
From moated walls that show the sea
Their deep embrasures' frown ?
The Rebel host claims all the coast,
But these are friends, we know,
Whose footprints spoil the "sacred soil,"
And this is ? — Fort Monroe !

The breakers roar, — how bears the
shore ?

— The traitorous wreckers' hands
Have quenched the blaze that poured
its rays

Along the Hatteras sands.

— Ha ! say not so ! I see its glow !
Again the shoals display
The beacon light that shines by night,
The Union Stars by day !

The good ship flies to milder skies,
The wave more gently flows,
The softening breeze wafts o'er the seas
The breath of Beaufort's rose.

What fold is this the sweet winds kiss,
Fair-striped and many-starred,
Whose shadow palls these orphaned
walls,

The twins of Beauregard ?

What ! heard you not Port Royal's doom ?
How the black war-ships came
And turned the Beaufort roses' bloom
To redder wreaths of flame ?

How from Rebellion's broken reed
We saw his emblem fall,
As soon his curséd poison-weed
Shall drop from Sumter's wall ?

On ! on ! Pulaski's iron hail
Falls harmless on Tybee !
The good ship feels the freshening gales,
She strikes the open sea ;
She rounds the point, she threads the
keys
That guard the Land of Flowers,
And rides at last where firm and fast
Her own Gibraltar towers !

The good ship Union's voyage is o'er,
At anchor safe she swings,
And loud and clear with cheer on cheer
Her joyous welcome rings :
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! it shakes the wave,
It thunders on the shore, —
One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation, evermore !

1863.

**"CHOOSE YOU THIS DAY WHOM YE
WILL SERVE."**

Yes, tyrants, you hate us, and fear while
you hate
The self-ruling, chain-breaking, throne-
shaking State !
The night-birds dread morning, — your
instinct is true, —
The day-star of Freedom brings midnight
for you !

Why plead with the deaf for the cause
of mankind ?
The owl hoots at noon that the eagle is
blind !
We ask not your reasons, — 't were wast-
ing our time, —
Our life is a menace, our welfare a crime !

We have battles to fight, we have foes to
subdue, —
Time waits not for us, and we wait not
for you !
The mower mows on, though the adder
may writhe
And the copper-head coil round the blade
of his scythe !

"No sides in this quarrel," your states-
men may urge,
Of school-house and wages with slave-
pen and scourge ! —

No sides in the quarrel ! proclaim it as
well
To the angels that fight with the legions
of hell !

They kneel in God's temple, the North
and the South,
With blood on each weapon and prayers
in each mouth.
Whose cry shall be answered ? Ye
Heavens, attend
The lords of the lash as their voices
ascend !

"O Lord, we are shaped in the image
of Thee, —
Smite down the base millions that claim
to be free,
And lend Thy strong arm to the soft-
handed race
Who eat *not* their bread in the sweat of
their face !"

So pleads the proud planter. What
echoes are these ?
The bay of his bloodhound is borne on
the breeze,
And, lost in the shriek of his victim's
despair,
His voice dies unheard. — Hear the Pu-
ritan's prayer !

"O Lord, that didst smother mankind
in Thy flood,
The sun is as sackcloth, the moon is as
blood,
The stars fall to earth as untimely are
cast
The figs from the fig-tree that shakes in
the blast !

"All nations, all tribes in whose nostrils
is breath,
Stand gazing at Sin as she travails with
Death !
Lord, strangle the monster that strug-
gles to birth,
Or mock us no more with Thy 'Kingdom
on Earth !'

"If Ammon and Moab must reign in the
land
Thou gavest Thine Israel, fresh from
Thy hand,
Call Baäl and Ashtaroth out of their
graves
To be the new gods for the empire of
slaves !"

Whose God will ye serve, O ye rulers
of men ?
Will ye build you new shrines in the
slave-breeder's den ?
Or bow with the children of light, as
they call
On the Judge of the Earth and the
Father of All ?

Choose wisely, choose quickly, for time
moves apace, —
Each day is an age in the life of our race !
Lord, lead them in love, ere they hasten
in fear
From the fast-rising flood that shall gir-
dle the sphere !

1864.

F. W. C.

FAST as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves the broken string
Is set in Friendship's crown above.
As narrower grows the earthly chain,
The circle widens in the sky ;
These are our treasures that remain,
But those are stars that beam on high.

We miss—O, how we miss!—*his* face, —
With trembling accents speak his
name.
Earth cannot fill his shadowed place
From all her rolls of pride and fame;
Our song has lost the silvery thread
That carolled through his jocund lips ;
Our laugh is mute, our smile is fled,
And all our sunshine in eclipse.

And what and whence the wondrous
charm
That kept his manhood boylike still,—
That life's hard censors could disarm
And lead them captive at his will ?
His heart was shaped of rosier clay, —
His veins were filled with ruddier
fire, —
Time could not chill him, fortune sway,
Nor toil with all its burdens tire.

His speech burst throbbing from its
fount
And set our colder thoughts aglow,
As the hot leaping geysers mount
And falling melt the Iceland snow.

Some word, perchance, we counted
rash,—
Some phrase our calmness might dis-
claim,
Yet 't was the sunset's lightning's flash,
No angry bolt, but harmless flame.
Man judges all, God knoweth each ;
We read the rule, He sees the law ;
How oft his laughing children teach
The truths his prophets never saw !
O friend, whose wisdom flowered in
mirth,
Our hearts are sad, our eyes are
dim ;
He gave thy smiles to brighten earth, —
We trust thy joyous soul to Him !

Alas ! — our weakness Heaven forgive !
We murmur, even while we trust,
“ How long earth's breathing burdens
live,
Whose hearts, before they die, are
dust ! ”
But thou ! — through grief's untimely
tears
We ask with half-reproachful sigh —
“ Couldst thou not watch a few brief
years
Till Friendship faltered, ‘ Thou mayst
die ’ ? ”

Who loved our boyish years so well ?
Who knew so well their pleasant
tales,
And all those livelier freaks could tell
Whose oft-told story never fails ?
In vain we turn our aching eyes, —
In vain we stretch our eager hands, —
Cold in his wintry shroud he lies
Beneath the dreary drifting sands !

Ah, speak not thus ! *He* lies not there !
We see him, hear him as of old !
He comes ! he claims his wonted
chair ;
His beaming face we still behold !
His voice rings clear in all our songs,
And loud his mirthful accents rise ;
To us our brother's life belongs, —
Dear friends, a classmate never dies !

1864.

THE LAST CHARGE.

Now, men of the North ! will you join
in the strife

For country, for freedom, for honor, for life ?
The giant grows blind in his fury and spite, —
One blow on his forehead will settle the fight !
Flash full in his eyes the blue lightning of steel,
And stun him with cannon-bolts, peal upon peal !
Mount, troopers, and follow your game to its lair,
As the hound tracks the wolf and the beagle the hare !
Blow, trumpets, your summons, till sluggards awake !
Beat, drums, till the roofs of the faint-hearted shake !
Yet, yet, ere the signet is stamped on the scroll,
Their names may be traced on the blood-sprinkled roll !
Trust not the false herald that painted your shield :
True honor *to-day* must be sought on the field !
Her scutcheon shows white with a blazon of red, —
The life-drops of crimson for liberty shed !
The hour is at hand, and the moment draws nigh ;
The dog-star of treason grows dim in the sky ;
Shine forth from the battle-cloud, light of the morn,
Call back the bright hour when the Nation was born !
The rivers of peace through our valleys shall run,
As the glaciers of tyranny melt in the sun ;
Smite, smite the proud parricide down from his throne, —
His sceptre once broken, the world is our own !

1865.

OUR OLDEST FRIEND.

I GIVE you the health of the oldest friend
That, short of eternity, earth can lend, —

A friend so faithful and tried and true
That nothing can wean him from me and you.

When first we screeched in the sudden blaze
Of the daylight's blinding and blasting rays,
And gulped at the gaseous, groggy air,
This old, old friend stood waiting there.

And when, with a kind of mortal strife,
We had gasped and choked into breathing life,
He watched by the cradle, day and night,
And held our hands till we stood upright.

From gristle and pulp our frames have grown
To stringy muscle and solid bone ;
While we were changing, he altered not ;
We might forget, but he never forgot.

He came with us to the college class, —
Little cared he for the steward's pass !
All the rest must pay their fee,
But the grim old dead-head entered free.

He stayed with us while we counted o'er
Four times each of the seasons four ;
And with every season, from year to year,
The dear name Classmate he made more dear.

He never leaves us, — he never will,
Till our hands are cold and our hearts are still ;
On birthdays, and Christmas, and New-Year's too,
He always remembers both me and you.

Every year this faithful friend
His little present is sure to send ;
Every year, wheresoe'er we be,
He wants a keepsake from you and me.

How he loves us ! he pats our heads,
And, lo ! they are gleaming with silver threads ;
And he's always begging one lock of hair,
Till our shining crowns have nothing to wear.

At length he will tell us, one by one,
“ My child, your labor on earth is done ;
And now you must journey afar to see
My elder brother, — Eternity ! ”

And so, when long, long years have passed,
Some dear old fellow will be the last,—
Never a boy alive but he
Of all our goodly company!

When he lies down, but not till then,
Our kind Class-Angel will drop the pen
That writes in the day-book kept above
Our lifelong record of faith and love.

So here's a health in homely rhyme
To our oldest classmate, Father Time!
May our last survivor live to be
As bald and as wise and as tough as he!

1865.

SHERMAN'S IN SAVANNAH.

A HALF-RHYMED IMPROMPTU.

LIKE the tribes of Israel,
Fed on quails and manna,
Sherman and his glorious band
Journeyed through the rebel land,
Fed from Heaven's all-bounteous hand,
Marching on Savannah!

As the moving pillar shone,
Streamed the starry banner
All day long in rosy light,
Flaming splendor all the night,
Till it swooped in eagle flight
Down on doomed Savannah!

Glory be to God on high!
Shout the loud Hosanna!
Treason's wilderness is past,
Canaan's shore is won at last,
Peal a nation's trumpet-blast,—
Sherman's in Savannah!

Soon shall Richmond's tough old hide
Find a tough old tanner!
Soon from every rebel wall
Shall the rag of treason fall,
Till our banner flaps o'er all
As it crowns Savannah!

1866.

MY ANNUAL.

How long will this harp which you once
loved to hear
Cheat your lips of a smile or your eyes
of a tear?

How long stir the echoes it wakened of
old,
While its strings were unbroken, untarnished its gold?

Dear friends of my boyhood, my words
do you wrong;
The heart, the heart only, shall throb
in my song;
It reads the kind answer that looks from
your eyes,—
“We will bid our old harper play on
till he dies.”

Though Youth, the fair angel that
looked o'er the strings,
Has lost the bright glory that gleamed
on his wings,
Though the freshness of morning has
passed from its tone,
It is still the old harp that was always
your own.

I claim not its music,—each note it
affords
I strike from your heart-strings, that
lend me its chords;
I know you will listen and love to the
last,
For it trembles and thrills with the
voice of your past.

Ah, brothers! dear brothers! the harp
that I hold
No craftsman could string and no artisan
mould;
He shaped it, He strung it, who fash-
ioned the lyres
That ring with the hymns of the sera-
phim choirs.

Not mine are the visions of beauty it
brings,
Not mine the faint fragrance around it
that clings;
Those shapes are the phantoms of years
that are fled,
Those sweets breathe from roses your
summers have shed.

Each hour of the past lends its tribute
to this,
Till it blooms like a bower in the Gar-
den of Bliss;
The thorn and the thistle may grow as
they will,
Where Friendship unfolds there is Para-
dise still.

The bird wanders careless while summer
is green,
The leaf-hidden cradle that rocked him
unseen ;
When Autumn's rude fingers the woods
have undressed,
The boughs may look bare, but they
show him his nest.

Too precious these moments ! the lustre
they fling
Is the light of our year, is the gem of
its ring,
So brimming with sunshine, we almost
forget
The rays it has lost, and its border of jet.

While round us the many-hued halo is
shed,
How dear are the living, how near are
the dead !
One circle, scarce broken, these waiting
below,
Those walking the shores where the
aphodels blow !

Not life shall enlarge it nor death shall
divide, —
No brother new-born finds his place at
my side ;
No titles shall freeze us, no grandeurs
infest,
His Honor, His Worship, are boys like
the rest.

Some won the world's homage, their
names we hold dear, —
But Friendship, not Fame, is the coun-
tersign here ;
Make room by the conqueror crowned
in the strife
For the comrade that limps from the
battle of life !

What tongue talks of battle ? Too long
we have heard
In sorrow, in anguish, that terrible word ;
It reddened the sunshine, it crimsoned
the wave,
It sprinkled our doors with the blood
of our brave.

Peace, Peace comes at last, with her
garland of white ;
Peace broods in all hearts as we gather
to-night ;

The blazon of Union spreads full in the
sun ;
We echo its words, — We are one ! We
are one !

1867.

ALL HERE.

IT is not what we say or sing,
That keeps our charm so long un-
broken,
Though every lightest leaf we bring
May touch the heart as friendship's
token ;
Not what we sing or what we say
Can make us dearer to each other ;
We love the singer and his lay,
But love as well the silent brother.

Yet bring whate'er your garden grows,
Thrice welcome to our smiles and
praises ;
Thanks for the myrtle and the rose,
Thanks for the marigolds and daisies ;
One flower ere long we all shall claim,
Alas ! unloved of Amaryllis —
Nature's last blossom — need I name
The wreath of threescore's silver lilies ?

How many, brothers, meet to-night
Around our boyhood's covered embers ?
Go read the treasured names aright
The old triennial list remembers :
Though twenty wear the starry sign
That tells a life has broke its tether,
The fifty-eight of 'twenty-nine —
God bless THE BOYS ! — are all to-
gether !

These come with joyous look and word,
With friendly grasp and cheerful
greeting, —
Those smile unseen, and move unheard,
The angel guests of every meeting ;
They cast no shadow in the flame
That flushes from the gilded lustre,
But count us — we are still the same ;
One earthly band, one heavenly clus-
ter !

Love dies not when he bows his head
To pass beyond the narrow portals, —
The light these glowing moments shed
Wakes from their sleep our lost im-
mortals ;

They come as in their joyous prime,
Before their morning days were numbered,—
Death stays the envious hand of Time,—
The eyes have not grown dim that slumbered !

The paths that loving souls have trod
Arch o'er the dust where worldlings grovel
High as the zenith o'er the sod,—
The cross above the Sexton's shovel !
We rise beyond the realms of day ;
They seem to stoop from spheres of glory
With us one happy hour to stray,
While youth comes back in song and story.

Ah ! ours is friendship true as steel
That war has tried in edge and temper ;
It writes upon its sacred seal
The priest's *ubique — omnes — semper!*
It lends the sky a fairer sun
That cheers our lives with rays as steady
As if our footsteps had begun
To print the golden streets already !

The tangling years have clinched its knot
Too fast for mortal strength to sunder ;
The lightning bolts of noon are shot ;
No fear of evening's idle thunder !
Too late ! too late ! — no graceless hand
Shall stretch its cords in vain endeavor
To rive the close encircling band
That made and keeps us one forever !

So when upon the fated scroll
The falling stars have all descended,
And, blotted from the breathing roll,
Our little page of life is ended,
We ask but one memorial line
Traced on thy tablet, Gracious Mother :
“ My children. Boys of '29.
In pace. How they loved each other ! ”

1868.

ONCE MORE.

“ *Will I come ?* ” That is pleasant ! I beg to inquire

If the gun that I carry has ever missed fire ?
And which was the muster-roll — mention but one —
That missed your old comrade who carries the gun ?

You see me as always, my hand on the lock,
The cap on the nipple, the hammer full cock ;
It is rusty, some tell me ; I heed not the scoff ;
It is battered and bruised, but it always goes off !

— “ Is it loaded ? ” I'll bet you ! What does n't it hold ?
Rammed full to the muzzle with memories untold ;
Why, it scares me to fire, lest the pieces should fly
Like the cannons that burst on the Fourth of July !

One charge is a remnant of College-day dreams
(Its wadding is made of forensics and themes) ;
Ah, visions of fame ! what a flash in the pan
As the trigger was pulled by each clever young man !

And love ! Bless my stars, what a cartridge is there !
With a wadding of rose-leaves and ribbons and hair, —
All crammed in one verse to go off at a shot !
— Were there ever such sweethearts ? Of course there were not !

And next, — what a load ! it will split the old gun, —
Three fingers, — four fingers, — five fingers of fun !
Come tell me, gray sages, for mischief and noise
Was there ever a lot like us fellows,
“ The Boys ” ?
Bump ! bump ! down the staircase the cannon-ball goes, —
Aha, old Professor ! Look out for your toes !
Don't think, my poor Tutor, to sleep in your bed, —

Two "Boys"—'twenty-niners—room
over your head !

Remember the nights when the tar-barrel
blazed !

From red "Massachusetts" the war-cry
was raised ;

And "Hollis" and "Stoughton" re-
echoed the call ;

Till P—— poked his head out of Hol-
worthy Hall !

Old P——, as we called him, — at fifty
or so, —

Not exactly a bud, but not quite in full
blow ;

In ripening manhood, suppose we should
say,

Just nearing his prime, as we boys are
to-day !

O, say, can you look through the vista
of age

To the time when old Morse drove the
regular stage ?

When Lyon told tales of the long-van-
ished years,

And Lenox crept round with the rings
in his ears ?

And dost thou, my brother, remember
indeed

The days of our dealings with Willard
and Read ?

When "Dolly" was kicking and run-
ning away,

And punch came up smoking on Fille-
brown's tray ?

But where are the Tutors, my brother,
O tell ! —

And where the Professors, remembered
so well ?

The sturdy old Grecian of Holworthy
Hall,

And Latin, and Logic, and Hebrew,
and all ?

— "They are dead, the old fellows" (we
called them so then),

Though we since have found out they
were lusty young men).

— They are *dead*, do you tell me ? — but
how do you know ?

You've filled once too often. I doubt if
it's so.

I'm thinking. I'm thinking. Is this
'sixty-eight ?

It's not quite so clear. It admits of
debate.

I may have been dreaming. I rather
incline
To think — yes, I'm certain — it is
'twenty-nine !

"By Zhorzhe !" — as friend Sales is ac-
customed to cry, —
You tell me they're dead, but I know
it's a lie !

Is Jackson not President ? — What was
't you said ?

It can't be; you're joking; what, — all
of 'em dead ?

Jim, — Harry, — Fred, — Isaac, — all
gone from our side ?

They could n't have left us, — no, not if
they tried.

— Look, — there's our old Præses, —
he can't find his text;

— See, — P—— rubs his leg, as he growls
out, "*The next !*"

I told you 't was nonsense. Joe, give
us a song !

Go harness up "Dolly," and fetch her
along ! —

Dead ! Dead ! You false graybeard, I
swear they are not !

Hurrah for Old Hickory ! — O, I forgot !

Well, one we have with us (how could
he contrive

To deal with us youngsters and still to
survive ?)

Who wore for our guidance authority's
robe, —

No wonder he took to the study of Job !

— And now as my load was uncommonly
large,

Let me taper it off with a classical charge ;
When that has gone off, I shall drop my
old gun —

And then stand at ease, for my service
is done.

*Bibamus ad Classem vocatam "The
Boys"*

*Et eorum Tutorem cui nomen est
"Noyes";*

*Et florent, valeant, vigeant tam,
Non Peircius ipse enumeret quam !*

1869.

THE OLD CRUISER.

HERE 's the old cruiser, 'Twenty-nine,
Forty times she 's crossed the line ;
Same old masts and sails and crew,
Tight and tough and as good as new.

Into the harbor she bravely steers
Just as she 's done for these forty
years,—
Over her anchor goes, splash and clang !
Down her sails drop, rattle and bang !

Comes a vessel out of the dock
Fresh and spry as a fighting-cock,
Feathered with sails and spurred with
steam,
Heading out of the classic stream.

Crew of a hundred all aboard,
Every man as fine as a lord.
Gay they look and proud they feel,
Bowling along on even keel.

On they float with wind and tide, —
Gain at last the old ship's side ;
Every man looks down in turn, —
Reads the name that 's on her stern.

"Twenty-nine ! — *Diable* you say !
That was in Skipper Kirkland's day !
What was the Flying Dutchman's name ?
This old rover must be the same.

" Ho ! you Boatswain that walks the
deck,
How does it happen you 're not a wreck ?
One and another have come to grief,
How have you dodged by rock and reef ?"

— Boatswain, lifting one knowing lid,
Hitches his breeches and shifts his quid :
" Hey ? What is it ? Who 's come to
grief ?

Louder, young swab, I 'm a little deaf."

" I say, old fellow, what keeps your boat
With all you jolly old boys afloat,
When scores of vessels as good as she
Have swallowed the salt of the bitter
sea ?

" Many a crew from many a craft
Goes drifting by on a broken raft
Pieced from a vessel that clove the brine
Taller and prouder than 'Twenty-nine.

" Some capsized in an angry breeze,
Some were lost in the narrow seas,
Some on snags and some on sands
Struck and perished and lost their hands.

" Tell us young ones, you gray old man,
What is your secret, if you can.
We have a ship as good as you,
Show us how to keep our crew."

So in his ear the youngster cries ;
Then the gray Boatswain straight re-
plies : —

" All your crew be sure you know, —
Never let one of your shipmates go.

" If he leaves you, change your tack,
Follow him close and fetch him back ;
When you 've hauled him in at last,
Grapple his flipper and hold him fast.

" If you 've wronged him, speak him
fair,
Say you 're sorry and make it square ;
If he 's wronged you, wink so tight
None of you see what 's plain in sight.

" When the world goes hard and wrong,
Lend a hand to help him along ;
When his stockings have holes to darn,
Don't you grudge him your ball of yarn.

" Once in a twelvemonth, come what
may,
Anchor your ship in a quiet bay,
Call all hands and read the log,
And give 'em a taste of grub and grog.

" Stick to each other through thick and
thin ;
All the closer as age leaks in ;
Squalls will blow and clouds will frown,
But stay by your ship till you all go
down ! "

ADDED FOR THE ALUMNI MEETING,
JUNE 29, 1869.

So the gray Boatswain of 'Twenty-nine
Piped to "The Boys" as they crossed
the line ;
Round the cabin sat thirty guests,
Babes of the nurse with a thousand
breasts.

There were the judges, grave and grand,
Flanked by the priests on either hand ;

There was the lord of wealth untold,
And the dear good fellow in broadcloth
old.

Thirty men, from twenty towns,
Sires and grandsires with silvered
crowns, —
Thirty school-boys all in a row, —
Bens and Georges and Bill and Joe.

In thirty goblets the wine was poured,
But threescore gathered around the
board, —
For lo ! at the side of every chair
A shadow hovered — we all were there !

1869.

HYMN FOR THE CLASS-MEETING.

THOU Gracious Power, whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock thine arms infold
As in the peaceful days of old.

Wilt thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song ?

For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that
sleep ;

The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres ;

We thank thee, Father ! let thy grace
Our narrowing circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore !

1870.

EVEN-SONG.

It may be, yes, it must be, Time that
brings
An end to mortal things,
That sends the beggar Winter in the
train
Of Autumn's burdened wain, —

Time, that is heir of all our earthly
state,
And knoweth well to wait
Till sea hath turned to shore and shore
to sea,
If so it need must be,
Ere he make good his claim and call his
own
Old empires overthrown, —
Time, who can find no heavenly orb too
large
To hold its fee in charge,
Nor any motes that fill its beam so
small,
But he shall care for all, —
It may be, must be, — yes, he soon
shall tire
This hand that holds the lyre.

Then ye who listened in that earlier day
When to my careless lay
I matched its chords and stole their first-
born thrill,
With untaught rudest skill
Vexing a treble from the slender strings
Thin as the locust sings
When the shrill-crying child of sum-
mer's heat
Pipes from its leafy seat,
The dim pavilion of embowering green
Beneath whose shadowy screen
The small sopraniest tries his single note
Against the song-bird's throat,
And all the echoes listen, but in vain ;
They hear no answering strain, —
Then ye who listened in that earlier day
Shall sadly turn away,
Saying, "The fire burns low, the hearth
is cold
That warmed our blood of old ;
Cover its embers and its half-burnt
brands,
And let us stretch our hands
Over a brighter and fresh-kindled flame ;
Lo, this is not the same,
The joyous singer of our morning time,
Flushed high with lusty rhyme !
Speak kindly, for he bears a human
heart,
But whisper him apart, —
Tell him the woods their autumn robes
have shed
And all their birds have fled,
And shouting winds unbuild the naked
nests

They warmed with patient breasts ;
Tell him the sky is dark, the summer
o'er,
And bid him sing no more !

Ah, welladay ! if words so cruel-kind
A listening ear might find !
But who that hears the music in his soul
Of rhythmic waves that roll
Crested with gleams of fire, and as they
flow
Stir all the deeps below
Till the great pearls no calm might ever
reach
Leap glistening on the beach, —
Who that has known the passion and
the pain,
The rush through heart and brain,
The joy so like a pang his hand is pressed
Hard on his throbbing breast,
When thou, whose smile is life and bliss
and fame
Hast set his pulse aflame,
Muse of the lyre ! can say farewell to
thee ?
Alas ! and must it be ?

In many a clime, in many a stately
tongue,
The mighty bards have sung ;
To these the immemorial thrones belong
And purple robes of song ;
Yet the slight minstrel loves the slender
tone
His lips may call his own,
And finds the measure of the verse more
sweet
Timed by his pulse's beat,
Than all the hymnings of the laurelled
throng.
Say not I do him wrong,
For Nature spoils her warblers, — them
she feeds
In lotus-growing meads
And pours them subtle draughts from
haunted streams
That fill their souls with dreams.

Full well I know the gracious mother's
wiles
And dear delusive smiles !
No callow fledgling of her singing brood
But tastes that witching food,
And hearing overhead the eagle's wing,
And how the thrushes sing,
Vents his exiguous chirp, and from his
nest
Flaps forth — we know the rest.

I own the weakness of the tuneful
kind,—
Are not all harpers blind ?
I sang too early, must I sing too late ?
The lengthening shadows wait
The first pale stars of twilight, — yet
how sweet
The flattering whisper's cheat, —
"Thou hast the fire no evening chill
can tame,
Whose coals outlast its flame !"
Farewell, ye carols of the laughing morn,
Of earliest sunshine born !
The sower flings the seed and looks not
back
Along his furrowed track ;
The reaper leaves the stalks for other
hands
To gird with circling bands ;
The wind, earth's careless servant, truant-
born,
Blows clean the beaten corn
And quits the thresher's floor, and goes
his way
To sport with ocean's spray ;
The headlong-stumbling rivulet scram-
bling down
To wash the sea-girt town,
Still babbling of the green and billowy
waste
Whose salt he longs to taste,
Ere his warm wave its chilling clasp may
feel
Has twirled the miller's wheel.
The song has done its task that makes
us bold
With secrets else untold, —
And mine has run its errand ; through
the dews
I tracked the flying Muse ;
The daughter of the morning touched my
lips
With roseate finger-tips ;
Whether I would or would not, I must
sing
With the new choirs of spring ;
Now, as I watch the fading autumn day
And trill my softened lay,
I think of all that listened, and of one
For whom a brighter sun
Dawned at high summer's noon. Ah,
comrades dear,
Are not all gathered here ?
Our hearts have answered. — Yes ! they
hear our call :
All gathered here ! all ! all !

1871.

THE SMILING LISTENER.

PRECISELY. I see it. You all want to say
That a tear is too sad and a laugh is too gay ;
You could stand a faint smile, you could manage a sigh,
But you value your ribs, and you don't want to cry.

And why at our feast of the clasping of hands
Need we turn on the stream of our lachrymal glands ?
Though we see the white breakers of age on our bow,
Let us take a good pull in the jolly-boat now !

It's hard if a fellow cannot feel content
When a banquet like this does n't cost him a cent,
When his goblet and plate he may empty at will,
And our kind Class Committee will settle the bill.

And here's your old friend the identical bard
Who has rhymed and recited you verse by the yard
Since the days of the empire of Andrew the First
Till you're full to the brim and feel ready to burst.

It's awful to think of, — how year after year
With his piece in his pocket he waits for you here ;
No matter who's missing, there always is one
To lug out his manuscript, sure as a gun.

"Why won't he stop writing?" Humanity cries :
The answer is briefly, "He can't if he tries ;
He has played with his foolish old feather so long,
That the goose-quill in spite of him cackles in song."

You have watched him with patience from morning to dusk

Since the tassel was bright o'er the green of the husk,
And now — it's too bad — it's a pitiful job —
He has shelled the ripe ear till he's come to the cob.

I see one face beaming — it listens so well
There must be some music yet left in my shell —
The wine of my soul is not thick on the lees ;
One string is unbroken, one friend I can please !

Dear comrade, the sunshine of seasons gone by
Looks out from your tender and tear-moistened eye,
A pharos of love on an ice-girdled coast, —
Kind soul ! — Don't you hear me ? — He's deaf as a post !

Can it be one of Nature's benevolent tricks
That you grow hard of hearing as I grow prolix ?
And that look of delight which would angels beguile
Is the deaf man's prolonged unintelligent smile ?

Ah ! the ear may grow dull, and the eye may wax dim,
But they still know a classmate — they can't mistake him ;
There is something to tell us, "That's one of our band,"
Though we groped in the dark for a touch of his hand.

Well, Time with his snuffers is prowling about
And his shaky old fingers will soon snuff us out ;
There's a hint for us all in each pendulum tick,
For we're low in the tallow and long in the wick.

You remember Rossini — you've been at the play ?
How his overture-endings keep crashing away
Till you think, "It's all over — it can't but stop now —

That's the screech and the bang of the final bow-wow."

And you find you're mistaken ; there's lots more to come,
More banging, more screeching of fiddle and drum,
Till when the last ending is finished and done,
You feel like a horse when the winning-post's won.

So I, who have sung to you, merry or sad,
Since the days when they called me a promising lad,
Though I've made you more rhymes than a tutor could scan,
Have a few more still left, like the razor-strop man.

Now pray don't be frightened—I'm ready to stop

My galloping anapests' clatter and pop—
In fact, if you say so, retire from to-day
To the garret I left, on a poet's half-pay.

And yet—I can't help it—perhaps—who can tell?

You might miss the poor singer you treated so well,
And confess you could stand him five minutes or so,
"It was so like old times we remember, you know."

'T is not that the music can signify much,

But then there are chords that awake with a touch,—

And our hearts can find echoes of sorrow and joy

To the winch of the minstrel who hails from Savoy.

So this hand-organ tune that I cheerfully grind

May bring the old places and faces to mind,

And seen in the light of the past we recall

The flowers that have faded bloom fairest of all !

1872.

OUR SWEET SINGER.

*

J. A.

ONE memory trembles on our lips :
It throbs in every breast ;

In tear-dimmed eyes, in mirth's eclipse,
The shadow stands confessed.

O silent voice, that cheered so long
Our manhood's marching day,
Without thy breath of heavenly song,
How weary seems the way!

Vain every pictured phrase to tell
Our sorrowing heart's desire ;
The shattered harp, the broken shell,
The silent unstrung lyre ;

For youth was round us while he sang ;
It glowed in every tone ;
With bridal chimes the echoes rang,
And made the past our own.

O blissful dream ! Our nursery joys
We know must have an end,
But love and friendship's broken toys
May God's good angels mend !

The cheering smile, the voice of mirth
And laughter's gay surprise
That please the children born of earth,
Why deem that Heaven denies ?

Methinks in that resplendent sphere
That knows not sun or moon,
An earth-born saint might long to hear
One verse of " Bonny Doon " ;

Or walking through the streets of gold
In Heaven's unclouded light,
His lips recall the song of old
And hum " The sky is bright." *

And can we smile when thou art dead ?
Ah, brothers, even so !
The rose of summer will be red,
In spite of winter's snow.

Thou wouldest not leave us all in gloom
Because thy song is still,
Nor blight the banquet-garland's bloom
With grief's untimely chill.

The sighing wintry winds complain,—
The singing bird has flown,—
Hark ! heard I not that ringing strain,
That clear celestial tone ?

How poor these pallid phrases seem,
How weak this tinkling line,
As warbles through my waking dream
That angel voice of thine !

Thy requiem asks a sweeter lay ;
It falters on my tongue ;
For all we vainly strive to say,
Thou shouldst thyself have sung !

1873.

* * *

H. C. M. H. S. J. K. W.

THE dirge is played, the throbbing
death-peal rung ;
The sad-voiced requiem sung
On each white urn where memory
dwells
The wreath of rustling immortelles
Our loving hands have hung,
And balmiest leaves have strown and ten-
derest blossoms flung.

The birds that filled the air with songs
have flown,
The wintry blasts have blown,
And these for whom the voice of
spring
Bade the sweet choirs their carols
sing
Sleep in those chambers lone
Where snows untrodden lie, unheard the
night-winds moan.

We clasp them all in memory, as the
vine
Whose running stems intwine,
The marble shaft, and steal around,
The lowly stone, the nameless
mound ;
With sorrowing hearts resign
Our brothers true and tried, and close
our broken line.

How fast the lamps of life grow dim
and die
Beneath our sunset sky !
Still fading, as along our track
We cast our saddened glances back,
And while we vainly sigh
The shadowy day recedes, the starry
night draws nigh.

As when from pier to pier across the
tide
With even keel we glide,
The lights we left along the shore
Grow less and less, while more, yet
more
New vistas open wide
Of fair illumined streets and casements
golden-eyed.

Each closing circle of our sunlit sphere
Seems to bring Heaven more near;
Can we not dream that those we love

Are listening in the world above
And smiling as they hear
The voices known so well of friends that
still are dear ?

Does all that made us human fade away
With this dissolving clay ?
Nay, rather deem the blessed isles
Are bright and gay with joyous
smiles,
That angels have their play,
And saints that tire of song may claim
their holiday.

All else of earth may perish ; love alone
Not Heaven shall find outgrown !
Are they not here, our spirit guests
With love still throbbing in their
breasts ?
Once more let flowers be strown.
Welcome, ye shadowy forms, we count
you still our own !

1873.

WHAT I HAVE COME FOR.

I HAVE come with my verses — I think
I may claim
It is not the first time I have tried on
the same.
They were pucker'd in rhyme, they
were wrinkled in wit ;
But your hearts were so large that they
made them a fit.

I have come — not to tease you with
more of my rhyme,
But to feel as I did in the blessed old
time ;
I want to hear him with the Brobding-
nag laugh —
We count him at least as three men and
a half.

I have come to meet judges so wise and
so grand
That I shake in my shoes while they're
shaking my hand ;
And the prince among merchants who
put back the crown
When they tried to enthrone him the
King of the Town.

I have come to see George — Yes, I
think there are four,
If they all were like these I could wish
there were more.

I have come to see one whom we used
to call "Jim,"
I want to see—O, don't I want to see
him?

I have come to grow young—on my
word I declare
I have thought I detected a change in
my hair!
One hour with "The Boys" will restore
it to brown—
And a wrinkle or two I expect to rub
down.

Yes, that's what I've come for, as all
of us come;
When I meet the dear Boys I could wish
I were dumb.
You asked me, you know, but it's
spoiling the fun;
I have told what I came for; my ditty
is done.

Though he must have and will have
and does have his pay,
We have found him good-natured
enough in his way.

He never forgets us, as others will
do,—
I am sure he knows me, and I think he
knows you,
For I see on your foreheads a mark that
he lends
As a sign he remembers to visit his
friends.

In the shape of a classmate (a wig on
his crown,—
His day-book and ledger laid carefully
down)
He has welcomed us yearly, a glass in
his hand,
And pledged the good health of our
brotherly band.

He's a thief, we must own, but how
many there be
That rob us less gently and fairly than
he:
He has stripped the green leaves that
were over us all,
But they let in the sunshine as fast as
they fall.

Young beauties may ravish the world
with a glance
As they languish in song, as they float
in the dance,—
They are grandmothers now we remem-
ber as girls,
And the comely white cap takes the
place of the curls.

But the sighing and moaning and groan-
ing are o'er,
We are pining and moping and sleepless
no more,
And the hearts that were thumping like
ships on the rocks
Beat as quiet and steady as meeting-
house clocks.

The trump of ambition, loud sounding
and shrill,
May blow its long blast, but the echoes
are still,
The spring-tides are past, but no billow
may reach

1874.

OUR BANKER.

OLD Time, in whose bank we deposit
our notes,
Is a miser who always wants guineas for
groats;
He keeps all his customers still in arrears
By lending them minutes and charging
them years.

The twelvemonth rolls round and we
never forget
On the counter before us to pay him our
debt.
We reckon the marks he has chalked on
the door,
Pay up and shake hands and begin a
new score.

How long he will lend us, how much we
may owe,
No angel will tell us, no mortal may
know.
At fivescore, at fourscore, at threescore
and ten,
He may close the account with a stroke
of his pen.

This only we know,—amid sorrows and
joys
Old Time has been easy and kind with
"The Boys."

The spoils they have landed far up on
the beach.

We see that Time robs us, we know
that he cheats,
But we still find a charm in his pleasant
deceits,
While he leaves the remembrance of all
that was best,
Love, friendship, and hope, and the
promise of rest.

Sweet shadows of twilight ! how calm
their repose,
While the dewdrops fall soft in the
breast of the rose !
How blest to the toiler his hour of re-
lease
When the vesper is heard with its whis-
per of peace !

Then here's to the wrinkled old miser,
our friend ;
May he send us his bills to the century's
end,
And lend us the moments no sorrow
alloys,
Till he squares his account with the last
of "The Boys."

1875.

FOR CLASS MEETING.

It is a pity and a shame — alas ! alas !
I know it is,
To tread the trodden grapes again, but
so it has been, so it is ;
The purple vintage long is past, with
ripened clusters bursting so
They filled the wine-vats to the brim —
't is strange you will be thirsting so !

Too well our faithful memory tells what
might be rhymed or sung about,
For all have sighed and some have wept
since last year's snows were flung
about ;
The beacon flame that fired the sky, the
modest ray that gladdened us,
A little breath has quenched their light,
and deepening shades have saddened
us.

No more our brother's life is ours for
cheering or for grieving us,

One only sadness they bequeathed, the
sorrow of their leaving us ;
Farewell ! Farewell ! — I turn the leaf
I read my chiming measure in ;
Who knows but something still is there
a friend may find a pleasure in ?

For who can tell by what he likes what
other people's fancies are ?
How all men think the best of wives
their own particular Nancies are ?
If what I sing you brings a smile, you
will not stop to catechise,
Nor read Boetia's lumbering line with
nicely-scanning Attic eyes.

Perhaps the alabaster box that Mary
broke so lovingly,
While Judas looked so sternly on, the
Master so approvingly,
Was not so fairly wrought as those that
Pilate's wife and daughters had,
Or many a dame of Judah's line that
drank of Jordan's waters had.

Perhaps the balm that cost so dear, as
some remarked officiously,
The precious nard that filled the room
with fragrance so deliciously,
So oft recalled in storied page and sung
in verse melodious,
The dancing girl had thought too cheap
— that daughter of Herodias.

Where now are all the mighty deeds
that Herod boasted loudest of ?
Where now the flashing jewelry the
tetrarch's wife was proudest of ?
Yet still to hear how Mary loved, all
tribes of men are listening,
And still the sinful woman's tears like
stars in heaven are glistening.

'T is not the gift our hands have brought,
the love it is we bring with it,
The minstrel's lips may shape the song,
his heart in tune must sing with it ;
And so we love the simple lays, and
wish we might have more of them
Our poet brothers sing for us — there
must be half a score of them.

It may be that of fame and name our
voices once were emulous, —
With deeper thoughts, with tenderer
throbs their softening tones are
tremulous ;

The dead seem listening as of old, ere
friendship was bereft of them ;
The living wear a kinder smile, the rem-
nant that is left of them.

Though on the once unfurrowed brows
the harrow-teeth of Time may show,
Though all the strain of crippling years
the halting feet of rhyme may show,
We look and hear with melting hearts,
for what we all remember is
The morn of Spring, nor heed how chill
the sky of gray November is.

Thanks to the gracious powers above
from all mankind that singled us,
And dropped the pearl of friendship in
the cup they kindly mingled us,
And bound us in a wreath of flowers
with hoops of steel knit under it ; —
Nor time, nor space, nor chance, nor
change, nor death himself shall
sunder it !

1876.

"AD AMICOS."

"Dumque virent genua
Et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus."

THE muse of boyhood's fervid hour
Grows tame as skies get chill and hazy;
Where once she sought a passion-flower,
She only hopes to find a daisy.
Well, who the changing world bewails ?
Who asks to have it stay unaltered ?
Shall grown-up kittens chase their tails ?
Shall colts be never shod or haltered ?

Are we "the boys" that used to make
The tables ring with noisy follies ?
Whose deep-lunged laughter oft would
shake
The ceiling with its thunder-volleys ?
Are we the youths with lips unshorn,
At beauty's feet unwrinkled suitors,
Whose memories reach tradition's
morn —
The days of prehistoric tutors ?

"The boys" we knew — but who are
these
Whose heads might serve for Plu-
tarach's sages,
Or Fox's martyrs, if you please,
Or hermits of the dismal ages ?
"The boys" we knew — can these be
those ?

Their cheeks with morning's blush
were painted ; —
Where are the Harrys, Jims, and Joes
With whom we once were well
acquainted ?

If we are they, we 're not the same ;
If they are we, why then they're
masking ;
Do tell us, neighbor What 's-your-name,
Who are you ? — What 's the use of
asking ?
You once were George, or Bill, or Ben ;
There 's you, yourself — there 's you,
that other —
I know you now — I knew you then —
You used to be your younger brother !

You both are all our own to-day —
But ah ! I hear a warning whisper ;
Yon roseate hour that flits away
Repeats the Roman's sad *paulisper*.
Come back ! come back ! we 've need of
you
To pay you for your word of warning ;
We 'll bathe your wings in brighter dew
Than ever wet the lids of morning !

Behold this cup ; its mystic wine
No alien's lip has ever tasted ;
The blood of friendship's clinging
vine,
Still flowing, flowing, yet unwasted ;
Old Time forgot his running sand
And laid his hour-glass down to fill it,
And Death himself with gentle hand
Has touched the chalice, not to spill
it.

Each bubble rounding at the brim
Is rainbowed with its magic story ;
The shining days with age grown dim
Are dressed again in robes of glory ;
In all its freshness spring returns
With song of birds and blossoms
tender ;
Once more the torch of passion burns,
And youth is here in all its splen-
dor !

Hope swings her anchor like a toy,
Love laughs and shows the silver arrow
We knew so well as man and boy, —
The shaft that stings through bone
and marrow ;
Again our kindling pulses beat,
With tangled curls our fingers dally,

And bygone beauties smile as sweet
As fresh-blown lilies of the valley.

O blessed hour ! we may forget
Its wreaths, its rhymes, its songs, its
laughter,

But not the loving eyes we met,
Whose light shall gild the dim here-
after.

How every heart to each grows warm !
Is one in sunshine's ray ? We share
it.

Is one in sorrow's blinding storm ?
A look, a word, shall help him bear it.

"The boys" we were, "the boys" we 'll
be
As long as three, as two, are creep-
ing ;
Then here's to him — ah ! which is
he ? —
Who lives till all the rest are sleep-
ing ;
A life with tranquil comfort blest,
The young man's health, the rich
man's plenty,
All earth can give that earth has best,
And heaven at fourscore years and
twenty.

1877.

HOW NOT TO SETTLE IT.

I LIKE, at times, to hear the steeples'
chimes
With sober thoughts impressively
that mingle ;
But sometimes, too, I rather like —
don't you ? —
To hear the music of the sleigh bells'
jingle.

I like full well the deep resounding
swell
Of mighty symphonies with chords
inwoven ;
But sometimes, too, a song of Burns —
don't you ?
After a solemn storm-blast of Beetho-
ven.

Good to the heels the well-worn slipper
feels
When the tired player shuffles off the
buskin ;

A page of Hood may do a fellow good
After a scolding from Carlyle or Rus-
kin.

Some works I find, — say Watts upon
the Mind, —

No matter though at first they seemed
amusing,

Not quite the same, but just a little tame
After some five or six times' reperus-
ing.

So, too, at times when melancholy
rhymes

Or solemn speeches sober down a din-
ner,
I 've seen it's true, quite often, —
have n't you ? —
The best-fed guests perceptibly grow
thinner.

Better some jest (in proper terms ex-
pressed)

Or story (strictly moral) even if musty,
Or song we sung when these old throats
were young, —
Something to keep our souls from
getting rusty.

The poorest scrap from memory's ragged
lap

Comes like an heirloom from a dear
dead mother —
Hush ! there's a tear that has no busi-
ness here,
A half-formed sigh that ere its birth
we smother.

We cry, we laugh ; ah, life is half and
half,

Now bright and joyous as a song of
Herrick's,
Then chill and bare as funeral-minded
Blair ;
As fickle as a female in hysterics.

If I could make you cry I would n't try ;
If you have hidden smiles I'd like to
find them,

And that although, as well I ought to
know,
The lips of laughter have a skull be-
hind them.

Yet when I think we may be on the
 brink
Of having Freedom's banner to dis-
pose of,

All crimson-hued, because the Nation
would
Insist on cutting its own precious
nose off,

I feel indeed as if we rather need
A sermon such as preachers tie a text
on.
If Freedom dies because a ballot lies,
She earns her grave ; 't is time to call
the sexton !

But if a fight can make the matter right,
Here are we, classmates, thirty men
of mettle ;
We're strong and tough, we've lived
nigh long enough—
What if the Nation gave it us to
settle ?

The tale would read like that illustrious
deed
When Curtius took the leap the gap
that filled in,
Thus ; "Fivescore years, good friends,
as it appears,
At last this people split on Hayes and
Tilden.

"One half cried, 'See ! the choice is
S. J. T. !'
And one half swore as stoutly it was
t' other ;
Both drew the knife to save the Na-
tion's life
By wholesale vivisection of each other.

"Then rose in mass that monumental
Class, —
'Hold ! hold !' they cried, 'give us,
give us the daggers !'
'Content ! content !' exclaimed with
one consent
The gaunt ex-rebels and the carpet-
baggers.

"Fifteen each side, the combatants
divide,
So nicely balanced are their predilec-
tions ;
And first of all a tear-drop each lets fall,
A tribute to their obsolete affections.

"Man facing man, the sanguine strife
began,
Jack, Jim and Joe against Tom, Dick
and Harry,

Each several pair its own account to
square,
Till both were down or one stood soli-
tary.

"And the great fight raged furious all
the night
Till every integer was made a fraction ;
Reader, wouldst know what history has
to show
As net result of the above transaction ?

"Whole coat-tails, four ; stray frag-
ments, several score ;
A heap of spectacles ; a deaf man's
trumpet ;
Six lawyers' briefs ; seven pocket-hand-
kerchiefs ;
Twelve canes wherewith the owners
used to stump it ;

"Odd rubber-shoes ; old gloves of dif-
ferent hues ;
Tax-bills, — unpaid, — and several
empty purses ;
And, saved from harm by some protect-
ing charm,
A printed page with Smith's immortal
verses ;

"Trifles that claim no very special
name, —
Some useful, others chiefly ornament-
al ;
Pins, buttons, rings, and other trivial
things,
With various wrecks, capillary and
dental.

"Also, one flag, — 't was nothing but a
rag,
And what device it bore it little mat-
ters ;
Red, white, and blue, but rent all
through and through,
'Union forever' torn to shreds and
tatters.

"They fought so well not one was left
to tell
Which got the largest share of cuts
and slashes ;
When heroes meet, both sides are bound
to beat ;
They telescoped like cars in railroad
smashes.

"So the great split that baffled human wit
And might have cost the lives of twenty millions,
As all may see that know the rule of three,
Was settled just as well by these civilians.

"As well. Just so. Not worse, not better. No,
Next morning found the Nation still divided;
Since all were slain, the inference is plain
They left the point they fought for undecided."

If not quite true, as I have told it you,—
This tale of mutual extermination,
To minds perplexed with threats of what comes next,
Perhaps may furnish food for contemplation.

To cut men's throats to help them count their votes
Is asinine — nay, worse — ascidian folly;
Blindness like that would scare the mole and bat,
And make the liveliest monkey melancholy.

I say once more, as I have said before,
If voting for our Tildens and our Hayeses
Means only fight, then, Liberty, good night!
Pack up your ballot-box and go to blazes!
Unfurl your blood-red flags, you murderous hags,
You *pétroleuses* of Paris, fierce and foamy;
We'll sell our stock in Plymouth's blasted rock,
Pull up our stakes and migrate to Dahomey!

SONGS OF MANY SEASONS.

1862-1874.

OPENING THE WINDOW.

THUS I lift the sash, so long
Shut against the flight of song;
All too late for vain excuse,—
Lo, my captive rhymes are loose!

Rhymes that, flitting through my brain,
Beat against my window-pane,
Some with gayly colored wings,
Some, alas! with venomed stings.

Shall they bask in sunny rays?
Shall they feed on sugared praise?
Shall they stick with tangled feet
On the critic's poisoned sheet?

Are the outside winds too rough?
Is the world not wide enough?
Go, my wingéd verse, and try,—
Go, like Uncle Toby's fly!

PROGRAMME.

READER — gentle — if so be
Such still live, and live for me,
Will it please you to be told
What my tenscore pages hold?

Here are verses that in spite
Of myself I needs must write,
Like the wine that oozes first
When the unsqueezed grapes have burst.

Here are angry lines, "too hard!"
Says the soldier, battle-scarred.
Could I smile his scars away
I would blot the bitter lay,

Written with a knitted brow,
Read with placid wonder now.
Throbbed such passion in my heart?
— Did his wounds once really smart?

Here are varied strains that sing
All the changes life can bring,
Songs when joyous friends have met,
Songs the mourner's tears have wet.

See the banquet's dead bouquet,
Fair and fragrant in its day ;
Do they read the selfsame lines, —
He that fasts and he that dines ?

Year by year, like milestones placed,
Mark the record Friendship traced.
Prisoned in the walls of time
Life has notched itself in rhyme :

As its seasons slid along,
Every year a notch of song,
From the June of long ago,
When the rose was full in blow,

Till the scarlet sage has come
And the cold chrysanthemum.
Read, but not to praise or blame ;
Are not all our hearts the same ?

For the rest, they take their chance, —
Some may pay a passing glance ;
Others, — well, they served a turn, —
Wherefore written, would you learn ?

Not for glory, not for self,
Not, be sure, to please myself,
Not for any meaner ends, —
Always "by request of friends."

Here's the cousin of a king, —
Would I do the civil thing ?
Here's the first-born of a queen ;
Here's a slant-eyed Mandarin.

Would I polish off Japan ?
Would I greet this famous man,
Prince or Prelate, Sheik or Shah ? —
— Figaro ci and Figaro là !

Would I just this once comply ? —
So they teased and teased till I
(Be the truth at once confessed)
Wavered — yielded — did my best.

Turn my pages, — never mind
If you like not all you find ;
Think not all the grains are gold
Sacramento's sand-banks hold.

Every kernel has its shell,
Every chime its harshest bell,
Every face its weariest look,
Every shelf its emptiest book,

Every field its leanest sheaf,
Every book its dullest leaf,
Every leaf its weakest line, —
Shall it not be so with mine ?

Best for worst shall make amends,
Find us, keep us, leave us friends
Till, perchance, we meet again.
Benedicite. — Amen !

October 7, 1874.

IN THE QUIET DAYS.

AN OLD-YEAR SONG.

As through the forest, disarrayed
By chill November, late I strayed,
A lonely minstrel of the wood
Was singing to the solitude :
I loved thy music, thus I said,
When o'er thy perch the leaves were
spread ;

Sweet was thy song, but sweeter now
Thy carol on the leafless bough.
Sing, little bird ! thy note shall cheer
The sadness of the dying year.

When violets pranked the turf with blue
And morning filled their cups with dew,
Thy slender voice with rippling trill
The budding April bowers would fill,
Nor passed its joyous tones away
When April rounded into May :
Thy life shall hail no second dawn, —
Sing, little bird ! the spring is gone.

And I remember — well-a-day ! —
Thy full-blown summer roundelay,
As when behind a broidered screen
Some holy maiden sings unseen :

With answering notes the woodland rung,
And every tree-top found a tongue.
How deep the shade ! the groves how fair !
Sing, little bird ! the woods are bare.

The summer's throbbing chant is done
And mute the choral antiphon ;
The birds have left the shivering pines
To sit among the trellised vines,
Or fan the air with scented plumes
Amid the love-sick orange-blooms,
And thou art here alone, — alone, —
Sing, little bird ! the rest have flown.

The snow has capped yon distant hill,
At morn the running brook was still,
From driven herds the clouds that rise
Are like the smoke of sacrifice ;
Ere lone the frozen sod shall mock
The ploughshare, changed to stubborn rock,
The brawling streams shall soon be dumb, —
Sing, little bird ! the frosts have come.

Fast, fast the lengthening shadows creep,
The songless fowls are half asleep,
The air grows chill, the setting sun
May leave thee ere thy song is done,
The pulse that warms thy breast grow cold,
Thy secret die with thee, untold :
The lingering sunset still is bright, —
Sing, little bird ! 't will soon be night.

1874.

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

GRANDMOTHER'S mother : her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less ;
Girlish bust, but womanly air ;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair,
Lips that lover has never kissed ;
Taper fingers and slender wrist ;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade ;
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene.
Hold up the canvas full in view, —

Look ! there's a rent the light shines through,
Dark with a century's fringe of dust, —
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust !
Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell, —
One whose best was not over well ;
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed ;
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colors of red and white,
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn, —
Dorothy Q. was a lady born !
Ay ! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name ;
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy ! Dorothy Q. !
Strange is the gift that I owe to you ;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring, —
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land ;
Mother and sister and child and wife
And joy and sorrow and death and life !

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered No,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill ?
Should I be I, or would it be
One tenth another, to nine tenths me ?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES :
Not the light gossamer stirs with less ;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long !
There were tones in the voice that whis-
pered then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover, — and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone, —
Edward's and Dorothy's — all their
own, —

A goodly record for Time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago ! —
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me
live ?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid !
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's
blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished
frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household
name ;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright
As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred
years.

1871.

THE ORGAN-BLOWER.

DEVOUTEST of my Sunday friends,
The patient Organ-blower bends ;
I see his figure sink and rise,
(Forgive me, Heaven, my wandering
eyes !)
A moment lost, the next half seen,
His head above the scanty screen,
Still measuring out his deep salaams
Through quavering hymns and panting
psalms.

No priest that prays in gilded stole,
To save a rich man's mortgaged soul ;
No sister, fresh from holy vows,
So humbly stoops, so meekly bows ;
His large obeisance puts to shame
The proudest genuflecting dame,
Whose Easter bonnet low descends
With all the grace devotion lends.

O brother with the supple spine,
How much we owe those bows of thine !
Without thine arm to lend the breeze,
How vain the finger on the keys !
Though all unmatched the player's skill,
Those thousand throats were dumb and
still :
Another's art may shape the tone,
The breath that fills it is thine own.

Six days the silent Memnon waits
Behind his temple's folded gates ;
But when the seventh day's sunshine
falls
Through rainbowed windows on the
walls,
He breathes, he sings, he shouts, he fills
The quivering air with rapturous thrills ;
The roof resounds, the pillars shake,
And all the slumbering echoes wake !

The Preacher from the Bible-text
With weary words my soul has vexed
(Some stranger, fumbling far astray
To find the lesson for the day) ;
He tells us truths too plainly true,
And reads the service all askew, —
Why, why the — mischief — can't he
look
Beforehand in the service-book ?

But thou, with decent mien and face,
Art always ready in thy place ;
Thy strenuous blast, whate'er the tune,
As steady as the strong monsoon ;
Thy only dread a leathery creak,
Or small residual extra squeak,
To send along the shadowy aisles
A sunlit wave of dimpled smiles.

Not all the preaching, O my friend,
Comes from the church's pulpit end !
Not all that bend the knee and bow
Yield service half so true as thou !
One simple task performed aright,
With slender skill, but all thy might,
Where honest labor does its best,
And leaves the player all the rest.

This many-diapasoned maze,
Through which the breath of being
strays,
Whose music makes our earth divine,
Has work for mortal hands like mine.
My duty lies before me. Lo,
The lever there ! Take hold and blow !
And He whose hand is on the keys
Will play the tune as He shall please.

1872.

AT THE PANTOMIME.

THE house was crammed from roof to
floor,
Heads piled on heads at every door ;
Half dead with August's seething heat
I crowded on and found my seat,

My patience slightly out of joint,
My temper short of boiling-point,
Not quite at *Hate mankind as such*,
Nor yet at *Love them overmuch*.

Amidst the throng the pageant drew
Were gathered Hebrews not a few,
Black-bearded, swarthy, — at their side
Dark, jewelled women, orient-eyed :
If scarce a Christian hopes for grace
Who crowds one in his narrow place
What will the savage victim do
Whose ribs are kneaded by a Jew ?

Next on my left a breathing form
Wedged up against me, close and warm ;
The beak that crowned the bisted face
Betrayed the mould of Abraham's race, —
That coal-black hair, that smoke-brown

hue, —

Ah, curséd, unbelieving Jew !
I started, shuddering, to the right,
And squeezed — a second Israelite !

Then woke the evil brood of rage
That slumber, tongueless, in their cage ;
I stabbed in turn with silent oaths
The hook-nosed kite of carrion clothes,
The snaky usurer, him that crawls
And cheats beneath the golden balls,
Moses and Levi, all the horde,
Spawn of the race that slew its Lord.

Up came their murderous deeds of old,
The grisly story Chaucer told,
And many an ugly tale beside
Of children caught and crucified ;
I heard the ducat-sweating thieves
Beneath the Ghetto's slouching eaves,
And, thrust beyond the tented green,
The lepers cry, “ Unclean ! Unclean ! ”

The show went on, but, ill at ease,
My sullen eye it could not please,
In vain my conscience whispered,
“ Shame !

Who but their Maker is to blame ?”
I thought of Judas and his bribe,
And steeled my soul against their tribe :
My neighbors stirred ; I looked again
Full on the younger of the twain.

A fresh young cheek whose olive hue
The mantling blood shows faintly
through ;
Locks dark as midnight, that divide
And shade the neck on either side ;
Soft, gentle, loving eyes that gleam

Clear as a starlit mountain stream ; —
So looked that other child of Shem,
The Maiden's Boy of Bethlehem !

— And thou couldst scorn the peerless
blood
That flows unmixed from the Flood, —
Thy scutcheon spotted with the stains
Of Norman thieves and pirate Danes !
The New World's foundling, in thy pride
Scowl on the Hebrew at thy side,
And lo ! the very semblance there
The Lord of Glory deigned to wear !

I see that radiant image rise,
The flowing hair, the pitying eyes,
The faintly crimsoned cheek that shows
The blush of Sharon's opening rose, —
Thy hands would clasp his hallowed feet
Whose brethren soil thy Christian seat,
Thy lips would press his garment's hem
That curl in wrathful scorn for them !

A sudden mist, a watery screen,
Dropped like a veil before the scene ;
The shadow floated from my soul,
And to my lips a whisper stole, —
“ Thy prophets caught the Spirit's flame,
From thee the Son of Mary came,
With thee the Father deigned to dwell, —
Peace be upon thee, Israel ! ”

18 —. Rewritten 1874.

AFTER THE FIRE.

WHILE far along the eastern sky
I saw the flags of Havoc fly,
As if his forces would assault
The sovereign of the starry vault
And hurl Him back the burning rain
That seared the cities of the plain,
I read as on a crimson page
The words of Israel's sceptred sage : —

*For riches make them wings, and they
Do as an eagle fly away.*

O vision of that sleepless night,
What hue shall paint the mocking light
That burned and stained the orient skies
Where peaceful morning loves to rise,
As if the sun had lost his way
And dawned to make a second day, —
Above how red with fiery glow,
How dark to those it woke below !

On roof and wall, on dome and spire,
Flashed the false jewels of the fire ;

Girt with her belt of glittering panes,
And crowned with starry-gleaming vanes,
Our northern queen in glory shone
With new-born splendors not her own,
And stood, transfigured in our eyes,
A victim decked for sacrifice !

The cloud still hovers overhead,
And still the midnight sky is red ;
As the lost wanderer strays alone
To seek the place he called his own,
His devious footprints sadly tell
How changed the pathways known so
well ;
The scene, how new ! The tale, how old
Ere yet the ashes have grown cold !

Again I read the words that came
Writ in the rubric of the flame :
Howe'er we trust to mortal things,
Each hath its pair of folded wings ;
Though long their terrors rest unspread
Their fatal plumes are never shed ;
At last, at last, they stretch in flight,
And blot the day and blast the night !
Hope, only Hope, of all that clings
Around us, never spreads her wings ;
Love, though he break his earthly chain,
Still whispers he will come again ;
But Faith that soars to seek the sky
Shall teach our half-fledged souls to fly,
And find, beyond the smoke and flame,
The cloudless azure whence they came !

1872.

A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

No ! never such a draught was poured
Since Hebe served with nectar
The bright Olympians and their Lord,
Her over-kind protector, —
Since Father Noah squeezed the grape
And took to such behaving
As would have shamed our grandsire ape
Before the days of shaving, —
No ! ne'er was mingled such a draught
In palace, hall, or arbor,
As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed
That night in Boston Harbor !
It kept King George so long awake
His brain at last got addled,
It made the nerves of Britain shake,
With sevenscore millions saddled ;
Before that bitter cup was drained,
Amid the roar of cannon,

The Western war-cloud's crimson stained
The Thames, the Clyde, the Shannon ;
Full many a six-foot grenadier
The flattened grass had measured,
And many a mother many a year
Her tearful memories treasured ;
Fast spread the tempest's darkening pall,
The mighty realms were troubled,
The storm broke loose, but first of all
The Boston teapot bubbled !

An evening party, — only that,
No formal invitation,
No gold-laced coat, no stiff cravat,
No feast in contemplation,
No silk-robed dames, no fiddling band,
No flowers, no songs, no dancing, —
A tribe of Red men, axe in hand, —
Behold the guests advancing !
How fast the stragglers join the throng,
From stall and workshop gathered !
The lively barber skips along
And leaves a chin half-lathered ;
The smith has flung his hammer down, —
The horseshoe still is glowing ;
The truant tapster at the Crown
Has left a beer-cask flowing ;
The cooper's boys have dropped the adze,
And trot behind their master ;
Up run the tarry ship-yard lads, —
The crowd is hurrying faster, —
Out from the Millpond's purlieus gush
The streams of white-faced millers,
And down their slippery alleys rush
The lusty young Fort-Hillers ;
The ropewalk lends its 'prentice crew, —
The tories seize the omen :
“ Ay, boys, you 'll soon have work to do
For England's rebel foemen,
King Hancock,' Adams, and their gang,
That fire the mob with treason, —
When these we shoot and those we
hang
The town will come to reason.”

On — on to where the tea-ships ride !
And now their ranks are forming, —
A rush, and up the Dartmouth's side
The Mohawk band is swarming !
See the fierce natives ! What a glimpse
Of paint and fur and feather,
As all at once the full-grown imps
Light on the deck together !
A scarf the pigtail's secret keeps,
A blanket hides the breeches, —
And out the curséd cargo leaps,
And overboard it pitches !

O woman, at the evening board
So gracious, sweet, and purring,
So happy while the tea is poured,
So blest while spoons are stirring,
What martyr can compare with thee,
The mother, wife, or daughter,
That night, instead of best Bohea,
Condemned to milk and water !

Ah, little dreams the quiet dame
Who plies with rock and spindle
The patient flax, how great a flame
Yon little spark shall kindle !
The lurid morning shall reveal
A fire no king can smother
Where British flint and Boston steel
Have clashed against each other !
Old charters shrivel in its track,
His Worship's bench has crumbled,
It climbs and clasps the union-jack,
Its blazoned pomp is humbled,
The flags go down on land and sea
Like corn before the reapers ;
So burned the fire that brewed the tea
That Boston served her keepers !

The waves that wrought a century's
wreck
Have rolled o'er whig and tory ;
The Mohawks on the Dartmouth's deck
Still live in song and story ;
The waters in the rebel bay
Have kept the tea-leaf savor ;
Our old North-Enders in their spray
Still taste a Hyson flavor ;

And Freedom's teacup still o'erflows
With ever fresh libations,
To cheat of slumber all her foes
And cheer the wakening nations !

1874.

NEARING THE SNOW-LINE.

SLOW toiling upward from the misty
vale,
I leave the bright enamelled zones
below ;
No more for me their beauteous bloom
shall glow,
Their lingering sweetness load the morn-
ing gale ;
Few are the slender flowerets, scentless,
pale,
That on their ice-clad stems all trem-
bling blow
Along the margin of unmelting
snow ;
Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I
hail,
White realm of peace above the flower-
ing line ;
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky
spires !
O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt
planets shine,
On thy majestic altars fade the fires
That filled the air with smoke of vain
desires,
And all the unclouded blue of heaven
is thine !

1870.

IN WAR TIME.

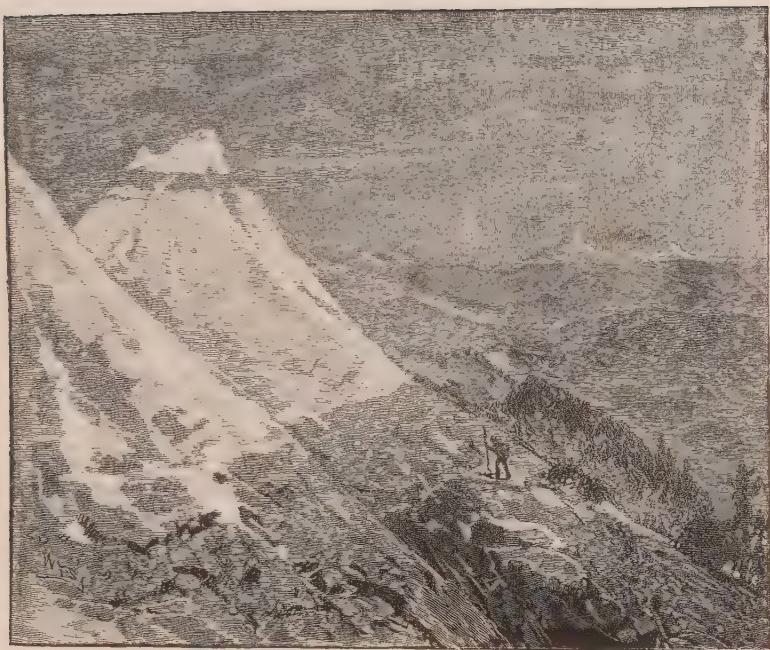
TO CANAAN.

A PURITAN WAR-SONG.

WHERE are you going, soldiers,
With banner, gun, and sword ?
We're marching South to Canaan
To battle for the Lord !
What Captain leads your armies
Along the rebel coasts ?

The Mighty One of Israel,
His name is Lord of Hosts !
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To blow before the heathen walls
The trumpets of the North !

What flag is this you carry
Along the sea and shore ?



NEARING THE SNOW-LINE. Page 196.



The same our grandsires lifted up, —
The same our fathers bore !
In many a battle's tempest
It shed the crimson rain, —
What God has woven in his loom
Let no man rend in twain !
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To plant upon the rebel towers
The banners of the North !

What troop is this that follows,
All armed with picks and spades ?¹
These are the swarthy bondsmen, —
The iron-skin brigades !
They 'll pile up Freedom's breastwork,
They 'll scoop out rebels' graves ;
Who then will be their owner
And march them off for slaves ?
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To strike upon the captive's chain
The hammers of the North !

What song is this you 're singing ?
The same that Israel sung
When Moses led the mighty choir,
And Miriam's timbrel rung !
To Canaan ! To Canaan !
The priests and maidens cried :
To Canaan ! To Canaan !
The people's voice replied.
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To thunder through its adder dens
The anthems of the North !

When Canaan's hosts are scattered,
And all her walls lie flat,
What follows next in order ?
— The Lord will see to that !
We 'll break the tyrant's sceptre, —
We 'll build the people's throne, —
When half the world is Freedom's,
Then all the world's our own !
To Canaan, to Canaan
The Lord has led us forth,
To sweep the rebel threshing-floors,
A whirlwind from the North !

August 12, 1862.

**“THUS SAITH THE LORD, I OFFER
THEE THREE THINGS.”**

In poisonous dens, where traitors hide
Like bats that fear the day,

¹ The captured slaves were at this time organized as pioneers.

While all the land our charters claim
Is sweating blood and breathing flame,
Dead to their country's woe and shame,
The recreants whisper STAY !

In peaceful homes, where patriot fires
On Love's own altars glow,
The mother hides her trembling fear,
The wife, the sister, checks a tear,
To breathe the parting word of cheer,
Soldier of Freedom, Go !

In halls where Luxury lies at ease,
And Mammon keeps his state,
Where flatterers fawn and menials
crouch,
The dreamer, startled from his couch,
Wrings a few counters from his pouch,
And murmurs faintly WAIT !

In weary camps, on trampled plains
That ring with fife and drum,
The battling host, whose harness gleams
Along the crimson-flowing streams,
Calls, like a warning voice in dreams,
We want you, Brother ! COME !

Choose ye whose bidding ye will do, —
To go, to wait, to stay !
Sons of the Freedom-loving town,
Heirs of the Fathers' old renown,
The servile yoke, the civic crown,
Await your choice To-DAY !

The stake is laid ! O gallant youth
With yet unsilvered brow,
If Heaven should lose and Hell should
win,
On whom shall lie the mortal sin,
That cries aloud, *It might have been ?*
God calls you — answer NOW.

1862.

NEVER OR NOW.

AN APPEAL.

LISTEN, young heroes ! your country is
calling !
Time strikes the hour for the brave
and the true !
Now, while the foremost are fighting and
falling,
Fill up the ranks that have opened for
you !

You whom the fathers made free and de-
fended,

Stain not the scroll that emblazons
their fame !
You whose fair heritage spotless' de-
scended,
Leave not your children a birthright
of shame !

Stay not for questions while Freedom
stands gasping !
Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in
his pall !
Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the
hands' clasping,—
“Off for the wars !” is enough for
them all !

Break from the arms that would fondly
caress you !
Hark ! 't is the bugle-blast, sabres are
drawn !
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall
bless you,
Maidens shall weep for you when you
are gone !

Never or now ! cries the blood of a na-
tion,
Poured on the turf where the red rose
should bloom ;
Now is the day and the hour of salva-
tion, —
Never or now ! peals the trumpet of
doom !

Never or now ! roars the hoarse-throated
cannon
Through the black canopy blotting
the skies ;
Never or now ! flaps the shell-blasted
pennon
O'er the deep ooze where the Cumberland
lies !

From the foul dens where our brothers
are dying,
Aliens and foes in the land of their
birth, —
From the rank swamps where our mar-
tyrs are lying
Pleading in vain for a handful of
earth, —

From the hot plains where they perish
outnumbered,
Furrowed and ridged by the battle-
field's plough,

Comes the loud summons ; too long you
have slumbered,
Hear the last Angel-trump, — Never
or Now !

1862.

ONE COUNTRY.

ONE country ! Treason's writhing asp
Struck madly at her girdle's clasp,
And Hatred wrenched with might and
main
To rend its welded links in twain,
While Mammon hugged his golden calf
Content to take one broken half,
While thankless churls stood idly by
And heard unmoved a nation's cry !

One country ! “Nay,” — the tyrant
crew
Shrieked from their dens, — “it shall
be two !
Ill bodes to us this monstrous birth,
That scowls on all the thrones of earth,
Too broad yon starry cluster shines,
Too proudly tower the New-World
pines,
Tear down the ‘banner of the free,’
And cleave their land from sea to sea !”

One country still, though foe and
“friend”
Our seamless empire strove to rend ;
Safe ! safe ! though all the fiends of hell
Join the red murderers' battle-yell !
What though the lifted sabres gleam,
The cannons frown by shore and stream, —
The sabres clash, the cannons thrill,
In wild accord, One country still !

One country ! in her stress and strain
We heard the breaking of a chain !
Look where the conquering Nation
swings

Her iron flail, — its shivered rings !
Forged by the rebels' crimson hand,
That bolt of wrath shall scourge the
land
Till Peace proclaims on sea and shore
One Country now and evermore !

1865.

GOD SAVE THE FLAG!

WASHED in the blood of the brave and
the blooming,
Snatched from the altars of insolent
foes,

Burning with star-fires, but never consuming,
Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose.

Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend it,
Vainly his worshippers pray for its fall ;
Thousands have died for it, millions defend it,
Emblem of justice and mercy to all :

Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,
Mercy that comes with her white-handed train,
Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,
Sheathing the sabre and breaking the chain.

Borne on the deluge of old usurpations,
Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas,
Bearing the rainbow of hope to the nations,
Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to the breeze !

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,
While its broad folds o'er the battlefield wave,
Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splendors,
Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave !

1865.

HYMN**AFTER THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.**

GIVER of all that crowns our days,
With grateful hearts we sing thy praise
Through deep and desert led by thee,
Our promised land at last we see.

Ruler of Nations, judge our cause !
If we have kept thy holy laws,
The sons of Belial curse in vain
The day that rends the captive's chain.

Thou God of vengeance ! Israel's Lord !
Break in their grasp the shield and sword,
And make thy righteous judgments known
Till all thy foes are overthrown !

Then, Father, lay thy healing hand
In mercy on our stricken land ;
Lead all its wanderers to the fold,
And be their Shepherd as of old.

So shall one Nation's song ascend
To thee, our Ruler, Father, Friend,
While Heaven's wide arch resounds again
With Peace on earth, good-will to men !

1865.

HYMN**FOR THE FAIR AT CHICAGO.**

O God ! in danger's darkest hour,
In battle's deadliest field,
Thy name has been our Nation's tower,
Thy truth her help and shield.

Our lips should fill the air with praise,
Nor pay the debt we owe,
So high above the songs we raise
The floods of mercy flow.

Yet thou wilt hear the prayer we speak,
The song of praise we sing, —
Thy children, who thine altar seek
Their grateful gifts to bring.

Thine altar is the sufferer's bed,
The home of woe and pain,
The soldier's turf-y pillow, red
With battle's crimson rain.

No smoke of burning stains the air,
No incense-clouds arise ;
Thy peaceful servants, Lord, prepare
A bloodless sacrifice.

Lo ! for our wounded brothers' need,
We bear the wine and oil ;
For us they faint, for us they bleed,
For them our gracious toil !

O Father, bless the gifts we bring !
Cause thou thy face to shine,
Till every nation owns her King,
And all the earth is thine.

1865.

SONGS OF WELCOME AND FAREWELL.

AMERICA TO RUSSIA.

AUGUST 5, 1866.

READ BY HON. G. V. FOX AT A DINNER GIVEN
TO THE MISSION FROM THE UNITED STATES,
ST. PETERSBURG.

THOUGH watery deserts hold apart
The worlds of East and West,
Still beats the selfsame human heart
In each proud Nation's breast.

Our floating turret tempts the main
And dares the howling blast
To clasp more close the golden chain
That long has bound them fast.

In vain the gales of ocean sweep,
In vain the billows roar
That chafe the wild and stormy steep
Of storied Elsinore.

She comes ! She comes ! her banners
dip
In Neva's flashing tide,
With greetings on her cannon's lip,
The storm-god's iron bride !

Peace garlands with the olive-bough
Her thunder-bearing tower,
And plants before her cleaving prow
The sea-foam's milk-white flower.

No prairies heaped their garnered store
To fill her sunless hold,
Not rich Nevada's gleaming ore
Its hidden caves infold,

But lightly as the sea-bird swings
She floats the depths above,
A breath of flame to lend her wings,
Her freight a people's love !

When darkness hid the starry skies
In war's long winter night,
One ray still cheered our straining eyes,
The far-off Northern light !

And now the friendly rays return
From lights that glow afar,
Those clustered lamps of Heaven that
burn
Around the Western Star.

A nation's love in tears and smiles
We bear across the sea,
O Neva of the banded isles,
We moor our hearts in thee !

**WELCOME TO THE GRAND DUKE
ALEXIS.**

MUSIC HALL, DECEMBER 9, 1871.

SUNG TO THE RUSSIAN NATIONAL AIR BY THE
CHILDREN OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

SHADOWED so long by the storm-cloud
of danger,
Thou whom the prayers of an empire
defend,
Welcome, thrice welcome ! but not as a
stranger,
Come to the nation that calls thee its
friend !

Bleak are our shores with the blasts of
December,
Fettered and chill is the rivulet's flow ;
Throbbing and warm are the hearts that
remember
Who was our friend when the world
was our foe.

Look on the lips that are smiling to greet
thee,
See the fresh flowers that a people has
strewn :
Count them thy sisters and brothers
that meet thee ;
Guest of the Nation, her heart is
thine own !

Fires of the North, in eternal commun-
ion,

Blend your broad flashes with evening's bright star !
 God bless the Empire that loves the Great Union ;
 Strength to her people ! Long life to the Czar !

AT THE BANQUET TO THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

DECEMBER 9, 1871.

ONE word to the guest we have gathered to greet !
 The echoes are longing that word to repeat, —
 It springs to the lips that are waiting to part,
 For its syllables spell themselves first in the heart.

Its accents may vary, its sound may be strange,
 But it bears a kind message that nothing can change ;
 The dwellers by Neva its meaning can tell,
 For the smile, its interpreter, shows it full well.

That word ! How it gladdened the Pilgrim of yore,
 As he stood in the snow on the desolate shore !
 When the shout of the Sagamore startled his ear
 In the phrase of the Saxon, 't was music to hear !

Ah, little could Samoset offer our sire, —
 The cabin, the corn-cake, the seat by the fire ;
 He had nothing to give, — the poor lord of the land, —
 But he gave him a WELCOME, — his heart in his hand !

The tribe of the Sachem has melted away,
 But the word that he spoke is remembered to-day,
 And the page that is red with the record of shame
 The tear-drops have whitened round Samoset's name.

The word that he spoke to the Pilgrim of old
 May sound like a tale that has often been told ;
 But the welcome we speak is as fresh as the dew, —
 As the kiss of a lover, that always is new !

Ay, Guest of the Nation ! each roof is thine own
 Through all the broad continent's star-bannered zone ;
 From the shore where the curtain of morn is uprolled,
 To the billows that flow through the gateway of gold.

The snow-crested mountains are calling aloud ;
 Nevada to Ural speaks out of the cloud,
 And Shasta shouts forth, from his throne in the sky,
 To the storm-splintered summits, the peaks of Altai !

You must leave him, they say, till the summer is green !
 Both shores are his home, though the waves roll between ;
 And then we 'll return him, with thanks for the same,
 As fresh and as smiling and tall as he came.

But ours is the region of Arctic delight ;
 We can show him Auroras and pole-stars by night ;
 There 's a Muscovy sting in the ice-tempered air,
 And our firesides are warm and our maidens are fair.

The flowers are full-blown in the garlanded hall, —
 They will bloom round his footsteps wherever they fall ;
 For the splendors of youth and the sunshine they bring
 Make the roses believe 't is the summons of Spring.

One word of our language he needs must know well,
 But another remains that is harder to spell ;

We shall speak it so ill, if he wishes to
learn
How we utter *Farewell*, he will have to
return !

**AT THE BANQUET TO THE CHINESE
EMBASSY.**

AUGUST 21, 1868.

BROTHERS, whom we may not reach
Through the veil of alien speech,
Welcome ! welcome ! eyes can tell
What the lips in vain would spell, —
Words that hearts can understand,
Brothers from the Flowery Land !

We, the evening's latest born,
Hail the children of the morn !
We, the new creation's birth,
Greet the lords of ancient earth,
From their storied walls and towers
Wandering to these tents of ours !

Land of wonders, fair Cathay,
Who long hast shunned the staring day,
Hid in mists of poet's dreams
By thy blue and yellow streams, —
Let us thy shadowed form behold, —
Teach us as thou didst of old.

Knowledge dwells with length of days ;
Wisdom walks in ancient ways ;
Thine the compass that could guide
A nation o'er the stormy tide,
Scourged by passions, doubts, and fears,
Safe through thrice a thousand years !

Looking from thy turrets gray
Thou hast seen the world's decay, —
Egypt drowning in her sands, —
Athens rent by robbers' hands, —
Rome, the wild barbarian's prey,
Like a storm-cloud swept away :

Looking from thy turrets gray
Still we see thee. Where are they ?
And lo ! a new-born nation waits,
Sitting at the golden gates
That glitter by the sunset sea, —
Waits with outspread arms for thee !

Open wide, ye gates of gold,
To the Dragon's banner-fold !
Builders of the mighty wall,
Bid your mountain barriers fall !
So may the girdle of the sun
Bind the East and West in one,

Till Mount Shasta's breezes fan
The snowy peaks of Ta Sieue-Shan, —
Till Erie blends its waters blue
With the waves of Tung-Ting-Hu, —
Till deep Missouri lends its flow
To swell the rushing Hoang-Ho !

**AT THE BANQUET TO THE JAPANESE
EMBASSY.**

AUGUST 2, 1872.

WE welcome you, Lords of the Land of
the Sun !
The voice of the many sounds feebly
through one ;
Ah ! would 't were a voice of more mu-
sical tone,
But the dog-star is here, and the song-
birds have flown.

And what shall I sing that can cheat you
of smiles,
Ye heralds of peace from the Orient
isles ?
If only the Jubilee — Why did you
wait ?
You are welcome, but oh ! you're a lit-
tle too late !

We have greeted our brothers of Ireland
and France,
Round the fiddle of Strauss we have
joined in the dance,
We have lagered Herr Saro, that fine-
looking man,
And glorified Godfrey, whose name it is
Dan.

What a pity ! we've missed it and you've
missed it too,
We had a day ready and waiting for you ;
We'd have shown you — provided, of
course, you had come —
You'd have heard — no, you would n't,
because it was dumb.

And then the great organ ! The chorus's
shout !
Like the mixture teetotalers call, "Cold
without" —
A mingling of elements, strong, but not
sweet ;
And the drum, just referred to, that
"could n't be beat."

The shrines of our pilgrims are not like
your own,

Where white Fusiyama lifts proudly its cone,
(The snow-mantled mountain we see on the fan
That cools our hot cheeks with a breeze from Japan.)

But ours the wide temple where worship is free
As the wind of the prairie, the wave of the sea ;
You may build your own altar wherever you will,
For the roof of that temple is over you still.

One dome overarches the star-bannered shore ;
You may enter the Pope's or the Puritan's door,
Or pass with the Buddhist his gateway of bronze,
For a priest is but Man, be he bishop or bonze.

And the lesson we teach with the sword
and the pen
Is to all of God's children, " We also are men !
If you wrong us we smart, if you prick us we bleed,
If you love us, no quarrel with color or creed ! "

You'll find us a well-meaning, free-spoken crowd,
Good-natured enough, but a little too loud, —
To be sure there is always a bit of a row
When we choose our Tycoon, and especially now.

You'll take it all calmly, — we want you to see
What a peaceable fight such a contest can be,
And of one thing be certain, however it ends,
You will find that our voters have chosen your friends.

If the horse that stands saddled is first in the race,
You will greet your old friend with the weed in his face,
And if the white hat and the White House agree,
You'll find H. G. really as loving as he.

But O, what a pity — once more I must say —
That we could not have joined in a " Japanese day " !
Such greeting we give you to-night as we can ;
Long life to our brothers and friends of Japan !

The Lord of the mountain looks down from his crest
As the banner of morning unfurls in the West ;
The Eagle was always the friend of the Sun ;
You are welcome ! — The song of the cage-bird is done.

BRYANT'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

NOVEMBER 3, 1864.

O EVEN-HANDED Nature ! we confess
This life that men so honor, love, and bless
Has filled thine olden measure. Not the less

We count the precious seasons that remain ;
Strike not the level of the golden grain,
But heap it high with years, that earth may gain

What heaven can lose, — for heaven is rich in song :
Do not all poets, dying, still prolong Their broken chants amid the seraph throng,

Where, blind no more, Ionia's bard is seen,
And England's heavenly minstrel sits between
The Mantuan and the wan-cheeked Florentine ?

— This was the first sweet singer in the cage
Of our close-woven life. A new-born age
Claims in his vesper song its heritage :
Spare us, O, spare us long our heart's desire !
Moloch, who calls our children through the fire,
Leaves us the gentle master of the lyre.

We count not on the dial of the sun
The hours, the minutes, that his sands
have run ;
Rather, as on those flowers that one by
one

From earliest dawn their ordered bloom
display
Till evening's planet with her guiding
ray
Leads in the blind old mother of the
day,

We reckon by his songs, each song a
flower,
The long, long daylight, numbering
hour by hour,
Each breathing sweetness like a bridal
bower.

His morning glory shall we e'er forget?
His noon tide's full-blown lily coronet?
His evening primrose has not opened
yet ;

Nay, even if creeping Time should hide
the skies
In midnight from his century-laden
eyes,
Darkened like his who sang of Paradise,

Would not some hidden song-bud open
bright
As the resplendent cactus of the night
That floods the gloom with fragrance
and with light ?

— How can we praise the verse whose
music flows
With solemn cadence and majestic close,
Pure as the dew that filters through the
rose ?

How shall we thank him that in evil
days
He faltered never, — nor for blame, nor
praise,
Nor hire, nor party, shamed his earlier
lays ?

But as his boyhood was of manliest hue,
So to his youth his manly years were
true,
All dyed in royal purple through and
through !

He for whose touch the lyre of Heaven
is strung

Needs not the flattering toil of mortal
tongue :

Let not the singer grieve to die unsung !

Marbles forget their message to man-
kind :

In his own verse the poet still we find,
In his own page his memory lives en-
shrine,

As in their amber sweets the smothered
bees, —

As the fair cedar, fallen before the
breeze,

Lies self-embalmed amidst the moulder-
ing trees.

— Poets, like youngest children, never
grow

Out of their mother's fondness. Nature
so

Holds their soft hands, and will not let
them go,

Till at the last they track with even feet
Her rhythmic footsteps, and their pulses
beat

Twinned with her pulses, and their lips
repeat

The secrets she has told them, as their
own :

Thus is the inmost soul of Nature known,
And the rapt minstrel shares her awful
throne !

Or lover of her mountains and her woods,
Her bridal chamber's leafy solitudes,
Where Love himself with tremulous
step intrudes,

Her snows fall harmless on thy sacred
fire :

Far be the day that claims thy sounding
lyre

To join the music of the angel choir !

Yet, since life's amplest measure must
be filled,

Since throbbing hearts must be forever
stilled,

And all must fade that evening sunsets
gild,

Grant, Father, ere he close the mortal
eyes

That wins and warms, that kindles,
softens, cheers,
That calms the wildest woe and stays
the bitterest tears !

Forgive the simple words that sound
like praise ;
The mist before me dims my gilded
phrase ;
Our speech at best is half alive and
cold,
And save that tenderer moments make
us bold
Our whitening lips would close, their
truest truth untold.

We who behold our autumn sun below
The Scorpion's sign, against the Arch-
er's bow,
Know well what parting means of
friend from friend ;
After the snows no freshening dews
descend,
And what the frost has marred, the sun-
shine will not mend.

So we all count the months, the weeks,
the days,
That keep thee from us in unwonted
ways,
Grudging to alien hearths our widowed
time ;
And one has shaped a breath in artless
rhyme
That sighs, "We track thee still through
each remotest clime."

What wishes, longings, blessings,
prayers shall be
The more than golden freight that
floats with thee !
And know, whatever welcome thou
shalt find, —
Thou who hast won the hearts of half
mankind, —
The proudest, fondest love thou leavest
still behind !

TO CHRISTIAN GOTTFRIED EHREN- BERG.

FOR HIS "JUBILÆUM" AT BERLIN,
NOVEMBER 5, 1868.

THOU who hast taught the teachers of
mankind
How from the least of things the
mightiest grow,

What marvel jealous Nature made thee
blind,
Lest man should learn what angels
long to know ?
Thou in the flinty rock, the river's flow,
In the thick-moted sunbeam's sifted
light
Hast trained thy downward-pointed tube
to show
Worlds within worlds unveiled to mor-
tal sight,
Even as the patient watchers of the
night, —
The cyclope gleaners of the fruitful
skies, —
Show the wide misty way where heaven
is white
All paved with suns that daze our
wondering eyes.

Far o'er the stormy deep an empire lies,
Beyond the storied islands of the
blest,
That waits to see the lingering day-star
rise ;
The forest-cinctured Eden of the
West ;
Whose queen, fair Freedom, twines her
iron crest
With leaves from every wreath that
mortals wear,
But loves the sober garland ever best
That Science lends the sage's silvered
hair ; —
Science, who makes life's heritage more
fair,
Forging for every lock its mastering
key,
Filling with life and hope the stagnant
air,
Pouring the light of Heaven o'er land
and sea !
From her unceptred realm we come to
thee,
Bearing our slender tribute in our
hands ;
Deem it not worthless, humble though
it be,
Set by the larger gifts of older lands :
The smallest fibres weave the strongest
bands, —
In narrowest tubes the sovereign nerves
are spun, —
A little cord along the deep sea-sands
Makes the live thought of severed na-
tions one :

Thy fame has journeyed westering with
the sun,
Prairies and lone sierras know thy
name
And the long day of service nobly done
That crowns thy darkened evening
with its flame !

One with the grateful world, we own thy
claim, —
Nay, rather claim our right to join the
throng
Who come with varied tongues, but
hearts the same,
To hail thy festal morn with smiles
and song ;

Ah, happy they to whom the joys be-
long
Of peaceful triumphs that can never
die
From History's record, — not of gilded
wrong,
But golden truths that while the
world goes by
With all its empty pageant, blazoned
high
Around the Master's name forever
shine !
So shines thy name illumined in the
sky, —
Such joys, such triumphs, such re-
membrance thine !

MEMORIAL VERSES.

FOR THE SERVICES IN MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

CITY OF BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1865.

CHORAL: Luther's "Judgment Hymn."

O THOU of soul and sense and breath,
The ever-present Giver,
Unto thy mighty Angel, Death,
All flesh thou dost deliver ;
What most we cherish we resign,
For life and death alike are thine,
Who reignest Lord forever !

Our hearts lie buried in the dust
With him so true and tender,
The patriot's stay, the people's trust,
The shield of the offender ;
Yet every murmuring voice is still,
As, bowing to thy sovereign will,
Our best-loved we surrender.

Dear Lord, with pitying eye behold
This martyr generation,
Which thou, through trials manifold,
Art showing thy salvation !
O let the blood by murder spilt
Wash out thy stricken children's guilt
And sanctify our nation !

Be thou thy orphaned Israel's friend,
Forsake thy people never,

In One our broken Many blend,
That none again may sever !
Hear us, O Father, while we raise
With trembling lips our song of praise,
And bless thy name forever !

FOR THE COMMEMORATION SER- VICES.

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 21, 1865.

FOUR summers coined their golden light
in leaves,
Four wasteful autumns flung them to
the gale,
Four winters wore the shroud the tem-
pest weaves,
The fourth wan April weeps o'er hill
and vale ;
And still the war-clouds scowl on sea
and land,
With the red gleams of battle staining
through,
When lo ! as parted by an angel's
hand,
They open, and the heavens again are
blue !
Which is the dream, the present or the
past ?
The night of anguish or the joyous
morn ?

The long, long years with horrors overcast,
Or the sweet promise of the day new-born ?

Tell us, O father, as thine arms infold
Thy belted first-born in their fast embrace,
Murmuring the prayer the patriarch breathed of old, —
“ Now let me die, for I have seen thy face ! ”

Tell us, O mother, — nay, thou canst not speak,
But thy fond eyes shall answer, brimmed with joy, —
Press thy mute lips against the sun-browned cheek,
Is this a phantom, — thy returning boy ?

Tell us, O maiden — Ah, what canst thou tell
That Nature's record is not first to teach, —

The open volume all can read so well,
With its twin rose-hued pages full of speech ?

And ye who mourn your dead, — how sternly true
The crushing hour that wrenched their lives away,
Shadowed with sorrow's midnight veil for you,
For them the dawning of immortal day !

Dream-like these years of conflict, not a dream !
Death, ruin, ashes tell the awful tale,
Read by the flaming war-track's lurid gleam :
No dream, but truth that turns the nations pale !

For on the pillar raised by martyr hands
Burns the rekindled beacon of the right,
Sowing its seeds of fire o'er all the lands, —
Thrones look a century older in its light !

Rome had her triumphs ; round the conqueror's car

The ensigns waved, the brazen clarions blew,
And o'er the reeking spoils of bandit war

With outspread wings the cruel eagles flew ;

Arms, treasures, captives, kings in clanking chains
Urged on by trampling cohorts bronzed and scarred,
And wild-eyed wonders snared on Libyan plains,
Lion and ostrich and camelopard.

Vain all that praetors clutched, that consuls brought
When Rome's returning legions crowned their lord ;
Less than the least brave deed these hands have wrought,
We clasp, unclenching from the bloody sword.

Theirs was the mighty work that seers foretold ;
They know not half their glorious toil has won,
For this is Heaven's same battle, — joined of old
When Athens fought for us at Marathon !

— Behold a vision none hath understood !
The breaking of the Apocalyptic seal ;
Twice rings the summons. — Hail and fire and blood !
Then the third angel blows his trumpet-peal.

Loud wail the dwellers on the myrtled coasts,
The green savannas swell the mad-dened cry,
And with a yell from all the demon hosts
Falls the great star called Wormwood from the sky !

Bitter it mingles with the poisoned flow
Of the warm rivers winding to the shore,
Thousands must drink the waves of death and woe,
But the star Wormwood stains the heavens no more !

Peace smiles at last ; the Nation calls
her sons
To sheathe the sword ; her battle-flag
she furls,
Speaks in glad thunders from unshotted
guns,
No terror shrouded in the smoke-
wreath's curls.

O ye that fought for Freedom, living,
dead,
One sacred host of God's anointed
Queen,
For every holy drop your veins have shed
We breathe a welcome to our bowers
of green !

Welcome, ye living ! from the foeman's
gripe
Your country's banner it was yours
to wrest, —
Ah, many a forehead shows the banner-
stripe,
And stars, once crimson, hallow many
a breast.

And ye, pale heroes, who from glory's
bed
Mark when your old battalions form
in line,
Move in their marching ranks with
noiseless tread,
And shape unheard the evening coun-
tersign,

Come with your comrades, the returning
brave ;
Shoulder to shoulder they await you
here ;
These lent the life their martyr-brothers
gave, —
Living and dead alike forever dear !

EDWARD EVERETT.

"OUR FIRST CITIZEN."¹

WINTER's cold drift lies glistening o'er
his breast ;
For him no spring shall bid the leaf
unfold :
What Love could speak, by sudden grief
oppressed,
What swiftly summoned Memory tell,
is told.

¹ Read at the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, January 30, 1865.

Even as the bells, in one consenting
chime,
Filled with their sweet vibrations all
the air,
So joined all voices, in that mournful
time,
His genius, wisdom, virtues, to de-
clare.

What place is left for words of measured
praise,
Till calm-eyed History, with her iron
pen,
Grooves in the unchanging rock the
final phrase
That shapes his image in the souls of
men ?

Yet while the echoes still repeat his
name,
While countless tongues his full-orbed
life rehearse,
Love, by his beating pulses taught, will
claim
The breath of song, the tuneful throb
of verse, —

Verse that, in ever-changing ebb and
flow,
Moves, like the laboring heart, with
rush and rest,
Or swings in solemn cadence, sad and
slow,
Like the tired heaving of a grief-worn
breast.

— This was a mind so rounded, so com-
plete ;
No partial gift of Nature in excess ;
That, like a single stream where many
meet,
Each separate talent counted some-
thing less.

A little hillock, if it lonely stand,
Holds o'er the fields an undisputed
reign ;
While the broad summit of the table-
land
Seems with its belt of clouds a level
plain.

Servant of all his powers, that faithful
slave,
Unsleeping Memory, strengthening
with his toils,

To every ruder task his shoulder gave,
And loaded every day with golden
spoils.

Order, the law of Heaven, was throned
supreme
O'er action, instinct, impulse, feeling,
thought;
True as the dial's shadow to the beam,
Each hour was equal to the charge it
brought.

Too large his compass for the nicer skill
That weighs the world of science grain
by grain;
All realms of knowledge owned the mas-
tering will
That claimed the franchise of its
whole domain.

Earth, air, sea, sky, the elemental fire,
Art, history, song, — what meanings
lie in each
Found in his cunning hand a stringless
lyre,
And poured their mingling music
through his speech.

Thence flowed those anthems of our fes-
tal days,
Whose ravishing division held apart
The lips of listening throngs in sweet
amaze,
Moved in all breasts the selfsame
human heart.

Subdued his accents, as of one who tries
To press some care, some haunting
sadness down;
His smile half shadow; and to stranger
eyes
The kingly forehead wore an iron
crown.

He was not armed to wrestle with the
storm,
To fight for homely truth with vulgar
power;
Grace looked from every feature, shaped
his form,—
The rose of Academe, — the perfect
flower!

Such was the stately scholar whom we
knew
In those ill days of soul-enslaving
calm,

Before the blast of Northern vengeance
blew
Her snow-wreathed pine against the
Southern palm.

Ah, God forgive us! did we hold too
cheap
The heart we might have known, but
would not see,
And look to find the nation's friend
asleep
Through the dread hour of her Geth-
semane?

That wrong is past; we gave him up to
Death
With all a hero's honors round his
name;
As martyrs coin their blood, he coined
his breath,
And dimmed the scholar's in the
patriot's fame.

So shall we blazon on the shaft we
raise,—
Telling our grief, our pride, to un-
born years,—
“He who had lived the mark of all
men's praise
Died with the tribute of a Nation's
tears.”

SHAKESPEARE.

TERCENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

APRIL 23, 1864.

“Who claims our Shakespeare from
that realm unknown,
Beyond the storm-vexed islands of
the deep,
Where Genoa's roving mariner was
blown?
Her twofold Saint's-day let our Eng-
land keep;
Shall warring aliens share her holy
task?”
The Old World echoes ask.

O land of Shakespeare! ours with all
thy past,
Till these last years that make the
sea so wide,
Think not the jar of battle's trumpet-
blast
Has dulled our aching sense to joyous
pride

In every noble word thy sons bequeathed
The air our fathers breathed !

War-wasted, haggard, panting from the
strife,
We turn to other days and far-off
lands,
Live o'er in dreams the Poet's faded life,
Come with fresh lilies in our fevered
hands
To wreath his bust, and scatter purple
flowers,—
Not his the need, but ours !

We call those poets who are first to
mark
Through earth's dull mist the coming
of the dawn,—
Who see in twilight's gloom the first
pale spark,
While others only note that day is
gone;
For him the Lord of light the curtain
rent
That veils the firmament.

The greatest for its greatness is half
known,
Stretching beyond our narrow quad-
rant-lines,—
As in that world of Nature all outgrown
Where Calaveras lifts his awful pines,
And cast from Mariposa's mountain-
wall
Nevada's cataracts fall.

Yet heaven's remotest orb is partly ours,
Throbbing its radiance like a beating
heart;
In the wide compass of angelic powers
The instinct of the blindworm has its
part;
So in God's kingliest creature we behold
The flower our buds infold.

With no vain praise we mock the stone-
carved name
Stamped once on dust that moved
with pulse and breath,
As thinking to enlarge that amplest
fame
Whose undimmed glories gild the
night of death:
We praise not star or sun; in these we
see
Thee, Father, only thee !

Thy gifts are beauty, wisdom, power,
and love:

We read, we reverence on this human
soul,—
Earth's clearest mirror of the light
above,—
Plain as the record on thy prophet's
scroll,
When o'er his page the effluent splen-
dors poured,
Thine own, "Thus saith the Lord!"

This player was a prophet from on high,
Thine own elected. Statesman, poet,
sage,
For him thy sovereign pleasure passed
them by;
Sidney's fair youth, and Raleigh's
ripened age,
Spenser's chaste soul, and his imperial
mind
Who taught and shamed mankind.

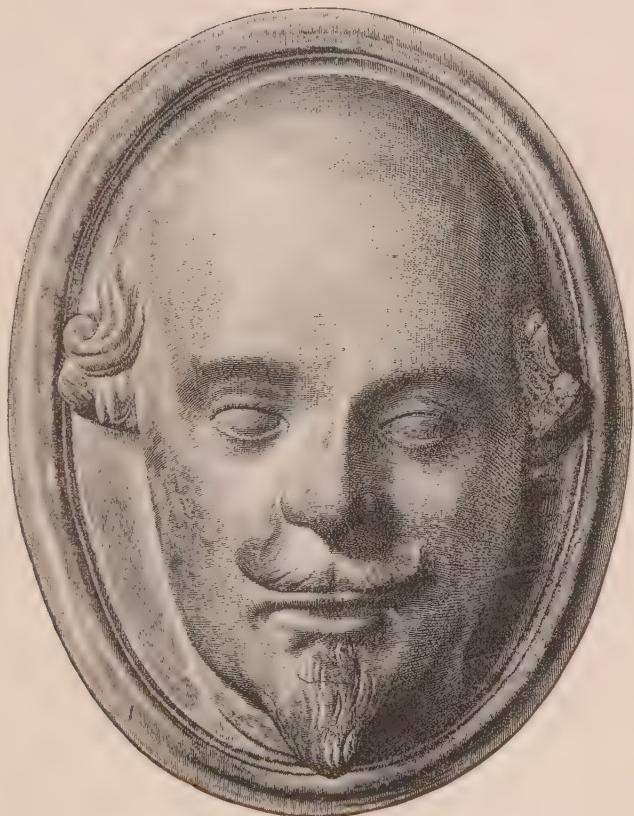
Therefore we bid our hearts' Te Deum
rise,
Nor fear to make thy worship less di-
vine,
And hear the shouted choral shake the
skies,
Counting all glory, power, and wis-
dom thine;
For thy great gift thy greater name
adore,
And praise thee evermore!

In this dread hour of Nature's utmost
need,
Thanks for these unstained drops of
freshening dew!
O, while our martyrs fall, our heroes
bleed,
Keep us to every sweet remembrance
true,
Till from this blood-red sunset springs
new-born
Our Nation's second morn!

IN MEMORY OF JOHN AND ROBERT WARE.

READ AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF
THE MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SO-
CIETY, MAY 25, 1864.

No mystic charm, no mortal art,
Can bid our loved companions stay;
The bands that clasp them to our heart



THE SHAKESPEARE BUST AT STRATFORD. Page 211.

Snap in death's frost and fall apart ;
Like shadows fading with the day,
They pass away.

The young are stricken in their pride,
The old, long tottering, faint and fall ;
Master and scholar, side by side,
Through the dark portals silent glide,
That open in life's moulderling wall
And close on all.

Our friend's, our teacher's task was done,
When Mercy called him from on high ;
A little cloud had dimmed the sun,
The saddening hours had just begun,
And darker days were drawing nigh :
'T was time to die.

A whiter soul, a fairer mind,
A life with purer course and aim,
A gentler eye, a voice more kind,
We may not look on earth to find.
The love that lingers o'er his name
Is more than fame.

These blood-red summers ripen fast ;
The sons are older than the sires ;
Ere yet the tree to earth is cast,
The sapling falls before the blast ;
Life's ashes keep their covered fires, —
Its flame expires.

Struck by the noiseless, viewless foe,
Whose deadlier breath than shot or
shell
Has laid the best and bravest low,
His boy, all bright in morning's glow,
That high-souled youth he loved so
well,
Untimely fell.

Yet still he wore his placid smile,
And, trustful in the cheering creed
That strives all sorrow to beguile,
Walked calmly on his way awhile :
Ah, breast that leans on breaking reed
Must ever bleed !

So they both left us, sire and son,
With opening leaf, with laden bough :
The youth whose race was just begun,
The wearied man whose course was run,
Its record written on his brow,
Are brothers now.

Brothers ! — The music of the sound
Breathes softly through my closing
strain ;
The floor we tread is holy ground,

Those gentle spirits hovering round,
While our fair circle joins again
Its broken chain.

1864.

HUMBOLDT'S BIRTHDAY.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, SEPTEM-
BER 14, 1869.

BONAPARTE, AUGUST 15, 1769. — HUM-
BOLDT, SEPTEMBER 14, 1769.

ERE yet the warning chimes of midnight
sound,
Set back the flaming index of the year,
Track the swift-shifting seasons in their
round
Through fivescore circles of the swing-
ing sphere.

Lo, in yon islet of the midland sea
That cleaves the storm-cloud with its
snowy crest,
The embryo-heir of Empires yet to be,
A month-old babe upon his mother's
breast.

Those little hands that soon shall grow
so strong
In their rude grasp great thrones shall
rock and fall,
Press her soft bosom, while a nursery
song
Holds the world's master in its slender
thrall.

Look ! a new crescent bends its silver
bow ;
A new-lit star has fired the eastern
sky ;
Hark ! by the river where the lindens
blow
A waiting household hears an infant's
cry.

This, too, a conqueror ! His the vast
domain,
Wider than widest sceptre-shadowed
lands ;
Earth, and the weltering kingdom of the
main
Laid their broad charters in his royal
hands.

His was no taper lit in cloistered cage,
Its glimmer borrowed from the grove
or porch ;

He read the record of the planet's page
By Etna's glare and Cotopaxi's torch.

He heard the voices of the pathless
woods ;
On the salt steppes he saw the star-
light shine ;
He scaled the mountain's windy soli-
tudes,
And trod the galleries of the breath-
less mine.

For him no fingering of the love-strung
lyre,
No problem vague, by torturing school-
men vexed ;
He fed no broken altar's dying fire,
Nor skulked and scowled behind a
Rabbi's text.

For God's new truth he claimed the
kingly robe
That priestly shoulders counted all
their own,
Unrolled the gospel of the storied globe
And led young Science to her empty
throne.

While the round planet on its axle
spins
One fruitful year shall boast its double
birth,
And show the cradles of its mighty
twins,
Master and Servant of the sons of
earth.

Which wears the garland that shall never
fade,
Sweet with fair memories that can
never die ?
Ask not the marbles where their bones
are laid,
But bow thine ear to hear thy brothers'
cry :—

"Tear up the despot's laurels by the
root,
Like mandrakes, shrieking as they
quit the soil !
Feed us no more upon the blood-red
fruit
That sucks its crimson from the heart
of Toil !

"We claim the food that fixed our mor-
tal fate, —
Bend to our reach the long-forbidden
tree !
The angel frowned at Eden's eastern
gate, —
Its western portal is forever free !

"Bring the white blossoms of the waning
year,
Heap with full hands the peaceful con-
queror's shrine
Whose bloodless triumphs cost no suf-
ferer's tear !
Hero of knowledge, be our tribute
thine !"

POEM

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE HALLECK
MONUMENT, JULY 8, 1869.

SAY not the Poet dies !
Though in the dust he lies,
He cannot forfeit his melodious breath,
Unsphered by envious death !
Life drops the voiceless myriads from
its roll ;
Their fate he cannot share,
Who, in the enchanted air
Sweet with the lingering strains that
Echo stole,
Has left his dearer self, the music of his
soul !

We o'er his turf may raise
Our notes of feeble praise,
And carve with pious care for after
eyes
The stone with "Here he lies";
He for himself has built a nobler
shrine,
Whose walls of stately rhyme
Roll back the tides of time,
While o'er their gates the gleaming
tablets shine
That wear his name inwrought with
many a golden line !

Call not our Poet dead,
Though on his turf we tread !
Green is the wreath their brows so
long have worn, —
The minstrels of the morn,

Who, while the Orient burned with new-born flame,
Caught that celestial fire
And struck a Nation's lyre !
These taught the western winds the poet's name ;
Theirs the first opening buds, the maiden flowers of fame !

Count not our Poet dead !
The stars shall watch his bed,
The rose of June its fragrant life renew
His blushing mound to strew,
And all the tuneful throats of summer swell
With trills as crystal-clear
As when he wooed the ear
Of the young muse that haunts each wooded dell,
With songs of that "rough land" he loved so long and well !

He sleeps ; he cannot die !
As evening's long-drawn sigh,
Lifting the rose-leaves on his peaceful mound,
Spreads all their sweets around,
So, laden with his song, the breezes blow
From where the rustling sedge
Freys our rude ocean's edge
To the smooth sea beyond the peaks of snow.
His soul the air enshrines and leaves but dust below !

HYMN

FOR THE CELEBRATION AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF HARVARD MEMORIAL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, OCTOBER 6, 1870.

Not with the anguish of hearts that are breaking
Come we as mourners to weep for our dead ;
Grief in our breasts has grown weary of aching,
Green is the turf where our tears we have shed.

While o'er their marbles the mosses are creeping,
Stealing each name and its legend away,

Give their proud story to Memory's keeping,
Shrined in the temple we hallow today.

Hushed are their battle-fields, ended their marches,
Deaf are their ears to the drum-beat of morn, —
Rise from the sod, ye fair columns and arches !
Tell their bright deeds to the ages unborn !

Emblem and legend may fade from the portal,
Keystone may crumble and pillar may fall ;
They were the builders whose work is immortal,
Crowned with the dome that is over us all !

HYMN

FOR THE DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL HALL AT CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 23, 1874.

WHERE, girt around by savage foes,
Our nurturing Mother's shelter rose,
Behold, the lofty temple stands,
Reared by her children's grateful hands !

Firm are the pillars that defy
The volleyed thunders of the sky ;
Sweet are the summer wreaths that twine
With bud and flower our martyrs' shrine.

The hues their tattered colors bore
Fall mingling on the sunlit floor
Till evening spreads her spangled pall,
And wraps in shade the storied hall.

Firm were their hearts in danger's hour,
Sweet was their manhood's morning flower,
Their hopes with rainbow hues were bright, —
How swiftly winged the sudden night !

O Mother ! on thy marble page
Thy children read, from age to age,

The mighty word that upward leads
Through noble thought to nobler deeds.

TRUTH, heaven-born TRUTH, their fearless guide,
Thy saints have lived, thy heroes died ;
Our love has reared their earthly shrine,
Their glory be forever thine !

HYMN

AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF CHARLES SUMNER, APRIL 29, 1874.

SUNG BY MALE VOICES TO A NATIONAL AIR OF HOLLAND.

ONCE more, ye sacred towers,
Your solemn dirges sound ;
Strew, loving hands, the April flowers,
Once more to deck his mound.

A nation mourns its dead,
Its sorrowing voices one,
As Israel's monarch bowed his head
And cried, " My son ! My son ! "

Why mourn for him ? — For him
The welcome angel came
Ere yet his eye with age was dim
Or bent his stately frame :
His weapon still was bright,
His shield was lifted high
To slay the wrong, to save the right, —
What happier hour to die ?

Thou orderest all things well ;
Thy servant's work was done ;
He lived to hear Oppression's knell,
The shouts for Freedom won.
Hark ! from the opening skies
The anthem's echoing swell, —
" O mourning Land, lift up thine
eyes !
God reigneth. All is well ! "

RHYMES OF AN HOUR.

ADDRESS

FOR THE OPENING OF THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1873.

HANG out our banners on the stately tower !
It dawns at last — the long-expected hour !
The steep is climbed, the star-lit summit won,
The builder's task, the artist's labor done ;
Before the finished work the herald stands,
And asks the verdict of your lips and hands !

Shall rosy daybreak make us all forget
The golden sun that yester-evening set ?
Fair was the fabric doomed to pass away

Ere the last headaches born of New Year's Day ;
With blasting breath the fierce destroyer came
And wrapped the victim in his robes of flame ;
The pictured sky with redder morning blushed,
With scorching streams the naiad's fountain gushed,
With kindling mountains glowed the funeral pyre,
Forests ablaze and rivers all on fire, —
The scenes dissolved, the shrivelling curtain fell, —
Art spread her wings and sighed a long farewell !

Mourn o'er the Player's melancholy plight, —
Falstaff in tears, Othello deadly white, —
Poor Romeo reckoning what his doublet cost,

And Juliet whimpering for her dresses
lost, —
Their wardrobes burned, their salaries
all undrawn,
Their cues cut short, their occupation
gone !

“ Lie there in dust,” the red-winged
demon cried,
“ Wreck of the lordly city’s hope and
pride ! ”
Silent they stand, and stare with vacant
gaze,
While o’er the embers leaps the fitful
blaze ;
When, lo ! a hand, before the startled
train,
Writes in the ashes, “ It shall rise
again, —
Rise and confront its elemental foes ! ”—
The word was spoken, and the walls
arose,
And ere the seasons round their brief
career
The new-born temple waits the unborn
year.

Ours was the toil of many a weary
day
Your smiles, your plaudits, only can
repay ;
We are the monarchs of the painted
scenes,
You, you alone the real Kings and
Queens !
Lords of the little kingdom where we
meet,
We lay our gilded sceptres at your
feet,
Place in your grasp our portal’s silvered
keys
With one brief utterance— *We have tried
to please.*
Tell us, ye Sovereigns of the new do-
main,
Are you content — or have we toiled in
vain ?

With no irreverent glances look
around
The realm you rule, for this is haunted
ground !
Here stalks the Sorcerer, here the Fairy
trips,
Here limps the Witch with malice-
working lips,

The Graces here their snowy arms en-
twine,
Here dwell the fairest sisters of the
Nine, —
She who, with jocund voice and twink-
ling eye,
Laughs at the brood of follies as they
fly ;
She of the dagger and the deadly
bowl,
Whose charming horrors thrill the trem-
bling soul ;
She who, a truant from celestial spheres,
In mortal semblance now and then ap-
pears,
Stealing the fairest earthly shape she
can —
Sontag or Nilsson, Lind or Malibran ;
With these the spangled houri of the
dance, —
What shaft so dangerous as her melting
glance,
As poised in air she spurns the earth
below,
And points aloft her heavenly-minded
toe !

What were our life, with all its rents
and seams,
Stripped of its purple robes, our waking
dreams ?
The poet’s song, the bright romancer’s
page,
The tinselled shows that cheat us on
the stage
Lead all our fancies captive at their will ;
Three years or threescore, we are chil-
dren still.
The little listener on his father’s knee,
With wandering Sindbad ploughs the
stormy sea,
With Gotham’s sages hears the billows
roll
(Illustrious trio of the venturous bowl,
Too early shipwrecked, for they died too
soon
To see their offspring launch the great
balloon) ;
Tracks the dark brigand to his moun-
tain lair,
Slays the grim giant, saves the lady fair,
Fights all his country’s battles o’er again
From Bunker’s blazing height to
Lundy’s lane ;
Floats with the mighty Captains as
they sailed

Before whose flag the flaming red-cross
paled,
And claims the oft-told story of the
scars
Scarce yet grown white, that saved the
stripes and stars !

Children of later growth, we love the
PLAY,
We love its heroes, be they grave or gay,
From squeaking, peppery, devil-defying
Punch
To roaring Richard with his camel-
hunch ;
Adore its heroines, those immortal
dames,
Time's only rivals, whom he never
tames,
Whose youth, unchanging, lives while
thrones decay
(Age spares the Pyramids — and Deja-
zet) ;
The saucy-aproned, razor-tongued sou-
brette,
The blond-haired beauty with the eyes
of jet,
The gorgeous Beings whom the viewless
wires
Lift to the skies in strontian-crimsoned
fires,
And all the wealth of splendor that
awaits
The throng that enters those Elysian
gates.

See where the hurrying crowd impa-
tient pours,
With noise of trampling feet and flap-
ping doors,
Streams to the numbered seat each
pasteboard fits
And smooths its caudal plumage as it
sits ;
Waits while the slow musicians saunter
in,
Till the bald leader taps his violin ;
Till the old overture we know so well,
Zampa or Magic Flute or William Tell,
Has done its worst — then hark ! the
tinkling bell !
The crash is o'er — the crinkling cur-
tain furled,
And lo ! the glories of that brighter
world !

Behold the offspring of the Thespian
cart,

This full-grown temple of the magic
art,
Where all the conjurors of illusion meet,
And please us all the more, the more
they cheat.
These are the wizards and the witches
too
Who win their honest bread by cheat-
ing you
With cheeks that drown in artificial
tears
And lying skull-caps white with seventy
years,
Sweet-tempered matrons changed to
scolding Kates,
Maids mild as moonbeams crazed with
murderous hates,
Kind, simple souls that stab and slash
and slay
And stick at nothing, if it's in the
play !

Would all the world told half as
harmless lies !
Would all its real fools were half as wise
As he who blinks through dull Dun-
dreary's eyes !
Would all the unhanged bandits of the
age
Were like the peaceful ruffians of the
stage !
Would all the cankers wasting town and
state,
The mob of rascals, little thieves and
great,
Dealers in watered milk and watered
stocks,
Who lead us lambs to pasture 'on the
rocks, —
Shepherds — Jack Sheppards — of their
city flocks —
The rings of rogues that rob the luckless
town,
Those evil angels creeping up and down
The Jacob's ladder of the treasury
stairs, —
Not stage, but real Turpins and Ma-
caires, —
Could doff, like us, their knavery with
their clothes,
And find it easy as forgetting oaths !

Welcome, thrice welcome to our vir-
gin dome,
The Muses' shrine, the Drama's new-
found home !

Here shall the Statesman rest his weary brain,
The worn-out Artist find his wits again ;
Here Trade forget his ledger and his cares,
And sweet communion mingle Bulls and Bears ;
Here shall the youthful Lover, nestling near
The shrinking maiden, her he holds most dear,
Gaze on the mimic moonlight as it falls
On painted groves, on sliding canvas walls,
And sigh, "My angel ! What a life of bliss
We two could live in such a world as this!"
Here shall the tumid pedants of the schools,
The gilded boors, the labor-scorning fools,
The grass-green rustic and the smoke-dried cit,
Feel each in turn the stinging lash of wit,
And as it tingles on some tender part
Each find a balsam in his neighbor's smart ;
So every folly prove a fresh delight
As in the pictures of our play to-night.

Farewell ! The Players wait the Prompter's call ;
Friends, lovers, listeners ! Welcome one and all !

RIP VAN WINKLE, M. D.

AN AFTER-DINNER PRESCRIPTION TAKEN BY THE MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY, AT THEIR MEETING HELD MAY 25, 1870.

CANTO FIRST.

OLD Rip Van Winkle had a grandson, Rip,
Of the paternal block a genuine chip ;
A lazy, sleepy, curious kind of chap ;
He, like his grandsire, took a mighty nap,
Whereof the story I propose to tell
In two brief cantos, if you listen well.
The times were hard when Rip to man-hood grew ;

They always will be when there's work to do ;
He tried at farming — found it rather slow —
And then at teaching — what he did n't know ;
Then took to hanging round the tavern bars,
To frequent toddies and long-nine cigars,
Till Dame Van Winkle, out of patience, vexed
With preaching homilies, having for their text
A mop, a broomstick — aught that might avail
To point a moral or adorn a tale,
Exclaimed, "I have it ! Now then,
Mr. V. !
He's good for *something* — make him an M. D. !"

The die was cast ; the youngster was content ;
They packed his shirts and stockings, and he went.
How hard he studied it were vain to tell ;
He drowsed through Wistar, nodded over Bell,
Slept sound with Cooper, snored aloud on Good ;
Heard heaps of lectures — doubtless understood —
A constant listener, for he did not fail
To carve his name on every bench and rail.

Months grew to years ; at last he counted three,
And Rip Van Winkle found himself M. D.
Illustrious title ! in a gilded frame
He set the sheepskin with his Latin name,
RIPUM VAN WINKLUM, QUEM WE—SCIMUS — know
IDONEUM ESSE — to do so and so ;
He hired an office ; soon its walls displayed
His new diploma and his stock in trade,
A mighty arsenal to subdue disease,
Of various names, whereof I mention these :
Lancets and bougies, great and little squirt,
Rhubarb and Senna, Snakeroot, Thorughwort,

Ant. Tart., Vin. Colch., Pil. Cochiæ,
and Black Drop,
Tinctures of Opium, Gentian, Henbane,
Hop,
Pulv. Ipecacuanhae, which for lack
Of breath to utter men call Ipecac,
Camphor and Kino, Turpentine, Tolu,
Cubebs, "Copeevy," Vitriol — white
and blue,
Fennel and Flaxseed, Slippery Elm and
Squill,
And roots of Sassafras, and "Sassaf-
rill,"
Brandy — for colics — Pinkroot, death
on worms —
Valerian, calmer of hysterick squirms,
Musk, Assafctida, the resinous gum
Named from its odor — well, it does
smell some —
Jalap, that works not wisely, but too
well,
Ten pounds of Bark and six of Calomel.

For outward griefs he had an ample
store,
Some twenty jars and gallipots, or more ;
Ceratum simplex — housewives oft com-
pile
The same at home, and call it "wax
and ile" ;
Unguentum Resinosum — change its
name,
The "drawing salve" of many an an-
cient dame ;
Argenti Nitras, also Spanish flies,
Whose virtue makes the water-bladders
rise —
(Some say that spread upon a toper's
skin
They draw no water, only rum or gin) —
Leeches, sweet vermin ! don't they
charm the sick ?
And Sticking-plaster — how it hates to
stick !
Emplastrum Ferri — ditto *Picis*, Pitch ;
Washes and Powders, Brimstone for the
— which,
Scabies or *Psora*, is thy chosen name
Since Hahnemann's goose-quill scratched
thee into fame,
Proved thee the source of every name-
less ill,
Whose sole specific is a moonshine pill,
Till saucy Science, with a quiet grin,
Held up the Acarus, crawling on a
pin ?

— Mountains have labored and have
brought forth mice :
The Dutchman's theory hatched a brood
of — twice
I've wellnigh said them — words unfit-
ting quite
For these fair precincts and for ears
polite.

The surest foot may chance at last to
slip,
And so at length it proved with Doctor
Rip.
One full-sized bottle stood upon the shelf
Which held the medicine that he took
himself ;
Whate'er the reason, it must be confessed
He filled that bottle oftener than the
rest ;
What drug it held I don't presume to
know —
The gilded label said "Elixir Pro."

One day the Doctor found the bottle
full,
And, being thirsty, took a vigorous pull,
Put back the "Elixir" where 't was
always found,
And had old Dobbin saddled and brought
round.
— You know those old-time rhubarb-
colored nags
That carried Doctors and their saddle-
bags ;
Sagacious beasts ! they stopped at every
place
Where blinds were shut -- knew every
patient's case —
Looked up and thought — the baby's
in a fit —
That won't last long — he 'll soon be
through with it ;
But shook their heads before the knock-
ered door
Where some old lady told the story
o'er
Whose endless stream of tribulation
flows
For gastric griefs and peristaltic woes.

What jack-o'-lantern led him from
his way,
And where it led him, it were hard to
say ;
Enough that wandering many a weary
mile

Through paths the mountain sheep trod
single file,
O'ercome by feelings such as patients
know
Who dose too freely with "Elixir Pro."
He tumbl — dismounted, slightly in a
heap,
And lay, promiscuous, lapped in balmy
sleep.

Night followed night, and day suc-
ceeded day,
But snoring still the slumbering Doctor
lay.
Poor Dobbin, starving, thought upon
his stall,
And straggled homeward, saddle-bags
and all.

The village people hunted all around,
But Rip was missing, — never could be
found.
"Drownded," they guessed ; — for more
than half a year
The pouts and eels *did* taste uncommon
queer ;
Some said of apple-brandy — other some
Found a strong flavor of New England
rum.

— Why can't a fellow hear the fine
things said
About a fellow when a fellow's dead ?
The best of doctors — so the press de-
clared —
A public blessing while his life was
spared,
True to his country, bounteous to the
poor,
In all things temperate, sober, just, and
pure ;
The best of husbands ! echoed Mrs. Van,
And set her cap to catch another man.

— So ends this Canto — if it's *quan-*
tum suff.,
We'll just stop here and say we've had
enough,
And leave poor Rip to sleep for thirty
years ;
I grind the organ — if you lend your ears
To hear my second Canto, after that
We'll send around the monkey with
the hat.

CANTO SECOND.

So thirty years had past — but not a
word

In all that time of Rip was ever heard ;
The world wagged on — it never does
go back —

The widow Van was now the widow
Mac —

France was an Empire — Andrew J. was
dead,
And Abraham L. was reigning in his
stead.

Four murderous years had passed in
savage strife,
Yet still the rebel held his bloody knife.
— At last one morning — who forgets
the day

When the black cloud of war dissolved
away ?

The joyous tidings spread o'er land and
sea,
Rebellion done for ! Grant has cap-
tured Lee !

Up every flagstaff sprang the Stars and
Stripes —
Out rushed the Extras wild with mam-
moth types —

Down went the laborer's hod, the school-
boy's book —

"Hooraw !" he cried, — "the rebel
army's took !"

Ah ! what a time ! the folks all mad
with joy :

Each fond, pale mother thinking of her
boy ;

Old gray-haired fathers meeting — Have
— you — heard ?

And then a choke — and not another
word ;

Sisters all smiling — maidens, not less
dear,

In trembling poise between a smile and
tear ;

Poor Bridget thinking how she'll stuff
the plums

In that big cake for Johnny when he
comes ;

Cripples afoot ; rheumatics on the jump,
Old girls so loving they could hug the
pump ;

Guns going bang ! from every fort and
ship ;

They banged so loud at last they wak-
ened Rip.

I spare the picture, how a man ap-
pears

Who's been asleep a score or two of
years ;

You all have seen it to perfection done

By Joe Van Wink — I mean Rip Jeffer-
son.

Well, so it was ; old Rip at last came
back,

Claimed his old wife — the present
widow Mac —

Had his old sign regilded, and began
To practise physic on the same old plan.

Some weeks went by — it was not
long to wait —

And “please to call” grew frequent on
the slate.

He had, in fact, an ancient, mildewed
air,

A long gray beard, a plenteous lack of
hair —

The musty look that always recommends
Your good old Doctor to his ailing
friends.

— Talk of your science ! after all is said
There's nothing like a bare and shiny
head ;

Age lends the graces that are sure to
please ;

Folks want their Doctors mouldy, like
their cheese.

So Rip began to look at people's
tongues

And thump their briskets (called it
“sound their lungs”),

Brushed up his knowledge smartly as he
could,

Read in old Cullen and in Doctor Good.
The town was healthy ; for a month or
two

He gave the sexton little work to do.

About the time when dog-day heats
begin,

The summer's usual maladies set in ;
With autumn evenings dysentery came,
And dusky typhoid lit his smouldering
flame ;

The blacksmith ailed — the carpenter
was down,

And half the children sickened in the
town.

The sexton's face grew shorter than be-
fore —

The sexton's wife a brand-new bonnet
wore —

Things looked quite serious — Death had
got a grip

On old and young, in spite of Doctor
Rip.

And now the Squire was taken with
a chill —

Wife gave “hot-drops” — at night an
Indian pill ;

Next morning, feverish — bedtime, get-
ting worse —

Out of his head — began to rave and
curse ;

The Doctor sent for — double quick he
came :

Ant. Tart. gran. duo, and repeat the
same

If no et cetera. Third day — nothing
new ;

Percussed his thorax till 'twas black
and blue —

Lung-fever threatening — something of
the sort —

Out with the lancet — let him bleed —
a quart —

Ten leeches next — then blisters to his
side ;

Ten grains of calomel ; just then he
died.

The Deacon next required the Doc-
tor's care —

Took cold by sitting in a draught of
air —

Pains in the back, but what the matter is
Not quite so clear, — wife calls it “rheu-
matiz.”

Rubs back with flannel — gives him
something hot —

“Ah !” says the Deacon, “that goes
nigh the spot.”

Next day a *rigor* — “Run, my little
man,

And say the Deacon sends for Doctor
Van.”

The Doctor came — percussion as before,
Thumping and banging till his ribs were
sore —

“Right side the flattest” — then more
vigorous raps —

“Fever — that's certain — pleurisy,
perhaps.

A quart of blood will ease the pain, no
doubt,

Ten leeches next will help to suck it out,
Then clap a blister on the painful part —
But first two grains of *Antimonium Tart.*
Last, with a dose of cleansing calomel
Unload the portal system — (that sounds
well !)”

But when the selfsame remedies were
tried,

As all the village knew, the Squire had died;
The neighbors hinted: "This will never do,
He's killed the Squire — he'll kill the Deacon too."

— Now when a doctor's patients are perplexed,
A consultation comes in order next —
You know what that is? In a certain place
Meet certain doctors to discuss a case
And other matters, such as weather, crops,
Potatoes, pumpkins, lager-beer, and hops.
For what's the use? — there's little to be said,
Nine times in ten your man's as good as dead;
At best a talk (the secret to disclose)
Where three men guess and sometimes one man knows.

The counsel summoned came without delay —
Young Doctor Green and shrewd old Doctor Gray —
They heard the story — "Bleed!" says Doctor Green,
"That's downright murder! cut his throat, you mean!
Leeches! the reptiles! Why, for pity's sake,
Not try an adder or a rattlesnake?
Blisters! Why bless you, they're against the law —
It's rank assault and battery if they draw!
Tartrate of Antimony! shade of Luke,
Stomachs turn pale at thought of such rebuke!
The portal system! What's the man about?
Unload your nonsense! Calomel's played out!
You've been asleep — you'd better sleep away
Till some one calls you."

"Stop!" says Doctor Gray —
"The story is you slept for thirty years;
With brother Green, I own that it appears

You must have slumbered most amazing sound;
But sleep once more till thirty years come round,
You'll find the lancet in its honored place,
Leeches and blisters rescued from disgrace,
Your drugs redeemed from fashion's passing scorn,
And counted safe to give to babes unborn."

Poor sleepy Rip, M. M. S. S., M. D.,
A puzzled, serious, saddened man was he;
Home from the Deacon's house he plodded slow
And filled one bumper of "Elixir Pro."
"Good by," he faltered, "Mrs. Van, my dear!
I'm going to sleep, but wake me once a year;
I don't like bleaching in the frost and dew,
I'll take the barn, if all the same to you.
Just once a year — remember! no mistake!
Cry, 'Rip Van Winkle! time for you to wake!'
Watch for the week in May when laylocks blow,
For then the Doctors meet, and I must go."

Just once a year the Doctor's worthy dame
Goes to the barn and shouts her husband's name,
"Come, Rip Van Winkle!" (giving him a shake)
"Rip! Rip Van Winkle! time for you to wake!
Laylocks in blossom! 't is the month of May —
The Doctors' meeting is this blessed day,
And come what will, you know I heard you swear
You'd never miss it, but be always there!"

And so it is, as every year comes round
Old Rip Van Winkle here is always found.
You'll quickly know him by his mil-dewed air,
The hayseed sprinkled through his scanty hair.

The lichens growing on his rusty suit—
I've seen a toadstool sprouting on his
boot—
—Who says I lie? Does any man pre-
sume?—
Toadstool? No matter—call it a mush-
room.
Where is his seat? He moves it every
year;
But look, you'll find him—he is always
here—
Perhaps you'll track him by a whiff you
know—
A certain flavor of "Elixir Pro."

Now, then, I give you—as you seem
to think
We can give toasts without a drop to
drink—
Health to the mighty sleeper—long
live he!
Our brother Rip, M. M. S. S., M. D.!

CHANSON WITHOUT MUSIC.

BY THE PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF DEAD
AND LIVE LANGUAGES.

Φ B K.—CAMBRIDGE, 1867.

You bid me sing,—can I forget
The classic ode of days gone by,—
How belle Fifine and jeune Lisette
Exclaimed, "Anacreōn, gerōn ei"?
"Regardez donc," those ladies said,—
"You're getting bald and wrinkled
too:
When summer's roses all are shed,
Love's nullum ite, voyez-vous!"

In vain ce brave Anacreon's cry,
"Of Love alone my banjo sings"
(Erôta mounon). "Etiam si,—
Eh b'en?" replied the saucy things,—
"Go find a maid whose hair is gray,
And strike your lyre,—we sha'n't
complain;
But parce nobis, s'il vous plait,—
Voilà Adolphe! Voilà Eugène!"

Ah, jeune Lisette! Ah, belle Fifine!
Anacreon's lesson all must learn;
'O kairos oxīs; Spring is green,
But Acer Hyems waits his turn!
I hear you whispering from the dust,
"Tiens, mon cher, c'est toujours so,—
The brightest blade grows dim with rust,
The fairest meadow white with snow!"

— You do not mean it! Not encore?
Another string of playday rhymes?
You've heard me—nonne est?—before,
Multoties, — more than twenty times;
Non possum, — vraiment, — pas du tout,
I cannot! I am loath to shirk;
But who will listen if I do,
My memory makes such shocking
work?

Ginōsko. Scio. Yes, I'm told
Some ancients like my rusty lay,
As Grandpa Noah loved the old
Red-sandstone march of Jubal's day.
I used to carol like the birds,
But time my wits has quite unfixed,
Et quoad verba, — for my words,—
Ciel! Eheu! Whe-ew!—how they're
mixed!

Mehercle! Zeu! Diable! how
My thoughts were dressed when I was
young,
But tempus fugit! see them now
Half clad in rags of every tongue!
O philoi, fratres, chers amis!
I dare not court the youthful Muse,
For fear her sharp response should be,
"Papa Anacreon, please excuse!"

Adieu! I've trod my annual track
How long!—let others count the
miles,—
And peddled out my rhyming pack
To friends who always paid in smiles.
So, laissez-moi! some youthful wit
No doubt has wares he wants to show;
And I am asking, "Let me sit,"
Dum ille clamat, "Dos pou sto!"

FOR THE CENTENNIAL DINNER

OF THE PROPRIETORS OF BOSTON PIER,
OR THE LONG WHARF, APRIL 16, 1873.

DEAR friends, we are strangers; we
never before
Have suspected what love to each other
we bore;
But each of us all to his neighbor is dear,
Whose heart has a throb for our time-
honored pier.

As I look on each brother proprietor's
face,
I could open my arms in a loving em-
brace;



LOUIS AGASSIZ. Page 228.



And glaciers crawl the faster
To the feet of their old master !

Heaven keep him well and hearty,
Both him and all his party !
From the sun that broils and smites,
From the centipede that bites,
From the hail-storm and the thunder,
From the vampire and the condor,
From the gust upon the river,
From the sudden earthquake shiver,
From the trip of mule or donkey,
From the midnight howling monkey,
From the stroke of knife or dagger,
From the puma and the jaguar,
From the horrid boa-constrictor
That has scared us in the pictur',
From the Indians of the Pampas
Who would dine upon their grampas,
From every beast and vermin
That to think of sets us squirming,
From every snake that tries on
The traveller his p'ison,
From every pest of Natur',
Likewise the alligator,
And from two things left behind him, —
(Be sure they 'll try to find him,) —
The tax-bill and assessor, —
Heaven keep the great Professor !
May he find, with his apostles,
That the land is full of fossils,
That the waters swarm with fishes
Shaped according to his wishes,
That every pool is fertile
In fancy kinds of turtle,
New birds around him singing,
New insects, never stinging,
With a million novel data
About the articulata,
And facts that strip off all husks
From the history of mollusks.

And when, with loud Te Deum,
He returns to his Museum,
May he find the monstrous reptile
That so long the land has kept ill
By Grant and Sherman throttled,
And by Father Abraham bottled,
(All specked and streaked and mot-
tled
With the scars of murderous battles,
Where he clashed the iron rattles
That gods and men he shook at,) —
For all the world to look at !

God bless the great Professor !
And Madam, too, God bless her !

Bless him and all his band,
On the sea and on the land,
Bless them head and heart and hand,
Till their glorious raid is o'er,
And they touch our ransomed shore !
Then the welcome of a nation,
With its shout of exultation,
Shall awake the dumb creation,
And the shapes of buried æons
Join the living creatures' paens,
Till the fossil echoes roar ;
While the mighty megalosaurus
Leads the paleozoic chorus, —
God bless the great Professor,
And the land his proud possessor, —
Bless them now and evermore !

1865.

A SEA DIALOGUE.

Cabin Passenger. *Man at Wheel.*

CABIN PASSENGER.

FRIEND, you seem thoughtful. I not
wonder much

That he who sails the ocean should be sad.
I am myself reflective. — When I think
Of all this wallowing beast, the Sea, has
sucked

Between his sharp, thin lips, the wedgy
waves,

What heaps of diamonds, rubies, emer-
alds, pearls ;

What piles of shekels, talents, ducats,
crowns,

What bales of Tyrian mantles, Indian
shawls,

Of laces that have blanked the weavers'
eyes,

Of silken tissues, wrought by worm and
man,

The half-starved workman, and the well-
fed worm ;

What marbles, bronzes, pictures, parch-
ments, books ;

What many-lobuled, thought-engender-
ing brains ;

Lie with the gaping sea-shells in his
maw, —

I, too, am silent ; for all language seems
A mockery, and the speech of man is
vain.

O mariner, we look upon the waves
And they rebuke our babbling. "Peace!"
they say, —

"Mortal, be still !" My noisy tongue
is hushed,

And with my trembling finger on my lips
My soul exclaims in ecstasy —

MAN AT WHEEL.

Belay!

CABIN PASSENGER.

Ah yes ! “Delay,” — it calls, “nor
haste to break
The charm of stillness with an idle
word !”

O mariner, I love thee, for thy thought
Strides even with my own, nay, flies be-
fore.

Thou art a brother to the wind and
wave ;

Have they not music for thine ear as
mine,

When the wild tempest makes thy ship
his lyre,

Smiting a cavernous basso from the
shrouds

And climbing up his gamut through the
stays,

Through buntlines, bowlines, ratlines,
till it shrills

An alto keener than the locust sings,
And all the great Æolian orchestra
Storms out its mad sonata in the gale ?
Is not the scene a wondrous and —

MAN AT WHEEL.

Avast !

CABIN PASSENGER.

Ah yes, a vast, a vast and wondrous
scene !

I see thy soul is open as the day
That holds the sunshine in its azure
bowl

To all the solemn glories of the deep.
Tell me, O mariner, dost thou never feel
The grandeur of thine office, — to control
The keel that cuts the ocean like a knife
And leaves a wake behind it like a seam
In the great shining garment of the
world ?

MAN AT WHEEL.

Belay y'r jaw, y' swab ! y' hoss-marine !
(To the Captain.)

Ay, ay, Sir ! Stiddy, Sir ! Sou'wes'
b' sou' !

November 10, 1864.

AT THE “ATLANTIC” DINNER.

DECEMBER 15, 1874.

I suppose it's myself that you're making
allusion to

And bringing the sense of dismay and
confusion to.

Of course *some* must speak, — they are
always selected to,
But pray what's the reason that I am
expected to ?

I'm not fond of wasting my breath as
those fellows do

That want to be blowing forever as bel-
lows do ;

Their legs are uneasy, but why will you
jog any

That long to stay quiet beneath the ma-
hogany ?

Why, why call *me* up with your battery
of flatteries ?

You say “He writes poetry,” — that's
what the matter is !

“It costs him no trouble — a pen full
of ink or two

And the poem is done in the time of a
wink or two ;

As for thoughts — never mind — take the
ones that lie uppermost,

And the rhymes used by Milton and
Byron and Tupper most ;

The lines come so easy ! at one end he
jingles 'em,

At the other with capital letters he shin-
gles 'em, —

Why, the thing writes itself, and before
he's half done with it

He hates to stop writing he has such
good fun with it !”

Ah, that is the way in which simple ones
go about

And draw a fine picture of things they
don't know about !

We all know a kitten, but come to a
catamount

The beast is a stranger when grown up
to that amount,

(A stranger we rather prefer should n't
visit us,

A *felis* whose advent is far from felici-
tous.)

The boy who can boast that his trap has
just got a mouse

Must n't draw it and write underneath
“hippopotamus” ;

Or say unveraciously, “this is an ele-
phant” —

Don't think, let me beg, these examples
irrelevant —

What they mean is just this — that a
thing to be painted well

Should always be something with which
we're acquainted well.

You call on your victim for "things he
has plenty of,—
Those copies of verses no doubt at least
twenty of ;
His desk is crammed full, for he always
keeps writing 'em
And reading to friends as his way of de-
lighting 'em!"—
I tell you this writing of verses means
business,—
It makes the brain whirl in a vortex of
dizziness :
You think they are scrawled in the lan-
guor of laziness—
I tell you they're squeezed by a spasm
of craziness,
A fit half as bad as the staggering vertigos
That seize a poor fellow and down in the
dirt he goes !

And therefore it chimes with the word's
etymology
That the sons of Apollo are great on
apology,
For the writing of verse is a struggle
mysterious
And the gayest of rhymes is a matter
that's serious.
For myself, I'm relied on by friends in
extremities,
And I don't mind so much if a comfort
to them it is ;
'T is a pleasure to please, and the straw
that can tickle us
Is a source of enjoyment though slightly
ridiculous.

I am up for a — something — and since
I've begun with it,
I must give you a toast now before I have
done with it.
Let me pump at my wits as they pumped
the Cochituate
That moistened — it may be — the very
last bit you ate.
— Success to our publishers, authors and
editors ;
To our debtors good luck, — pleasant
dreams to our creditors ;
May the monthly grow yearly, till all
we are groping for
Has reached the fulfilment we're all of
us hoping for ;

Till the bore through the tunnel — it
makes me let off a sigh
To think it may possibly ruin my proph-
ecy —
Has been punned on so often 't will never
provoke again
One mild adolescent to make the old
joke again ;
Till abstinent, all-go-to-meeting so-
ciety
Has forgotten the sense of the word in-
ebriety ;
Till the work that poor Hannah and
Bridget and Phillis do
The humanized, civilized female gorillas
do ;
Till the roughs, as we call them, grown
loving and dutiful,
Shall worship the true and the pure and
the beautiful,
And, preying no longer as tiger and vul-
ture do,
All read the "Atlantic" as persons of
culture do !

"LUCY."

FOR HER GOLDEN WEDDING, OCTOBER
18, 1875.

"LUCY." — The old familiar name
Is now, as always, pleasant,
Its liquid melody the same
Alike in past or present ;
Let others call you what they will,
I know you'll let me use it ;
To me your name is Lucy still,
I cannot bear to lose it.

What visions of the past return
With Lucy's image blended !
What memories from the silent urn
Of gentle lives long ended !
What dreams of childhood's fleeting
morn,
What starry aspirations,
That filled the misty days unborn
With fancy's coruscations !

Ah, Lucy, life has swiftly sped
From April to November ;
The summer blossoms all are shed
That you and I remember ;
But while the vanished years we share
With mingling recollections,
How all their shadowy features wear
The hue of old affections !

Love called you. He who stole your heart
Of sunshine half bereft us ;
Our household's garland fell apart
The morning that you left us ;
The tears of tender girlhood streamed
Through sorrow's opening sluices ;
Less sweet our garden's roses seemed,
Less blue its flower-de-luces.

That old regret is turned to smiles,
That parting sigh to greeting ;
I send my heart-throb fifty miles, —
Through every line 't is beating ;
God grant you many and happy years,
Till when the last has crowned you
The dawn of endless day appears,
And Heaven is shining round you !

October 11, 1875.

HYMN.

FOR THE INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE
OF GOVERNOR ANDREW, HINGHAM,
OCTOBER 7, 1875.

BEHOLD the shape our eyes have known !
It lives once more in changeless stone ;
So looked in mortal face and form
Our guide through peril's deadly storm.

But hushed the beating heart we knew,
That heart so tender, brave, and true,
Firm as the rooted mountain rock,
Pure as the quarry's whitest block !

Not his beneath the blood-red star
To win the soldier's envied scar ;
Unarmed he battled for the right,
In Duty's never-ending fight.

Unconquered will, unslumbering eye,
Faith such as bids the martyr die,
The prophet's glance, the master's hand
To mould the work his foresight planned,

These were his gifts ; what Heaven had
lent
For justice, mercy, truth, he spent,
First to avenge the traitorous blow,
And first to lift the vanquished foe.

Lo, thus he stood ; in danger's strait
The pilot of the Pilgrim State !
Too large his fame for her alone, —
A nation claims him as her own !

A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.

READ AT THE MEETING HELD AT MUSIC
HALL, FEBRUARY 8, 1876, IN MEMORY
OF DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE.

I.

LEADER of armies, Israel's God,
Thy soldier's fight is won !
Master, whose lowly path he trod,
Thy servant's work is done !

No voice is heard from Sinai's steep
Our wandering feet to guide ;
From Horeb's rock no waters leap ;
No Jordan's waves divide ;

No prophet cleaves our western sky
On wheels of whirling fire ;
No shepherds hear the song on high
Of heaven's angelic choir :

Yet here as to the patriarch's tent
God's angel comes a guest ;
He comes on heaven's high errand sent,
In earth's poor raiment drest.

We see no halo round his brow
Till love its own recalls,
And like a leaf that quits the bough,
The mortal vesture falls.

In autumn's chill declining day,
Ere winter's killing frost,
The message came ; so passed away
The friend our earth has lost.

Still, Father, in Thy love we trust ;
Forgive us if we mourn
The saddening hour that laid in dust
His robe of flesh outworn.

II.

How long the wreck-strewn journey
seems
To reach the far-off past
That woke his youth from peaceful
dreams
With Freedom's trumpet-blast !

Along her classic hillsides rung
The Paynim's battle-cry,
And like a red-cross knight he sprung
For her to live or die.

No trustier service claimed the wreath
For Sparta's bravest son ;
No truer soldier sleeps beneath
The mound of Marathon ;

Yet not for him the warrior's grave
In front of angry foes ;
To lift, to shield, to help, to save,
The holier task he chose.

He touched the eyelids of the blind,
And lo ! the veil withdrawn,
As o'er the midnight of the mind,
He led the light of dawn.

He asked not whence the fountains roll
No traveller's foot has found,
But mapped the desert of the soul
Untracked by sight or sound.

What prayers have reached the sapphire
throne,
By silent fingers spelt,
For him who first through depths un-
known
His doubtful pathway felt,

Who sought the slumbering sense that
lay
Close shut with bolt and bar,
And showed awakening thought the ray
Of reason's morning star !

Where'er he moved, his shadowy form
The sightless orbs would seek,
And smiles of welcome light and warm
The lips that could not speak.

No labored line, no sculptor's art,
Such hallowed memory needs ;
His tablet is the human heart,
His record loving deeds.

III.

The rest that earth denied is thine, —
Ah, is it rest ? we ask,
Or, traced by knowledge more divine,
Some larger, nobler task ?

Had but those boundless fields of blue
One darkened sphere like this ;
But what has heaven for thee to do
In realms of perfect bliss ?

No cloud to lift, no mind to clear,
No rugged path to smooth,

No struggling soul to help and cheer,
No mortal grief to soothe !

Enough ; is there a world of love,
No more we ask to know ;
The hand will guide thy ways above
That shaped thy task below.

JOSEPH WARREN, M. D.

TRAINED in the holy art whose lifted
shield
Wards off the darts a never-slumbering
foe,
By hearth and wayside lurking, waits to
throw,
Oppression taught his helpful arm to
wield
The slayer's weapon : on the murderous
field
The fiery bolt he challenged laid him
low,
Seeking its noblest victim. Even so
The charter of a nation must be sealed !
The healer's brow the hero's honors
crowned,
From lowliest duty called to loftiest
deed.
Living, the oak-leaf wreath his temples
bound ;
Dying, the conqueror's laurel was his
meed,
Last on the broken ramparts' turf to
bleed
Where Freedom's victory in defeat was
found.

June 11, 1875.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER-HILL BATTLE.

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY.

'T IS like stirring living embers when,
at eighty, one remembers
All the aches and the quakings of
"the times that tried men's souls";
When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when
I tell the *Rebel* story,
To you the words are ashes, but to me
they're burning coals.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the
April running battle ;
Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see
their red coats still ;

But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up before me,
When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of Bunker's Hill.

'T was a peaceful summer's morning, when the first thing gave us warning
Was the booming of the cannon from the river and the shore :
"Child," says grandma, "what's the matter, what is all this noise and clatter ?"

Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder us once more ?"

Poor old soul ! my sides were shaking in the midst of all my quaking,
To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began to roar :
She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter and the pillage,
When the Mohawks killed her father with their bullets through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't you fret and worry any, For I'll soon come back and tell you whether this is work or play ; There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a minute"— For a minute then I started. I was gone the livelong day.

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-glass grimacing ; Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half-way to my heels ; God forbid your ever knowing, when there's blood around her flowing, How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet household feels !

In the street I heard a thumping ; and I knew it was the stumping Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that wooden leg he wore, With a knot of women round him, — it was lucky I had found him, So I followed with the others, and the Corporal marched before.

They were making for the steeple, — the old soldier and his people ; The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the creaking stair, Just across the narrow river — O, so close it made me shiver ! —

Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but yesterday was bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it ; well we knew who stood behind it, Though the earthwork hid them from us, and the stubborn walls were dumb : Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild upon each other, And their lips were white with terror as they said, THE HOUR HAS COME !

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we tasted, And our heads were almost splitting with the cannons' deafening thrill, When a figure tall and stately round the rampart strode sedately ; It was PRESCOTT, one since told me ; he commanded on the hill.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw his manly figure, With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so straight and tall ; Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out for pleasure, Through the storm of shells and cannon-shot he walked around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for the red-coats' ranks were forming ; At noon in marching order they were moving to the piers ; How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked far down, and listened To the trampling and the drum-beat of the belted grenadiers !

At length the men have started, with a cheer (it seemed faint-hearted), In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on their backs, And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-fight's slaughter, Round the barges gliding onward blushed like blood along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and again they formed in order ; And the boats came back for soldiers, came for soldiers, soldiers still : The time seemed everlasting to us women faint and fasting, — At last they're moving, marching, marching proudly up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the lines advancing —
Now the front rank fires a volley — they have thrown away their shot ;
For behind their earthwork lying, all the balls above them flying,
Our people need not hurry ; so they wait and answer not.

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would swear sometimes and tipple), —

He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French war) before, —
Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were hearing, —
And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty belfry floor : —

“Oh ! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George’s shillin’s,
But ye’ll waste a ton of powder afore a ‘rebel’ falls ;
You may bang the dirt and welcome, they’re as safe as Dan'l Malcolm
Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you’ve splintered with your balls !”

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and trepidation
Of the dread approaching moment, we are wellnigh breathless all ;
Though the rotten bars are failing on the rickety belfry railing,
We are crowding up against them like the waves against a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer, — nearer, — nearer,
When a flash — a curling smoke-wreath — then a crash — the steeple shakes —
The deadly truce is ended ; the tempest’s shroud is rended ;
Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder-cloud it breaks !

O the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black smoke blows over !
The red-coats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes his hay ;
Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd is flying
Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into spray.

Then we cried, “The troops are routed ! they are beat — it can’t be doubted !

God be thanked, the fight is over !” —
Ah ! the grim old soldier’s smile !
“Tell us, tell us why you look so ?” (we could hardly speak, we shook so), —
“Are they beaten ? Are they beaten ? ARE they beaten ?” — “Wait a while.”

O the trembling and the terror ! for too soon we saw our error :
They are baffled, not defeated ; we have driven them back in vain ;
And the columns that were scattered, round the colors that were tattered,
Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their belted breasts again.

All at once, as we are gazing, lo the roofs of Charlestown blazing !
They have fired the harmless village ; in an hour it will be down !
The Lord in heaven confound them, rain his fire and brimstone round them, —
The robbing, murdering red-coats, that would burn a peaceful town !

They are marching, stern and solemn ; we can see each massive column As they near the naked earth-mound with the slanting walls so steep.
Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in noiseless haste departed ?
Are they panic-struck and helpless ? Are they palsied or asleep ?

Now ! the walls they’re almost under ! scarce a rod the foes asunder !
Not a firelock flashed against them ! up the earthwork they will swarm !
But the words have scarce been spoken, when the ominous calm is broken, And a bellowing crash has emptied all the vengeance of the storm !

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backwards to the water,
Fly Pigot’s running heroes and the frightened braves of Howe ;
And we shout, “At last they’re done for, it’s their barges they have run for :
They are beaten, beaten, beaten ; and the battle’s over now !”

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough old soldier’s features,

Our lips afraid to question, but he knew
what we would ask :
"Not sure," he said ; "keep quiet, —
once more, I guess, they'll try it —
Here's damnation to the cut-throats !"

— then he handed me his flask,
Saying, "Gal, you're looking shaky ;
have a drop of old Jamaiky ;
I'm afraid there'll be more trouble afore
the job is done" ;
So I took one scorching swallow ; dreadful
faint I felt and hollow,
Standing there from early morning when
the firing was begun.

All through those hours of trial I had
watched a calm clock dial,
As the hands kept creeping, creeping, —
they were creeping round to four,
When the old man said, "They're forming
with their bagonets fixed for
storming :
It's the death-grip that's a coming, —
they will try the works once more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the
flames behind them glaring,
The deadly wall before them, in close
array they come ;
Still onward, upward toiling, like a
dragon's fold uncoiling, —
Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning
the reverberating drum !

Over heaps all torn and gory — shall I
tell the fearful story,
How they surged above the breastwork,
as a sea breaks over a deck ;
How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our
worn-out men retreated,
With their powder-horns all emptied,
like the swimmers from a wreck ?

It has all been told and painted ; as for
me, they say I fainted,
And the wooden-legged old Corporal
stumped with me down the stair :
When I woke from dreams affrighted
the evening lamps were lighted, —
On the floor a youth was lying ; his
bleeding breast was bare.

And I heard through all the flurry,
"Send for WARREN ! hurry ! hurry !
Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and
he'll come and dress his wound !"

Ah, we knew not till the morrow told
its tale of death and sorrow,
How the starlight found him stiffened
on the dark and bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was,
where the place from which he
came was,
Who had brought him from the battle,
and had left him at our door,
He could not speak to tell us ; but
'twas one of our brave fellows,
As the homespun plainly showed us
which the dying soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as
they gathered round him crying, —
And they said, "O, how they'll miss
him !" and, "What *will* his mother
do ?" *

Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a
child's that has been dozing,
He faintly murmured, "Mother!" — — —
and — I saw his eyes were blue.

— "Why, grandma, how you're winking!" — Ah, my child, it sets me
thinking

Of a story not like this one. Well, he
somehow lived along ;
So we came to know each other, and I
nursed him like a — mother,
Till at last he stood before me, tall, and
rosy-cheeked, and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in
the pleasant summer weather ;

— "Please to tell us what his name
was?" — Just your own, my little
dear, — *

There's his picture Copley painted : we
became so well acquainted,
That — in short, that's why I'm grand-
ma, and you children all are here !

OLD CAMBRIDGE.

JULY 3, 1875.

AND can it be you've found a place
Within this consecrated space
That makes so fine a show
For one of Rip Van Winkle's race ?
And is it really so ?
Who wants an old receipted bill ?

Who fishes in the Frog-pond still ?
Who digs last year's potato hill ? —
That's what he'd like to know !

And were it any spot on earth
Save this dear home that gave him birth
Some scores of years ago,
He had not come to spoil your mirth
And chill your festive glow ;
But round his baby-nest he strays,
With tearful eye the scene surveys,
His heart unchanged by changing
days, —
That's what he'd have you know.

Can you whose eyes not yet are dim
Live o'er the buried past with him,
And see the roses blow
When white-haired men were Joe and
Jim

Untouched by winter's snow ?
Or roll the years back one by one
As Judah's monarch backed the sun,
And see the century just begun ? —
That's what he'd like to know !

I come, but as the swallow dips,
Just touching with her feather-tips
The shining wave below,
To sit with pleasure-murmuring lips
And listen to the flow
Of Elmwood's sparkling Hippocrene,
To tread once more my native green,
To sigh unheard, to smile unseen, —
That's what I'd have you know.

But since the common lot I've shared
(We all are sitting "unprepared,"
Like culprits in a row,
Whose heads are down, whose necks are
bared
To wait the headsman's blow)
I'd like to shift my task to you,
By asking just a thing or two
About the good old times I knew, —
Here's what I want to know :

The yellow meetin' house — can you tell
Just where it stood before it fell
Prey of the vandal foe, —
Our dear old temple, loved so well
By ruthless hands laid low ?
Where, tell me, was the Deacon's pew ?
Whose hair was braided in a queue ?
(For there were pig-tails not a few,) —
That's what I'd like to know.

The bell — can you recall its clang ?
And how the seats would slam and bang ?
The voices high and low ?
The basso's trump before he sang ?
The viol and its bow ?
Where was it old Judge Winthrop sat ?
Who wore the last three-cornered hat ?
Was Israel Porter lean or fat ? —
That's what I'd like to know.

Tell where the market used to be
That stood beside the murdered tree ?
Whose dog to church would go ?
Old Marcus Reemie, who was he ?
Who were the brothers Snow ?
Does not your memory slightly fail
About that great September gale
Whereof one told a moving tale,
As Cambridge boys should know.

When Cambridge was a simple town,
Say just when Deacon William Brown
(Last door in yonder row),
For honest silver counted down,
His groceries would bestow ? —
For those were days when money meant
Something that jingled as you went, —
No hybrid like the nickel cent,
I'd have you all to know,

But quarter, ninepence, pistareen,
And fourpence happennies in between
All metal fit to show,
Instead of rags in stagnant green,
The scum of debts we owe ;
How sad to think such stuff should be
Our Wendell's cure-all recipe, —
Not Wendell H., but Wendell P., —
The one you all must know !

I question — but you answer not —
Dear me ! and have I quite forgot
How fivescore years ago,
Just on this very blessed spot,
The summer leaves below,
Before his homespun ranks arrayed
In green New England's elmbough shade
The great Virginian drew the blade
King George full soon should know !

O George the Third ! you found it true
Our George was more than *double you*,
For nature made him so.
Not much an empire's crown can do
If brains are scant and slow, —
Ah, not like that his laurel crown
Whose presence gilded with renown

Our brave old Academic town,
As all her children know !

So here we meet with loud acclaim
To tell mankind that here he came,
With hearts that throb and glow ;
Ours is a portion of his fame
Our trumpets needs must blow !
On yonder hill the Lion fell,
But here was chipped the eagle's shell,—
That little hatchet did it well,
As all the world shall know !

WELCOME TO THE NATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1876.

BRIGHT on the banners of lily and rose
Lo ! the last sun of our century sets !
Wreath the black cannon that scowled
on our foes,
All but her friendships the nation forgets !
All but her friends and their welcome
forgets !
These are around her ; but where are
her foes ?
Lo, while the sun of her century sets,
Peace with her garlands of lily and
rose !

Welcome ! a shout like the war trumpet's
swell
Wakes the wild echoes that slumber
around !

Welcome ! it quivers from Liberty's bell ;
Welcome ! the walls of her temple resound !

Hark ! the gray walls of her temple
resound !

Fade the far voices o'er hillside and dell ;
Welcome ! still whisper the echoes
around ;

Welcome ! still trembles on Liberty's
bell !

Thrones of the continents ! isles of the
sea !

Yours are the garlands of peace we
entwine ;

Welcome, once more, to the land of the
free,

Shadowed alike by the palm and the
pine ;

Softly they murmur, the palm and the
pine,

"Hushed is our strife, in the land of
the free" ;

Over your children their branches entwine,
Thrones of the continents ! isles of
the sea !

A FAMILIAR LETTER.

TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

YES, write, if you want to, there's nothin'-
ing like trying ;
Who knows what a treasure your cas-
ket may hold ?
I'll show you that rhyming's as easy as
lying
If you'll listen to me while the art I
unfold.

Here's a book full of words ; one can
choose as he fancies,
As a painter his tint, as a workman
his tool ;
Just think ! all the poems and plays and
romances
Were drawn out of this, like the fish
from a pool !

You can wander at will through its syl-
labled mazes,
And take all you want, — not a cop-
per they cost, —
What is there to hinder your picking
out phrases
For an epic as clever as "Paradise
Lost" ?

Don't mind if the index of sense is at
zero,
Use words that run smoothly, what-
ever they mean ;
Leander and Lilian and Lillibullero
Are much the same thing in the
rhyming machine.

There are words so delicious their sweet-
ness will smother
That boarding-school flavor of which
we're afraid, —
There is "lush" is a good one, and
"swirl" is another, —
Put both in one stanza, its fortune is
made.

With musical murmurs and rhythmical
closes

You can cheat us of smiles when you've
nothing to tell ;
You hand us a nosegay of milliner's roses,
And we cry with delight, "O, how
sweet they *do* smell !"

Perhaps you will answer all needful con-
ditions
For winning the laurels to which you
aspire,
By docking the tails of the two preposi-
tions
I' the style o' the bards you so greatly
admire.

As for subjects of verse, they are only
too plenty
For ringing the changes on metrical
chimes ;
A maiden, a moonbeam, a lover of twenty
Have filled that great basket with
bushels of rhymes.

Let me show you a picture — 't is far
from irrelevant —
By a famous old hand in the arts of
design ;
'T is only a photographed sketch of an
elephant, —
The name of the draughtsman was
Rembrandt of Rhine.

How easy ! no troublesome colors to lay
on,
It can't have fatigued him, — no, not
in the least, —
A dash here and there with a hap-hazard
crayon,
And there stands the wrinkled-
skinned, baggy-limbed beast.

Just so with your verse, — 't is as easy
as sketching, —
You can reel off a song without knitt-
ing your brow,
As lightly as Rembrandt a drawing or
etching ;
It is nothing at all, if you only know
how.

Well ; imagine you've printed your vol-
ume of verses :
Your forehead is wreathed with the
garland of fame,
Your poems the eloquent school-boy re-
hearses,

Her album the school-girl presents for
your name ;

Each morning the post brings you auto-
graph letters ;
You'll answer them promptly, — an
hour is n't much
For the honor of sharing a page with
your betters,
With magistrates, members of Con-
gress, and such.

Of course you're delighted to serve the
committees
That come with requests from the
country all round ;
You would grace the occasion with poems
and ditties
When they've got a new schoolhouse,
or poorhouse, or pound.

With a hymn for the saints and a song
for the sinners,
You go and are welcome wherever you
please ;
You're a privileged guest at all manner
of dinners,
You've a seat on the platform among
the grandees.

At length your mere presence becomes
a sensation,
Your cup of enjoyment is filled to its
brim
With the pleasure Horatian of digit-
monstration,
As the whisper runs round of "That's
he !" or "That's him !"

But remember, O dealer in phrases sono-
rous,
So daintily chosen, so tunefully
matched,
Though you soar with the wings of the
cherubim o'er us,
The *ovum* was human from which you
were hatched.

No will of your own with its puny com-
pulsion
Can summon the spirit that quickens
the lyre ;
It comes, if at all, like the Sibyl's con-
vulsion
And touches the brain with a finger
of fire.

So perhaps, after all, it's as well to be
quiet,
If you've nothing you think is worth
saying in prose,
As to furnish a meal of their cannibal
diet
To the critics, by publishing, as you
propose.

But it's all of no use, and I'm sorry
I've written, —
I shall see your thin volume some day
on my shelf ;
For the rhyming tarantula surely has
bitten,
And music must cure you, so pipe it
yourself.

UNSATISFIED.

"ONLY a housemaid ! " She looked
from the kitchen, —
Neat was the kitchen and tidy was
she ;
There at her window a sempstress sat
stitching ;
"Were I a sempstress, how happy
I'd be ! "
"Only a Queen ! " She looked over the
waters, —
Fair was her kingdom and mighty was
she ;
There sat an Empress, with Queens for
her daughters ;
"Were I an Empress, how happy I'd
be ! "
Still the old frailty they all of them trip
in !
Eve in her daughters is ever the
same ;
Give her all Eden, she sighs for a
pippin ;
Give her an Empire, she pines for a
name !

May 8, 1876.

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

DEDICATED BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE
COLLEGIAN, 1830, TO THE EDITORS OF
THE HARVARD ADVOCATE, 1876.

T WAS on the famous trotting-ground,
The betting men were gathered round
From far and near ; the "cracks" were
there

Whose deeds the sporting prints declare :
The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag,
The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag,
With these a third — and who is he
That stands beside his fast b. g. ?
Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name
So fills the nasal trump of fame.
There too stood many a noted steed
Of Messenger and Morgan breed ;
Green horses also, not a few ;
Unknown as yet what they could do ;
And all the hacks that know so well
The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day ;
The bordering turf is green with May ;
The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown
On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan ;
The horses paw and prance and neigh,
Fillies and colts like kittens play,
And dance and toss their rippled manes
Shining and soft as silken skeins ;
Wagons and gigs are ranged about,
And fashion flaunts her gay turn-out ;
Here stands — each youthful Jehu's
dream —

The jointed tandem, ticklish team !
And there in ampler breadth expand
The splendors of the four-in-hand ;
On faultless ties and glossy tiles
The lovely bonnets beam their smiles ;
(The style's the man, so books avow ;
The style's the woman, anyhow) ;
From flounces frothed with creamy lace
Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
Or stares the wiry pet of Skye —
O woman, in your hours of ease
So shy with us, so free with these !

"Come on ! I'll bet you two to one
I'll make him do it ! " "Will you ?
Done ! "

What was it who was bound to do ?
I did not hear and can't tell you, —
Pray listen till my story's through.

Scarce noticed, back behind the rest,
By cart and wagon rudely prest,
The parson's lean and bony bay
Stood harnessed in his one-horse shay —
Lent to his sexton for the day ;
(A funeral — so the sexton said ;
His mother's uncle's wife was dead.)

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,
So looked the poor forlorn old beast ;

His coat was rough, his tail was bare,
The gray was sprinkled in his hair ;
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not
And yet they say he once could trot
Among the fleetest of the town,
Till something cracked and broke him
down, —

The steed's, the statesman's, common
lot !

“ And are we then so soon forgot ? ”
Ah me ! I doubt if one of you
Has ever heard the name “ Old Blue ,”
Whose fame through all this region rung
In those old days when I was young !

“ Bring forth the horse ! ” Alas ! he
showed
Not like the one Mazeppa rode ;
Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shakily-
kneed,
The wreck of what was once a steed,
Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints ;
Yet not without his knowing points.
The sexton laughing in his sleeve,
As if 't were all a make-believe,
Led forth the horse, and as he laughed
Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,
Unclasped the rusty belt beneath,
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
Slipped off his head-stall, set him free
From strap and rein, — a sight to see !

So worn, so lean in every limb,
It can't be they are saddling him !
It is ! his back the pig-skin strides
And flaps his lank, rheumatic sides ;
With look of mingled scorn and mirth
They buckle round the saddle-girth ;
With horsey wink and saucy toss
A youngster throws his leg across,
And so, his rider on his back,
They lead him, limping, to the track,
Far up behind the starting-point,
To limber out each stiffened joint.

As through the jeering crowd he past,
One pitying look old Hiram cast ;
“ Go it, ye cripple, while ye can ! ”
Cried out unsentimental Dan ;
“ A Fast-Day dinner for the crows ! ”
Budd Doble's scoffing shout arose.

Slowly, as when the walking-beam
First feels the gathering head of steam,
With warning cough and threatening
wheeze

The stiff old charger crooks his knees ;

At first with cautious step sedate,
As if he dragged a coach of state ;
He 's not a colt ; he knows full well
That time is weight and sure to tell ;
No horse so sturdy but he fears
The handicap of twenty years.

As through the throng on either hand
The old horse nears the judges' stand,
Beneath his jockey's feather-weight
He warms a little to his gait,
And now and then a step is tried
That hints of something like a stride.

“ Go ! ” — Through his ear the sum-
mons stung
As if a battle-trump had rung ;
The slumbering instincts long un-
stirred
Start at the old familiar word ;
It thrills like flame through every limb —
What mean his twenty years to him ?
The savage blow his rider dealt
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt ;
The spur that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tore his bleeding side ;
Alike to him are spur and rein, —
He steps a five-year-old again !

Before the quarter pole was past,
Old Hiram said, “ He 's going fast.”
Long ere the quarter was a half,
The chuckling crowd had ceased to
laugh ;
Tighter his frightened jockey clung
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid
back,
His tail extended all the while
Behind him like a rat-tail file !
Off went a shoe, — away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun ;
The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
From scraps of oaths he used to swear ;
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for a mane ;
He 'll lose his hold — he sways and
reels —
He 'll slide beneath those trampling
heels !

The knees of many a horseman quake,
The flowers on many a bonnet shake,
And shouts arise from left and right,
“ Stick on ! Stick on ! ” “ Hould tight !
Hould tight ! ”

"Cling round his neck and don't let go—
"That pace can't hold—there! steady!
 whoa!"
But like the sable steed that bore
The spectral lover of Lenore,
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
No stretch his bony limbs can tire;
And now the stand he rushes by,
And "Stop him!—stop him!" is the cry.
Stand back! he's only just begun—
He's having out three heats in one!

"Don't rush in front! he'll smash your brains;
But follow up and grab the reins!"
Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,
And sprang impatient at the word;
Budd Doble started on his bay,
Old Hiram followed on his gray,
And off they spring, and round they go,
The fast ones doing "all they know."
Look! twice they follow at his heels,
As round the circling course he wheels,
And whirls with him that clinging boy
Like Hector round the walls of Troy;
Still on, and on, the third time round!
They're tailing off! they're losing ground!
Budd Doble's nag begins to fail!
Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail!
And see! in spite of whip and shout,
Old Hiram's mare is giving out!
Now for the finish! at the turn,
The old horse—all the rest astern—
Comes swinging in, with easy trot;
By Jove! he's distanced all the lot!

That trot no mortal could explain;
Some said, "Old Dutchman come again!"
Some took his time,—at least they tried,
But what it was could none decide;
One said he could n't understand
What happened to his second hand;
One said 2. 10; that could n't be—
More like two twenty two or three;
Old Hiram settled it at last;
"The time was two—too dee-vel-ish fast!"

The parson's horse had won the bet;
It cost him something of a sweat;
Back in the one-horse shay he went;
The parson wondered what it meant,

And murmured, with a mild surprise
And pleasant twinkle of the eyes,
"That funeral must have been a trick,
Or corpses drive at double-quick;
I should n't wonder, I declare,
If brother Murray made the prayer!"

And this is all I have to say
About the parson's poor old bay,
The same that drew the one-horse shay.

Moral for which this tale is told:
A horse *can* trot, for all he's old.

AN APPEAL FOR "THE OLD SOUTH."

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall."

FULL sevenscore years our city's pride—
 The comely Southern spire—
Has cast its shadow, and defied
 The storm, the foe, the fire;
Sad is the sight our eyes behold;
 Woe to the three-hilled town,
When through the land the tale is told—
 "The brave 'Old South' is down!"

Let darkness blot the starless dawn
 That hears our children tell,
"Here rose the walls, now wrecked and gone,
 Our fathers loved so well;
Here, while his brethren stood aloof,
 The herald's blast was blown
That shook St. Stephen's pillared roof
 And rocked King George's throne!"

"The home-bound wanderer of the main
 Looked from his deck afar,
To where the gilded, glittering vane
 Shone like the evening star,
And pilgrim feet from every clime
 The floor with reverence trod,
Where holy memories made sublime
 The shrine of Freedom's God!"

The darkened skies, alas! have seen
 Our monarch tree laid low,
And spread in ruins o'er the green,
 But Nature struck the blow;
No scheming thrift its downfall planned,
 It felt no edge of steel,
No soulless hireling raised his hand
 The deadly stroke to deal.

In bridal garlands, pale and mute,
Still pleads the storied tower;
These are the blossoms, but the fruit
Awaits the golden shower;
The spire still greets the morning sun,—
Say, shall it stand or fall?
Help, ere the spoiler has begun!
Help, each, and God help all!

THE FIRST FAN.

READ AT A MEETING OF THE BOSTON
BRIC-À-BRAC CLUB, FEBRUARY 21, 1877.

WHEN rose the cry “Great Pan is dead!”
And Jove’s high palace closed its portal,
The fallen gods, before they fled,
Sold out their frippery to a mortal.
“To whom?” you ask. I ask of you.
The answer hardly needs suggestion;
Of course it was the Wandering Jew,—
How could you put me such a question?

A purple robe, a little worn,
The Thunderer deigned himself to offer;
The bearded wanderer laughed in scorn,—
You know he always was a scoffer.

“Vife shillins! ‘t is a monstrous price;
Say two and six and further talk shun.”
“Take it,” cried Jove; “we can’t be nice,—
“T would fetch twice that at Leonard’s auction.”

The ice was broken; up they came,
All sharp for bargains, god and god-dess,
Each ready with the price to name
For robe or head-dress, scarf or bodice.

First Juno, out of temper, too,—
Her queenly forehead somewhat cloudy;
Then Pallas in her stockings blue,
Imposing, but a little dowdy.

The scowling queen of heaven unrolled
Before the Jew a threadbare turban:
“Three shillings.” “One, ‘T will suit
some old
Terrific feminine suburban.”

But as for Pallas, — how to tell
In seemly phrase a fact so shocking?
She pointed, — pray excuse me, — well,
She pointed to her azure stocking.

And if the honest truth were told,
Its heel confessed the need of darning;
“Gods!” low-bred Vulcan cried, “behold!
There! that’s what comes of too much larning!”

Pale Proserpine came groping round,
Her pupils dreadfully dilated
With too much living underground,—
A residence quite overrated;

“This kerchief’s what you want, I know,—
Don’t cheat poor Venus of her cestus,—
You’ll find it handy when you go
To — you know where; it’s pure as bestus.”

Then Phœbus of the silver bow,
And Hebe, dimpled as a baby,
And Dian with the breast of snow,
Chaser and chased — and caught, it may be:

One took the quiver from her back,
One held the cap he spent the night in,
And one a bit of *bric-à-brac*,
Such as the gods themselves delight in.

Then Mars, the foe of human kind,
Strode up and showed his suit of armor;
So none at last was left behind
Save Venus, the celestial charmer.

Poor Venus! What had she to sell?
For all she looked so fresh and jaunty,
Her wardrobe, as I blush to tell,
Already seemed but quite too scanty.

Her gems were sold, her sandals gone,—
She always would be rash and flighty,—
Her winter garments all in pawn,
Alas for charming Aphrodite!

The lady of a thousand loves,
The darling of the old religion,
Had only left of all the doves
That drew her car one fan-tailed piggon.

How oft upon her finger-tips
He perched, afraid of Cupid's arrow,
Or kissed her on the rosebud lips,
Like Roman Lesbia's loving sparrow !

"My bird, I want your train," she cried ;
"Come, don't let's have a fuss about
it ;
I'll make it beauty's pet and pride,
And you 'll be better off without it.

"So vulgar ! Have you noticed, pray,
An earthly belle or dashing bride walk,
And how her flounces track her way,
Like slimy serpents on the sidewalk ?

"A lover's heart it quickly cools ;
In mine it kindles up enough rage
To wring their necks. How can such
fools
Ask men to vote for woman suffrage ?"

The goddess spoke, and gently stripped
Her bird of every caudal feather ;
A strand of gold-bright hair she clipped,
And bound the glossy plumes together,

And lo, the Fan ! for beauty's hand,
The lovely queen of beauty made it ;
The price she named was hard to stand,
But Venus smiled : the Hebrew paid it.

Jove, Juno, Venus, where are you ?
Mars, Mercury, Phœbus, Neptune,
Saturn ?
But o'er the world the Wandering Jew
Has borne the Fan's celestial pattern.

So everywhere we find the Fan, —
In lonely isles of the Pacific,
In farthest China and Japan, —
Wherever suns are sudorific.

Nay, even the oily Esquimaux
In summer court its cooling breezes, —
In fact, in every clime 't is so,
No matter if it fries or freezes.

And since from Aphrodite's dove
The pattern of the fan was given,
No wonder that it breathes of love
And wafts the perfumed gales of
heaven !

Before this new Pandora's gift
In slavery woman's tyrant kept her,
But now he kneels her glove to lift, —
The fan is mightier than the sceptre.

The tap it gives how arch and sly !
The breath it wakes how fresh and
grateful !
Behind its shield how soft the sigh !
The whispered tale of shame how fate-
ful !

Its empire shadows every throne
And every shore that man is tost on ;
It rules the lords of every zone,
Nay, even the bluest blood of Boston !

But every one that swings to-night,
Of fairest shape, from farthest region,
May trace its pedigree aright
To Aphrodite's fan-tailed pigeon.

TO R. B. H.

AT THE DINNER TO THE PRESIDENT,
BOSTON, JUNE 26, 1877.

How to address him ? awkward, it is
true :
Call him "Great Father," as the Red
Men do ?
Borrow some title ? this is not the place
That christens men Your Highness and
Your Grace ;
We tried such names as these awhile,
you know,
But left them off a century ago.

His Majesty ? We've had enough of
that :
Besides, that needs a crown ; he wears
a hat.
What if, to make the nicer ears content,
We say His Honesty, the President ?

Sir, we believed you honest, truthful,
brave,
When to your hands their precious trust
we gave,
And we have found you better than we
knew,
Braver, and not less honest, not less
true !
So every heart has opened, every hand
Tingles with welcome, and through all
the land
All voices greet you in one broad acclaim,
Healer of strife ! Has earth a nobler
name ?

What phrases mean you do not need to
learn ;

We must be civil and they serve our turn :
 "Your most obedient humble" means — means what ?
 Something the well-bred signer just is not.
 Yet there are tokens, sir, you must believe ;
 There is one language never can deceive :
 The lover knew it when the maiden smiled ;
 The mother knows it when she clasps her child ;
 Voices may falter, trembling lips turn pale,
 Words grope and stumble ; this will tell their tale
 Shorn of all rhetoric, bare of all pretence,
 But radiant, warm, with Nature's eloquence.
 Look in our eyes ! Your welcome waits you there, —
 North, South, East, West, from all and everywhere !

"THE SHIP OF STATE."**A SENTIMENT.**

THE Ship of State ! above her skies are blue,
 But still she rocks a little, it is true,
 And there *are* passengers whose faces white
 Show they don't feel as happy as they might ;
 Yet on the whole her crew are quite content,
 Since its wild fury the typhoon has spent,
 And willing, if her pilot thinks it best,
 To head a little nearer south by west.
 And this they feel : the ship came too near wreck,
 In the long quarrel for the quarter-deck,
 Now when she glides serenely on her way,
 — The shallows past where dread explosives lay, —
 The stiff obstructive's churlish game to try :
 Let sleeping dogs and still torpedoes lie !
 And so I give you all the Ship of State ;
 Freedom's last venture is her priceless freight ;

God speed her, keep her, bless her, while she steers
 Amid the breakers of unsounded years ;
 Lead her through danger's paths with even keel,
 And guide the honest hand that holds her wheel !

WOODSTOCK, CONN., July 4, 1877.

A FAMILY RECORD.

WOODSTOCK, CONN., JULY 4, 1877.

Not to myself this breath of vesper song,
 Not to these patient friends, this kindly throng,
 Not to this hallowed morning, though it be
 Our summer Christmas, Freedom's jubilee,
 When every summit, topmast, steeple, tower,
 That owns her empire spreads her starry flower,
 Its blood-streaked leaves in heaven's benignant dew
 Washed clean from every crimson stain they knew —
 No, not to these the passing thrills belong
 That steal my breath to hush themselves with song.
 These moments all are memory's ; I have come
 To speak with lips that rather should be dumb ;
 For what are words ? At every step I tread
 The dust that wore the footprints of the dead
 But for whose life my life had never known
 This faded vesture which it calls its own.
 Here sleeps my father's sire, and they who gave
 That earlier life here found their peaceful grave.
 In days gone by I sought the hallowed ground ;
 Climbed yon long slope ; the sacred spot I found
 Where all unsullied lies the winter snow,
 Where all ungathered Spring's pale violets blow,
 And tracked from stone to stone the Saxon name)

That marks the blood I need not blush
to claim,
Blood such as warmed the Pilgrim sons
of toil,
Who held from God the charter of the
soil.
I come an alien to your hills and
plains,
Yet feel your birthright tingling in my
veins ;
Mine are this changing prospect's sun
and shade,
In full-blown summer's bridal pomp
arrayed ;
Mine these fair hillsides and the vales
between ;
Mine the sweet streams that lend their
brightening green ;
I breathed your air — the sunlit land-
scape smiled ;
I touch your soil — it knows its chil-
dren's child ;
Throned in my heart your heritage is
mine ;
I claim it all by memory's right divine !
Waking, I dream. Before my vacant
eyes
In long procession shadowy forms arise ;
Far through the vista of the silent years
I see a venturesome band ; the pioneers,
Who let the sunlight through the for-
est's gloom,
Who bade the harvest wave, the garden
bloom.
Hark ! loud resounds the bare-armed
settler's axe, —
See where the stealthy panther left his
tracks !
As fierce, as stealthy creeps the skulk-
ing foe
With stone-tipped shaft and sinew-
corded bow ;
Soon shall he vanish from his ancient
reign,
Leave his last cornfield to the coming
train,
Quit the green margin of the wave he
drinks,
For haunts that hide the wild-cat and
the lynx.

But who the Youth his glistening axe
that swings
To smite the pine that shows a hundred
rings ?
His features ? — something in his look
I find

That calls the semblance of my race to
mind.
His name ? — my own ; and that which
goes before
The same that once the loved disciple
bore.
Young, brave, discreet, the father of a line
Whose voiceless lives have found a voice
in mine ;
Thinned by unnumbered currents though
they be,
Thanks for the ruddy drops I claim from
thee !

The seasons pass ; the roses come and
go ;
Snows fall and melt ; the waters freeze
and flow ;
The boys are men ; the girls, grown tall
and fair,
Have found their mates ; a gravestone
here and there
Tells where the fathers lie ; the silvered
hair
Of some bent patriarch yet recalls the
time
That saw his feet the northern hillside
climb,
A pilgrim from the pilgrims far away,
The godly men, the dwellers by the
bay.
On many a hearthstone burns the cheer-
ful fire ;
The schoolhouse porch, the heavenward
pointing spire
Proclaim in letters every eye can read,
Knowledge and Faith, the new world's
simple creed.
Hush ! 't is the Sabbath's silence-
stricken morn :
No feet must wander through the tas-
selled corn ;
No merry children laugh around the
door,
No idle playthings strew the sanded
floor ;
The law of Moses lays its awful ban
On all that stirs ; here comes the tith-
ing-man !
At last the solemn hour of worship
calls ;
Slowly they gather in the sacred walls ;
Man in his strength and age with
knotted staff,
And boyhood aching for its week-day
laugh,

The toil-worn mother with the child
she leads,
The maiden, lovely in her golden
beads,—
The popish symbols round her neck she
wears,
But on them counts her lovers, not her
prayers,—
Those youths in homespun suits and
ribboned queues,
Whose hearts are beating in the high-
backed pews.
The pastor rises; looks along the seats
With searching eye; each wonted face
he meets;
Asks heavenly guidance; finds the chap-
ter's place
That tells some tale of Israel's stubborn
race;
Gives out the sacred song; all voices
join,
For no *quartette* extorts their scanty
coin;
Then while both hands their black-
gloved palms display,
Lifts his gray head, and murmurs "Let
us pray!"
And pray he does! as one that never
fears
To plead unanswered by the God that
hears;
What if he dwells on many a fact as
though
Some things Heaven knew not which it
ought to know,—
Thanks God for all His favors past, and
yet,
Tells Him there's something He must
not forget;
Such are the prayers his people love to
hear,—
See how the Deacon slants his listening
ear!
What! look once more! Nay, surely
there I trace
The hinted outlines of a well-known
face!
Not those the lips for laughter to beguile,
Yet round their corners lurks an embryo
smile,
The same on other lips my childhood
knew
That scarce the Sabbath's mastery could
subdue.
Him too my lineage gives me leave to
claim,—

The good, grave man that bears the
Psalmist's name.

And still in ceaseless round the sea-
sons passed;
Spring piped her carol; Autumn blew
his blast;
Babes waxed to manhood; manhood
shrank to age;
Life's worn-out players tottered off the
stage;
The few are many; boys have grown to
men
Since Putnam dragged the wolf from
Pomfret's den;
Our new-old Woodstock is a thriving
town;
Brave are her children; faithful to the
crown;
Her soldiers' steel the savage redskin
knows;
Their blood has crimsoned his Canadian
snows.
And now once more along the quiet vale
Rings the dread call that turns the
mothers pale;
Full well they know the valorous heat
that runs
In every pulse-beat of their loyal sons;
Who would not bleed in good King
George's cause
When England's lion shows his teeth
and claws?
With glittering firelocks on the vil-
lage green
In proud array a martial band is seen;
You know what names those ancient
rosters hold,—
Whose belts were buckled when the
drum-beat rolled,—
But mark their Captain! tell us, who
is he?
On his brown face that same old look I
see!
Yes! from the homestead's still retreat
he came,
Whose peaceful owner bore the Psalm-
ist's name;
The same his own. Well, Israel's glo-
rious king
Who struck the harp could also whirl
the sling,—
Breathe in his song a penitential sigh
And smite the sons of Amalek hip and
thigh:

These shared their task ; one deaconed
out the psalm,
One slashed the scalping hell-hounds of
Montcalm ;
The praying father's pious work is done,
Now sword in hand steps forth the
fighting son.
On many a field he fought in wilds
afar ;
See on his swarthy cheek the bullet's
scar !
There hangs a murderous tomahawk ;
beneath,
Without its blade, a knife's embroidered
sheath ;
Save for the stroke his trusty weapon
dealt
His scalp had dangled at their owner's
belt ;
But not for him such fate ; he lived to see
The bloodier strife that made our nation
free,
To serve with willing toil, with skilful
hand,
The war-worn saviors of the bleeding
land.
His wasting life to others' needs he
gave, —
Sought rest in home and found it in the
grave.
See where the stones life's brief memo-
rials keep,
The tablet telling where he "fell on
sleep," —
Watched by a winged cherub's rayless
eye, —
A scroll above that says we all must die, —
Those saddening lines beneath, the
"Night-Thoughts" lent :
So stands the Soldier's, Surgeon's monu-
ment.
Ah ! at a glance my filial eye divines
The scholar son in those remembered
lines.

The Scholar Son. His hand my foot-
steps led.
No more the dim unreal past I tread.
O thou whose breathing form was once
so dear,
Whose cheering voice was music to my
ear,
Art thou not with me as my feet pursue
The village paths so well thy boyhood
knew,

Along the tangled margin of the stream
Whose murmurs blended with thine in-
fant dream,
Or climb the hill, or thread the wooded
vale,
Or seek the wave where gleams yon dis-
tant sail,
Or the old homestead's narrowed bounds
explore,
Where sloped the roof that sheds the
rains no more,
Where one last relic still remains to
tell
Here stood thy home,—the memory-
haunted well,
Whose waters quench a deeper thirst
than thine,
Changed at my lips to sacramental
wine, —
Art thou not with me, as I fondly trace
The scanty records of thine honored
race,
Call up the forms that earlier years have
known,
And spell the legend of each slanted
stone ?
With thoughts of thee my loving
verse began,
Not for the critic's curious eye to scan,
Not for the many listeners, but the
few
Whose fathers trod the paths my fathers
knew ;
Still in my heart thy loved remembrance
burns ;
Still to my lips thy cherished name re-
turns ;
Could I but feel thy gracious presence
near
Amid the groves that once to thee were
dear !
Could but my trembling lips with mor-
tal speech
Thy listening ear for one brief moment
reach !
How vain the dream ! The pallid voy-
ager's track
No sign betrays ; he sends no message
back.
No word from thee since evening's
shadow fell
On thy cold forehead with my long
farewell, —
Now from the margin of the silent sea,
Take my last offering ere I cross to thee !

Methinks I hear Delilah's laugh
At Samson bound in fetters;—
“We captured!” shrieks each lovelier
half,
“Men think themselves *our* betters!
We push the bolt, we turn the key
On warriors, poets, sages,
Too happy, all of them, to be
Locked in our golden cages!”

Beware! the boy with bandaged eyes
Has flung away his blinder;
He's lost his mother — so he cries —
And here he knows he'll find her:
The rogue! 't is but a new device —
Look out for flying arrows
Whene'er the birds of Paradise
Are perched amid the sparrows!

FOR WHITTIER'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

DECEMBER 17, 1877.

I BELIEVE that the copies of verses I've spun,
Like Scheherazade's tales, are a thousand and one, —
You remember the story, — those mornings in bed, —
'T was the turn of a copper, — a tale or a head.

A doom like Scheherazade's falls upon me
In a mandate as stern as the Sultan's decree:
I'm a florist in verse, and what *would* people say
If I came to a banquet without my bouquet?

It is trying, no doubt, when the company knows
Just the look and the smell of each lily and rose,
The green of each leaf in the sprigs that I bring,
And the shape of the bunch and the knot of the string.

Yes, — “the style is the man,” and the nib of one's pen
Makes the same mark at twenty, and three-score and ten;
It is so in all matters, if truth may be told;
Let one look at the cast he can tell you the mould.

How we all know each other! no use in disguise;
Through the holes in the mask comes the flash of the eyes;
We can tell by his — somewhat — each one of our tribe,
As we know the old hat which we cannot describe.

Though in Hebrew, in Sanscrit, in Choctaw you write,
Sweet singer who gave us the Voices of Night,
Though in buskin or slipper your song may be shod,
Or the velvety verse that Evangeline trod,

We shall say “You can't cheat us, — we know it is you,”
There is one voice like that, but there cannot be two,
Maestro, whose chant like the dulcimer rings:
And the woods will be hushed while the nightingale sings.

And he, so serene, so majestic, so true,
Whose temple hypæthral the planets shine through,
Let us catch but five words from that mystical pen,
We should know our one sage from all children of men.

And he whose bright image no distance can dim,
Through a hundred disguises we can't mistake him,
Whose play is all earnest, whose wit is the edge
(With a beetle behind) of a sham-splitting wedge.

Do you know whom we send you, Hidalgo of Spain?
Do you know your old friends when you see them again?
Hosea was Sancho! you Dons of Madrid,
But Sancho that wielded the lance of the Cid!

And the wood-thrush of Essex, — you know whom I mean,
Whose song echoes round us while he sits unseen,
Whose heart-throbs of verse through our memories thrill
Like a breath from the wood, like a breeze from the hill,

So fervid, so simple, so loving, so pure,
We hear but one strain and our verdict
 is sure, —
Thee cannot elude us, — no further we
 search, —
'T is Holy George Herbert cut loose
 from his church !

We think it the voice of a seraph that
 sings, —
Alas ! we remember that angels have
 wings, —
What story is this of the day of his
 birth ?
Let him live to a hundred ! we want
 him on earth !

One life has been paid him (in gold) by
 the sun ;
One account has been squared and an-
 other begun ;
But he never will die if he lingers below
Till we've paid him in love half the
 balance we owe !

TWO SONNETS : HARVARD.¹

"CHRISTO ET ECCLESIAE." 1700.

TO GOD'S ANOINTED AND HIS CHOSEN
 FLOCK :
So ran the phrase the black-robed
 conclave chose
To guard the sacred cloisters that
 arose
Like David's altar on Moriah's rock.
Unshaken still those ancient arches
 mock
The ram's-horn summons of the windy
 foes
Who stand like Joshua's army while
 it blows
And wait to see them toppling with the
 shock.
Christ and the Church. *Their* church,
 whose narrow door
Shut out the many, who if over bold
Like hunted wolves were driven from
 the fold,
Bruised with the flails those godly zeal-
 ots bore,
Mindful that Israel's altar stood of old
Where echoed once Araunah's thresh-
 ing-floor.

1643. "VERITAS." 1878.

TRUTH : So the frontlet's older legend
 ran,

¹ At the meeting of the New York Harvard Club, February 21, 1878.

On the brief record's opening page
 displayed ;
Not yet those clear-eyed scholars were
 afraid
Lest the fair fruit that wrought the woe
 of man
By far Euphrates, — where our sire
 began
His search for truth, and seeking, was
 betrayed, —
Might work new treason in their
 forest shade,
Doubling the curse that brought life's
 shortened span.
Nurse of the future, daughter of the
 past,
That stern phylactery best becomes
 thee now :
Lift to the morning star thy marble
 brow !
Cast thy brave truth on every warring
 blast !
Stretch thy white hand to that forbid-
 den bough,
And let thine earliest symbol be thy
 last !

THE LAST SURVIVOR.¹

YES ! the vacant chairs tell sadly we
 are going, going fast,
And the thought comes strangely o'er
 me who will live to be the last ?
When the twentieth century's sunbeams
 climb the far-off eastern hill
With his ninety winters burdened will
 he greet the morning still ?

Will he stand with Harvard's nurslings
 when they hear their mother's
 call
And the old and young are gathered in
 the many alcoved hall ?
Will he answer to the summons when
 they range themselves in line
And the young mustachioed marshal
 calls out "Class of 29" ?

Methinks I see the column as its length-
 ened ranks appear
In the sunshine of the morrow of the
 nineteen hundredth year ;
Through the yard 't is creeping, wind-
 ing, by the walls of dusky red —
What shape is that which totters at the
 long procession's head ?

¹ Annual meeting of the Class of 1829, January 10, 1878.

Who knows this ancient graduate of fourscore years and ten,—
What place he held, what name he bore among the sons of men?
So speeds the curious question ; its answer travels slow ;
“ ‘T is the last of sixty classmates of seventy years ago.”

His figure shows but dimly, his face I scarce can see, —
There’s something that reminds me, — it looks like — is it he ?
He? Who? No voice may whisper what wrinkled brow shall claim
The wreath of stars that circles our last survivor’s name.

Will he be some veteran minstrel, left to pipe in feeble rhyme
All the stories and the glories of our gay and golden time ?
Or some quiet, voiceless brother in whose lonely loving breast
Fond memory broods in silence, like a dove upon her nest ?

Will it be some old *Emeritus*, who taught so long ago
The boys that heard him lecture have heads as white as snow ?
Or a pious, painful preacher, holding forth from year to year
Till his colleague got a colleague whom the young folks flocked to hear ?

Will it be a rich old merchant in a square-tied white cravat,
Or select-man of a village in a pre-historic hat ?
Will his dwelling be a mansion in a marble-fronted row,
Or a homestead by a hillside where the huckleberries grow ?

I can see our one survivor, sitting lonely by himself, —
All his college text-books round him, ranged in order on their shelf ;
There are classic “interliners” filled with learning’s choicest pith,
Each *cum notis variorum, quas recensuit doctus Smith* ;

Physics, metaphysics, logic, mathematics — all the lot —
Every wisdom-crammed octavo he has mastered and forgot,
With the ghosts of dead Professors standing guard beside them all ;
And the room is full of shadows which their lettered backs recall.

How the past spreads out in vision with its far receding train,
Like a long embroidered arras in the chambers of the brain,
From opening manhood’s morning when first we learned to grieve
To the fond regretful moments of our sorrow saddened eve !

What early shadows darkened our idle summer’s joy
When death snatched roughly from us that lovely bright-eyed boy !
The years move swiftly onwards ; the deadly shafts fall fast, —
Till all have dropped around him — lo, there he stands, — the last !

Their faces fit before him, some rosy-hued and fair,
Some strong in iron manhood, some worn with toil and care,
Their smiles no more shall greet him on cheeks with pleasure flushed !
The friendly hands are folded, the pleasant voices hushed !

My picture sets me dreaming ; alas ! and can it be
Those two familiar faces we never more may see ?
In every entering footfall I think them drawing near,
With every door that opens I say, “ At last they’re here ! ”

The willow bends unbroken when angry tempests blow,
The stately oak is levelled and all its strength laid low ;
So fell that tower of manhood, undaunted, patient, strong,
White with the gathering snow-flakes, who faced the storm so long.²

And he,³ — what subtle phrases their varying light must blend
To paint as each remembers our many-featured friend !
His wit a flash auroral that laughed in every look,
His talk a sunbeam broken on the ripples of a brook,

Or, fed from thousand sources, a fountain’s glittering jet,
Or careless handfuls scattered of diamond sparks unset,

¹ William Sturgis.

² Francis B. Crowninshield.

³ George T. Davis.

Ah, sketch him, paint him, mould him
in every shape you will,
He was *himself* — the only — the one
unpictured still!

Farewell! our skies are darkened and
yet the stars will shine,
We'll close our ranks together and still
fall into line
Till one is left, one only, to mourn for
all the rest;
And Heaven bequeath their memories
to him who loves us best!

THE ARCHBISHOP AND GIL BLAS.¹

A MODERNIZED VERSION.

I DON'T think I feel much older; I'm
aware I'm rather gray,
But so are many young folks; I meet
'em every day.
I confess I'm more particular in what
I eat and drink,
But one's taste improves with culture;
that is all it means, I think.

Can you read as once you used to?
Well, the printing is so bad,
No young folks' eyes can read it like the
books that once we had.
Are you quite as quick of hearing? Please
to say that once again.
Don't I use plain words, your Reverence?
Yes, I often use a cane,

But it's not because I need it, — no,
I always liked a stick;
And as one might lean upon it, 'tis as
well it should be thick.
Oh, I'm smart, I'm spry, I'm lively, —
I can walk, yes, that I can,
On the days I feel like walking, just as
well as you, young man!

*Don't you get a little sleepy after dinner
every day?*
Well, I doze a little, sometimes, but that
always was my way.
*Don't you cry a little easier than some
twenty years ago?*
Well, my heart is very tender, but I
think 't was always so.

*Don't you find it sometimes happens that
you can't recall a name?*
Yes, — I know such lots of people, —
but my memory's not to blame.

¹ Annual Meeting of the Class of 1829, January 6, 1879.

What! You think my memory's failing!
Why, it's just as bright
and clear,—
I remember my great-grandma! She's
been dead these sixty year!

Is your voice a little trembly? Well, it
may be, now and then,
But I write as well as ever with a good
old-fashioned pen;
It's the Gillotts make the trouble, —
not at all my finger-ends, —
That is why my hand looks shaky when
I sign for dividends.

Don't you stoop a little, walking? It's
a way I've always had,
I have always been round-shouldered
ever since I was a lad.
Don't you hate to tie your shoe-strings?
Yes, I own it — that is true.
Don't you tell old stories over? I am not
aware I do.

Don't you stay at home of evenings?
Don't you love a cushioned seat
In a corner, by the fireside, with your slippers on your feet?
Don't you wear warm fleecy flannelets?
Don't you muffle up your throat?
*Don't you like to have one help you when
you're putting on your coat?*

Don't you like old books you've dog-eared, you can't remember when?
*Don't you call it late at nine o'clock and
go to bed at ten?*
*How many cronies can you count of all
you used to know*
*Who called you by your Christian name
some fifty years ago?*

*How look the prizes to you that used to
fire your brain?*
*You've reared your mound — how high is
it above the level plain?*
*You've drained the brimming golden cup
that made your fancy reel,*
*You've slept the giddy potion off, — now
tell us how you feel!*

*You've watched the harvest ripening till
every stem was cropped,*
*You've seen the rose of beauty fade till
every petal dropped,*
*You've told your thought, you've done
your task, you've tracked your dial
round,*
— I backing down! Thank Heaven,
not yet! I'm hale and brisk and
sound,

And good for many a tussle, as you
shall live to see;
My shoes are not quite ready yet,—
don't think you're rid of me!
Old Parr was in his lusty prime when
he was older far,
And where will you be if I live to beat
old Thomas Parr?

*Ah well,—I know,—at every age life has
a certain charm,—*
*You're going? Come, permit me, please,
I beg you'll take my arm.*
*I take your arm! Why take your arm?
I'd thank you to be told*
*I'm old enough to walk alone, but not
so very old!*

THE SHADOWS.¹

“How many have gone?” was the question of old
Ere Time our bright ring of its jewels bereft;
Alas! for too often the death-bell has tolled,
And the question we ask is, “How many are left?”

Bright sparkled the wine; there were fifty that quaffed;
For a decade had slipped and had taken but three.
How they frolicked and sung, how they shouted and laughed,
Like a school full of boys from their benches set free!

There were speeches and toasts, there were stories and rhymes,
The hall shook its sides with their merriment's noise;
As they talked and lived over the college-day times,—
No wonder they kept their old name of “The Boys”!

The seasons moved on in their rhythmical flow
With mornings like maidens that pouted or smiled,
With the bud and the leaf and the fruit and the snow,
And the year-books of Time in his alcoves were piled.

There were forty that gathered where fifty had met;
Some locks had got silvered, some lives had grown sere,

But the laugh of the laughers was lusty as yet,
And the song of the singers rose ringing and clear.

Still fitted the years; there were thirty that came;
“The Boys” they were still and they answered their call;
There were foreheads of care, but the smiles were the same
And the chorus rang loud through the garlanded hall.

The hour-hand moved on, and they gathered again;
There were twenty that joined in the hymn that was sung,
But ah! for our song-bird we listened in vain,—
The crystalline tones like a seraph's that rung!

How narrow the circle that holds us tonight!
How many the loved ones that greet us no more,
As we meet like the stragglers that come from the fight,
Like the mariners flung from a wreck on the shore!

We look through the twilight for those we have lost;
The stream rolls between us, and yet they seem near;
Already outnumbered by those who have crossed,
Our band is transplanted, its home is not here!

They smile on us still—is it only a dream?—
While fondly or proudly their names we recall—
They beckon—they come—they are crossing the stream—
Lo! the Shadows! the Shadows! room—room for them all!

THE COMING ERA.

THEY tell us that the Muse is soon to fly hence,
Leaving the bowers of song that were once dear,
Her robes bequeathing to her sister, Science,
The groves of Pindus for the axe to clear.

¹ Annual Meeting of the Class of 1829, January 8, 1880.

Optics will claim the wandering eye of fancy,
Physics will grasp imagination's wings,
Plain fact excise fiction's necromancy,
The workshop hammer where the minstrel sings.

No more with laughter at Thalia's frolics
Our eyes shall twinkle till the tears run down,
But in her place the lecturer on hydraulics
Spout forth his watery science to the town.

No more our foolish passions and affections
The tragic Muse with mimic grief shall try,
But, nobler far, a course of vivisections
Teach what it costs a tortured brute to die.

The unearthened monad, long in buried rocks hid,
Shall tell the secret whence our being came;
The chemist show us death is life's black oxide,
Left when the breath no longer fans its flame.

Instead of cracked-brained poets in their attics
Filling thin volumes with their flowery talk,
There shall be books of wholesome mathematics;
The tutor with his blackboard and his chalk.

No longer bards with madrigal and sonnet
Shall woo to moonlight walks the ribboned sex,
But side by side the beaver and the bonnet
Stroll, calmly pondering on some problem's *x*.

The sober bliss of serious calculation
Shall mock the trivial joys that fancy drew,
And, oh, the rapture of a solved equation,—
One self-same answer on the lips of two!

So speak in solemn tones our youthful sages,

Patient, severe, laborious, slow, exact,
As o'er creation's protoplasmic pages They browse and munch the thistle crops of fact.

And yet we've sometimes found it rather pleasant
To dream again the scenes that Shakespeare drew,—
To walk the hill-side with the Scottish peasant
Among the daisies wet with morning's dew;

To leave awhile the daylight of the real,
Led by the guidance of the master's hand,
For the strange radiance of the fair ideal,—
“The light that never was on sea or land.”

Well, Time alone can lift the future's curtain,—
Science may teach our children all she knows,
But Love will kindle fresh young hearts, 'tis certain,
And June will not forget her blushing rose.

And so, in spite of all that Time is bringing,—
Treasures of truth and miracles of art,
Beauty and Love will keep the poet singing,
And song still live, the science of the heart.

IN RESPONSE.¹

SUCH kindness! the scowl of a cynic would soften,
His pulse beat its way to some eloquent words,
Alas! my poor accents have echoed too often,
Like that Pinafore music you've some of you heard.

Do you know me, dear strangers — the hundredth-time comer
At banquets and feasts since the days of my Spring?
Ah! would I could borrow one rose of my Summer,
But this is a leaf of my Autumn I bring.

¹ Breakfast at the Century Club, New York, May, 1879.

I look at your faces,— I'm sure there
are some from
The three-breasted mother I count as
my own;
You think you remember the place you
have come from,
But how it has changed in the years
that have flown!

Unaltered, 'tis true, is the hall we call
"Funnel,"
Still fights the "Old South" in the
battle for life,
But we've opened our door to the West
through the tunnel,
And we've cut off Fort Hill with our
Amazon knife.

You should see the new Westminster
Boston has builded,—
Its mansions, its spires, its museums
of arts,—
You should see the great dome we have
gorgeously gilded,—
'T is the light of our eyes, 't is the
joy of our hearts.

When first in his path a young asteroid
found it,
As he sailed through the skies with
the stars in his wake,
He thought 'twas the sun, and kept
circling around it
Till Edison signalled, " You 've made
a mistake."

We are proud of our city,— her fast-
growing figure,
The warp and the woof of her brain
and her hands,—
But we're proudest of all that her heart
has grown bigger,
And warms with fresh blood as her
girdle expands.

One lesson the rubric of conflict has
taught her:
Though parted awhile by war's earth-
rending shock,
The lines that divide us are written in
water,
The love that unites us cut deep in
the rock.

As well might the Judas of treason en-
deavor
To write his black name on the disk
of the sun
As try the bright star-wreath that binds
us to sever
And blot the fair legend of " Many
in One."

We love you, tall sister, the stately,
the splendid,—
The banner of empire floats high on
your towers,
Yet ever in welcome your arms are ex-
tended,—
We share in your splendors, your
glory is ours.

Yes, Queen of the Continent! All of
us own thee,—
The gold-freighted argosies flock at
thy call,
The naiads, the sea-nymphs have met to
enthrone thee,
But the Broadway of one is the High-
way of all!

— I thank you. Three words that can
hardly be mended,
Though phrases on phrases their elo-
quence pile,
If you hear the heart's throb with their
eloquence blended,
And read all they mean in a sunshiny
smile.

FOR THE MOORE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

MAY 28, 1879.

I.

ENCHANTER of Erin, whose magic has
bound us,
Thy wand for one moment we fondly
would claim,
Entranced while it summons the phan-
toms around us
That blush into life at the sound of
thy name.

The tell-tales of memory wake from
their slumbers,—
I hear the old song with its tender re-
frain,—
What passion lies hid in those honey-
voiced numbers!
What perfume of youth in each ex-
quisite strain!

The home of my childhood comes back
as a vision,—
Hark! Hark! A soft chord from its
song-haunted room,—
'T is a morning of May, when the air is
Elysian,—
The syringa in bud and the lilac in
bloom,—

We are clustered around the " Clemen-
ti " piano,—

There were six of us then,—there
are two of us now,—
She is singing,—the girl with the sil-
ver soprano,—
How “The Lord of the Valley” was
false to his vow:

“Let Erin remember” the echoes are
calling:
Through “The Vale of Avoca” the
waters are rolled:
“The Exile” laments while the night-
dews are falling:
“The Morning of Life” dawns again
as of old.

But ah! those warm love-songs of fresh
adolescence!
Around us such raptures celestial they
flung
That it seemed as if Paradise breathed
its quintessence
Through the seraph-toned lips of the
maiden that sung!

Long hushed are the chords that my
boyhood enchanted
As when the smooth wave by the an-
gel was stirred,
Yet still with their music is memory
haunted
And oft in my dreams are their melo-
dies heard.

I feel like the priest to his altar return-
ing,—
The crowd that was kneeling no
longer is there,
The flame has died down, but the brands
are still burning,
And sandal and cinnamon sweeten the
air.

II.

The veil for her bridal young Summer
is weaving
In her azure-domed hall with its tap-
estried floor,
And Spring the last tear-drop of May-
dew is leaving
On the daisy of Burns and the sham-
rock of Moore.

How like, how unlike, as we view them
together,
The song of the minstrels whose rec-
ord we scan,—
One fresh as the breeze blowing over
the heather,—
One sweet as the breath from an oda-
lisque’s fan!

Ah, passion can glow mid a palace’s
splendor;
The cage does not alter the song of
the bird;
And the curtain of silk has known whis-
pers as tender
As ever the blossoming hawthorn has
heard.

No fear lest the step of the soft-slippered
Graces
Should fright the young Loves from
their warm little nest,
For the heart of a queen, under jewels
and laces,
Beats time with the pulse in the peas-
ant girl’s breast!

Thrice welcome each gift of kind Na-
ture’s bestowing!
Her fountain heeds little the goblet
we hold;
Alike, when its musical waters are flow-
ing,
The shell from the seaside, the chal-
ice of gold.

The twins of the lyre to her voices had
listened;
Both laid their best gifts upon Liber-
ty’s shrine;
For Coila’s loved minstrel the holly-
wreath glistened;
For Erin’s the rose and the myrtle en-
twine.

And while the fresh blossoms of sum-
mer are braided
For the sea-girdled, stream-silvered,
lake-jewelled isle,
While her mantle of verdure is woven
unfaded,
While Shannon and Liffey shall dim-
ple and smile.

The land where the staff of Saint Pat-
rick was planted,
Where the shamrock grows green
from the cliffs to the shore,
The land of fair maidens and heroes
undaunted,
Shall wreath her bright harp with
the garlands of Moore!

TO JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

APRIL 4, 1880.

I BRING the simplest pledge of love,
Friend of my earlier days;
Mine is the hand without the glove,
The heart-beat, not the phrase.

How few still breathe this mortal air
We called by schoolboy names!
You still, whatever robe you wear,
To me are always James.

That name the kind apostle bore
Who shames the sullen creeds,
Not trusting less, but loving more,
And showing faith by deeds.

What blending thoughts our memories
share!

What visions yours and mine
Of May-days in whose morning air
The dews were golden wine,
Of vistas bright with opening day,
Whose all-awakening sun
Showed in life's landscape, far away,
The summits to be won!

The heights are gained.— Ah, say not
so
For him who smiles at time,
Leaves his tired comrades down be-
low,
And only lives to climb!

His labors,— will they ever cease,—
With hand and tongue and pen ?
Shall wearied Nature ask release
At threescore years and ten ?

Our strength the clustered seasons
tax,—
For him new life they mean ;
Like rods around the lictor's axe
They keep him bright and keen.

The wise, the brave, the strong, we
know,—
We mark them here or there,
But he,— we roll our eyes, and lo !
We find him everywhere !

With truth's bold cohorts, or alone,
He strides through error's field ;
His lance is ever manhood's own,
His breast is woman's shield.

Count not his years while earth has
need
Of souls that Heaven inflames
With sacred zeal to save, to lead,—
Long live our dear Saint James !

WELCOME TO THE CHICAGO COMMERCIAL CLUB.

JANUARY 14, 1880.

CHICAGO sounds rough to the maker of
verse ;
One comfort we have — Cincinnati
sounds worse ;

If we only were licensed to say Chi-
cago !
But Worcester and Webster won't let
us, you know.

No matter, we songsters must sing as
we can ;
We can make some nice couplets with
Lake Michigan,
And what more resembles a nightin-
gale's voice,
Than the oily trisyllable, sweet Illinois ?

Your waters are fresh, while our har-
bor is salt,
But we know you can't help it — it is n't
your fault ;
Our city is old and your city is new,
But the railroad men tell us we're
greener than you.

You have seen our gilt dome, and no
doubt you've been told
That the orbs of the universe round
it are rolled ;
But I'll own it to you, and I ought to
know best,
That this is n't quite true of all stars of
the West.

You'll go to Mount Auburn — we'll
show you the track, —
And can stay there, — unless you pre-
fer to come back ;
And Bunker's tall shaft you can climb
if you will,
But you'll puff like a paragraph prais-
ing a pill.

You must see — but you *have* seen —
our old Faneuil Hall,
Our churches, our school-rooms, our
sample-rooms, all ;
And, perhaps, though the idiots must
have their jokes,
You have found our good people much
like other folks.

There are cities by rivers, by lakes and
by seas,
Each as full of itself as a cheese-mite of
cheese ;
And a city will brag as a game-cock
will crow :
Don't your cockerels at home — just a
little, you know ?

But we'll crow for you now — here's a
health to the boys,
Men, maidens, and matrons of fair Illi-
nois,

And the rainbow of friendship that
arches its span
From the green of the sea to the blue
Michigan !

**AMERICAN ACADEMY CENTEN-
NIAL CELEBRATION.**

MAY 26, 1880.

SIRE, son, and grandson ; so the century
glides ;
Three lives, three strides, three foot-
prints in the sand ;
Silent as midnight's falling meteor
slides
Into the stillness of the far-off land ;
How dim the space its little arc has
spanned !

See on this opening page the names re-
nowned
Tombed in these records on our dusty
shelves,
Scarce on the scroll of living memory
found,
Save where the wan-eyed antiquarian
delves ;
Shadows they seem ; ah, what are we
ourselves ?

Pale ghosts of Bowdoin, Winthrop,
Willard, West,
Sages of busy brain and wrinkled
brow,
Searchers of Nature's secrets uncon-
fessed,
Asking of all things Whence and
Why and How —
What problems meet your larger vision
now ?

Has Gannett tracked the wild Aurora's
path ?
Has Bowdoin found his all-surround-
ing sphere ?
What question puzzles ciphering Philo-
math ?
Could Williams make the hidden
causes clear
Of the Dark Day that filled the land
with fear ?

Dear ancient schoolboys ! Nature taught
to them
The simple lessons of the star and
flower,
Showed them strange sights ; how on a
single stem, —
Admire the marvels of Creative Pow-
er ! —
Twin apples grew, one sweet, the
other sour,

How from the hill-top where our eyes
behold
In even ranks the plumed and ban-
nered maize
Range its long columns, in the days of
old
The live volcano shot its angry
blaze, —
Dead since the showers of Noah's
watery days ;

How, when the lightning split the
mighty rock,
The spreading fury of the shaft was
spent !
How the young scion joined the alien
stock,
And when and where the homeless
swallows went
To pass the winter of their discontent.

Scant were the gleanings in those years
of dearth ;
No Cuvier yet had clothed the fossil
bones
That slumbered, waiting for their sec-
ond birth ;
No Lyell read the legend of the
stones ;
Science still pointed to her empty
thrones.

Dreaming of orbs to eyes of earth un-
known,
Herschel looked heavenwards in the
starlight pale ;
Lost in those awful depths he trod alone,
Laplace stood mute before the lifted
veil ;
While home-bred Humboldt trimmed
his toy ship's sail.

No mortal feet these loftier heights had
gained
Whence the wide realms of Nature
we descry ;
In vain their eyes our longing fathers
strained
To scan with wondering gaze the
summits high
That far beneath their children's foot-
paths lie.

Smile at their first small ventures as we
may,
The school - boy's copy shapes the
scholar's hand,
Their grateful memory fills our hearts
to-day ;
Brave, hopeful, wise, this bower of
peace they planned,

- While war's dread ploughshare scarred
the suffering land.
- Child of our children's children yet un-
born,
When on this yellow page you turn
your eyes,
Where the brief record of this May-day
morn
In phrase antique and faded letters lies,
How vague, how pale our flitting
ghosts will rise !
- Yet in our veins the blood ran warm
and red,
For us the fields were green, the skies
were blue,
Though from our dust the spirit long
has fled,
We lived, we loved, we toiled, we
dreamed like you,
Smiled at our sires and thought how
much we knew.
- Oh might our spirits for one hour re-
turn,
When the next century rounds its
hundredth ring,
All the strange secrets it shall teach to
learn,
To hear the larger truths its years
shall bring,
Its wiser sages talk, its sweeter min-
strels sing !
- THE SCHOOL-BOY.**
- READ AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRA-
TION OF THE FOUNDATION OF PHILLIPS
ACADEMY, ANDOVER.
- 1778-1878.
- THESE hallowed precincts, long to mem-
ory dear,
Smile with fresh welcome as our feet
draw near ;
With softer gales the opening leaves
are fanned,
With fairer hues the kindling flowers
expand,
The rose-bush reddens with the blush of
June,
The groves are vocal with their min-
strels' tune,
The mighty elm, beneath whose arching
shade
The wandering children of the forest
strayed,
Greets the bright morning in its bridal
dress,
- And spreads its arms the gladsome
dawn to bless.
Is it an idle dream that nature shares
Our joys, our griefs, our pastimes, and
our cares ?
Is there no summons when, at morning's
call,
The sable vestments of the darkness
fall ?
Does not meek evening's low-voiced *Ave*
blend
With the soft vesper as its notes ascend ?
Is there no whisper in the perfumed air
When the sweet bosom of the rose is
bare ?
Does not the sunshine call us to rejoice ?
Is there no meaning in the storm-cloud's
voice ?
No silent message when from midnight
skies
Heaven looks upon us with its myriad
eyes ?
- Or shift the mirror; say our dreams
diffuse
O'er life's pale landscape their celestial
hues,
Lend heaven the rainbow it has never
known,
And robe the earth in glories not its
own,
Sing their own music in the summer
breeze,
With fresher foliage clothe the stately
trees,
Stain the June blossoms with a livelier
dye
And spread a bluer azure on the sky,—
Blest be the power that works its law-
less will
And finds the weediest patch an Eden
still ;
No walls so fair as those our fancies
build,—
No views so bright as those our visions
gild !
- So ran my lines, as pen and paper
met,
The truant goose-quill travelling like
Planchette ;
Too ready servant, whose deceitful ways
Full many a slipshod line, alas ! be-
trays ;
Hence of the rhyming thousand not a
few
Have builded worse—a great deal —
than they knew.
- What need of idle fancy to adorn
Our mother's birthplace on her birth-
day morn ?

Hers are the blossoms of eternal spring,
From these green boughs her new-fledged birds take wing,
These echoes hear their earliest carols sung,
In this old nest the brood is ever young.
If some tired wanderer, resting from his flight,
Amid the gay young choristers alight,
These gather round him, mark his faded plumes
That faintly still the far-off grove perfumes,
And listen, wondering if some feeble note
Yet lingers, quavering in his weary throat:—
I, whose fresh voice yon red-faced temple knew,
What tune is left me, fit to sing to you?
Ask not the grandeurs of a labored song,
But let my easy couplets slide along;
Much could I tell you that you know too well;
Much I remember, but I will not tell;
Age brings experience; graybeards oft are wise,
But oh! how sharp a youngster's ears and eyes!

My cheek was bare of adolescent down
When first I sought the academic town;
Slow rolls the coach along the dusty road,
Big with its filial and parental load;
The frequent hills, the lonely woods are past,
The school-boy's chosen home is reached at last.
I see it now, the same unchanging spot,
The swinging gate, the little garden plot,
The narrow yard, the rock that made its floor,
The flat, pale house; the knocker-garnished door,
The small, trim parlor, neat, decorous, chill,
The strange, new faces, kind, but grave and still;
Two, creased with age,—or what I then called age,—
Life's volume open at its fiftieth page;
One, a shy maiden's, pallid, placid, sweet
As the first snow-drop, which the sunbeams greet;
One the last nursling's; slight she was, and fair,

Her smooth white forehead warmed with auburn hair;
Last came the virgin Hymen long had spared,
Whose daily cares the grateful household shared,
Strong, patient, humble; her substantial frame
Stretched the chaste draperies I forbear to name.
Brave, but with effort, had the schoolboy come
To the cold comfort of a stranger's home;
How like a dagger to my sinking heart
Came the dry summons, "It is time to part;
"Good-by!" "Goo—ood-by!" one fond maternal kiss. . . .
Homesick as death! Was ever pang like this? . . .
Too young as yet with willing feet to stray
From the tame fireside, glad to get away,—
Too old to let my watery grief appear,—
And what so bitter as a swallowed tear!
One figure still my vagrant thoughts pursue;
First boy to greet me, Ariel, where are you?
Imp of all mischief, heaven alone knows how
You learned it all,—are you an angel now,
Or tottering gently down the slope of years,
Your face grown sober in the vale of tears?
Forgive my freedom if you are breathing still;
If in a happier world, I know you will.
You were a school-boy — what beneath the sun
So like a monkey? I was also one.
Strange, sure enough, to see what curious shoots
The nursery raises from the study's roots!
In those old days the very, very good Took up more room — a little — than they should;
Something too much one's eyes encountered then
Of serious youth and funeral-visaged men;
The solemn elders saw life's mournful half,—
Heaven sent this boy, whose mission was to laugh,
Drollest of buffos, Nature's odd protest,



THE SCHOOL BOY. Page 267.

A catbird squealing in a blackbird's nest.
 Kind, faithful Nature! While the sour-eyed Scot,—
 Her cheerful smiles forbidden or forgot,—
 Talks only of his preacher and his kirk,—
 Hears five-hour sermons for his Sunday work,—
 Praying and fasting till his meagre face Gains its due length, the genuine sign of grace,—
An Ayrshire mother in the land of Knox
 Her embryo poet in his cradle rocks;—
 Nature, long shivering in her dim eclipse, Steals in a sunbeam to those baby lips; So to its home her banished smile returns,
 And Scotland sweetens with the song of Burns!
 The morning came; I reached the classic hall;
A clock-face eyed me, staring from the wall;
 Beneath its hands a printed line I read: YOUTH IS LIFE'S SEED-TIME: so the clock-face said:
 Some took its counsel, as the sequel showed,—
 Sowed,—their wild oats,—and reaped as they had sowed.
 How all comes back! the upward slanting floor,—
 The masters' thrones that flank the central door,—
 The long, outstretching alleys that divide
 The rows of desks that stand on either side,—
 The staring boys, a face to every desk, Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common, picturesque.
 Grave is the Master's look; his forehead wears Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares;
 Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule, His most of all whose kingdom is a school.
 Supreme he sits; before the awful frown That bends his brows the boldest eye goes down;
 Not more submissive Israel heard and saw
 At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law.
 Less stern he seems, who sits in equal state
 On the twin throne and shares the empire's weight;
 Around his lips the subtle life that plays

Steals quaintly forth in many a jesting phrase;
A lightsome nature, not so hard to chafe,
 Pleasant when pleased; rough-handled, not so safe;
 Some tingling memories vaguely I recall,
 But to forgive him. God forgive us all!

One yet remains, whose well-remembered name
 Pleads in my grateful heart its tender claim;
 His was the charm magnetic, the bright look
 That sheds its sunshine on the dreariest book;
 A loving soul to every task he brought That sweetly mingled with the lore he taught;
 Sprung from a saintly race that never could From youth to age be anything but good,
 His few brief years in holiest labors spent,
 Earth lost too soon the treasure heaven had lent.
 Kindest of teachers, studious to divine Some hint of promise in my earliest line,
 These faint and faltering words thou canst not hear
 Throb from a heart that holds thy memory dear.
 As to the traveller's eye the varied plain Shows through the window of the flying train,
 A mingled landscape, rather felt than seen,
 A gravelly bank, a sudden flash of green, A tangled wood, a glittering stream that flows
 Through the cleft summit where the cliff once rose,
 All strangely blended in a hurried gleam,
 Rock, wood, waste, meadow, village, hill-side, stream,—
 So, as we look behind us, life appears, Seen through the vista of our bygone years.
 Yet in the dead past's shadow-filled domain,
 Some vanished shapes the hues of life retain;
 Unbidden, oft, before our dreaming eyes

From the vague mists in memory's path
they rise.
So comes his blooming image to my
view,
The friend of joyous days when life
was new,
Hope yet untamed, the blood of youth
unchilled,
No blank arrear of promise unfulfilled,
Life's flower yet hidden in its sheltering
fold,
Its pictured canvas yet to be unrolled.
His the frank smile I vainly look to
greet,
His the warm grasp my clasping hand
should meet ;
How would our lips renew their school-
boy talk,
Our feet retrace the old familiar
walk !
For thee no more earth's cheerful morn-
ing shines
Through the green fringes of the tented
pines ;
Ah me ! is heaven so far thou canst not
hear,
Or is thy viewless spirit hovering near,
A fair young presence, bright with
morning's glow,
The fresh-cheeked boy of fifty years
ago ?
Yes, fifty years, with all their circling
suns,
Behind them all my glance reverted
runs ;
Where now that time remote, its griefs,
its joys,
Where are its gray - haired men, its
bright-haired boys ?
Where is the patriarch time could hardly
tire, —
The good old, wrinkled, immemorial
“ squire ” ?
(An honest treasurer, like a ‘black-
plumed swan,
Not every day our eyes may look upon.)
Where the tough champion who, with
Calvin's sword,
In wordy conflicts battled for the Lord ?
Where the grave scholar, lonely, calm,
austere,
Whose voice like music charmed the
listening ear,
Whose light rekindled, like the morn-
ing star
Still shines upon us through the gates
ajar ?
Where the still, solemn, weary, sad-eyed
man,
Whose care-worn face my wandering
eyes would scan, —

His features wasted in the lingering
strife
With the pale foe that drains the stu-
dent's life ?
Where my old friend, the scholar, teach-
er, saint,
Whose creed, some hinted, showed a
speck of taint ;
He broached his own opinion, which is
not
Lightly to be forgiven or forgot ;
Some riddle's point, — I scarce remem-
ber now, —
Homoi, perhaps, where they said homo
—ou.
(If the unlettered greatly wish to know
Where lies the difference betwixt *oi*
and *o*,
Those of the curious who have time may
search
Among the stale conundrums of their
church.)
Beneath his roof his peaceful life I
shared,
And for his modes of faith I little cared, —
I, taught to judge men's dogmas by
their deeds,
Long ere the days of india - rubber
creeds.

Why should we look one common
faith to find,
Where one in every score is color-blind ?
If here on earth they know not red
from green,
Will they see better into things unseen !
Once more to time's old graveyard I
return
And scrape the moss from memory's
pictured urn.
Who, in these days when all things go
by steam
Recalls the stage-coach with its four-
horse team ?
Its sturdy driver, — who remembers
him ?
Or the old landlord, saturnine and grim,
Who left our hill-top for a new abode
And reared his sign-post farther down
the road ?
Still in the waters of the dark Shaw-
shine
Do the young bathers splash and think
they're clean ?
Do pilgrims find their way to Indian
Ridge,
Or journey onward to the far-off bridge,
And bring to younger ears the story
back
Of the broad stream, the mighty Merri-
mac ?

Are there still truant feet that stray beyond
 These circling bounds to Pomp's or Haggett's Pond,
 Or where the legendary name recalls The forest's earlier tenant, — "Deer-jump Falls" ?
 Yes, every nook these youthful feet explore,
 Just as our sires and grandsires did of yore ;
 So all life's opening paths, where nature led
 Their father's feet, the children's children tread.
 Roll the round century's five score years away,
 Call from our storied past that earliest day
 When great Eliphilet (I can see him now, —
 Big name, big frame, big voice, and beetling brow),
 Then young Eliphilet, — ruled the rows of boys
 In homespun gray or old-world corduroys, —
 And save for fashion's whims, the benches show
 The self-same youths, the very boys we know.
 Time works strange marvels : since I trod the green
 And swung the gates, what wonders I have seen !
 But come what will, — the sky itself may fall —
 As things of course the boy accepts them all.
 The prophet's chariot, drawn by steeds of flame,
 For daily use our travelling millions claim ;
 The face we love a sunbeam makes our own ;
 No more the surgeon hears the sufferer's groan ;
 What unwrit histories wrapped in darkness lay
 Till shovelling Schliemann bared them to the day !
 Your Richelieu says, and says it well, my lord,
 The pen is (sometimes) mightier than the sword ;
 Great is the goosequill, say we all ; Amen !
 Sometimes the spade is mightier than the pen ;
 It shows where Babel's terraced walls were raised,

The slabs that cracked when Nimrod's palace blazed,
 Unearths Mycenæ, rediscovers Troy, — Calmly he listens, that immortal boy.
 A new Prometheus tips our wands with fire,
 A mighty Orpheus strains the whispering wire,
 Whose lightning thrills the lazy winds outrun
 And hold the hours as Joshua stayed the sun, —
 So swift, in truth, we hardly find a place
 For those dim fictions known as time and space.
 Still a new miracle each year supplies, —
 See at his work the chemist of the skies,
 Who questions Sirius in his tortured rays
 And steals the secret of the solar blaze ;
 Hush ! while the window-rattling bugles play
 The nation's airs a hundred miles away !
 That wicked phonograph ! hark ! how it swears !
 Turn it again and make it say its prayers !
 And was it true, then, wha' the story said
 Of Oxford's friar and his brazen head ?
 While wondering Science stands, herself perplexed
 At each day's miracle, and asks "What next ?"
 The immortal boy, the coming heir of all,
 Springs from his desk to "urge the flying ball,"
 Cleaves with his bending oar the glassy waves,
 With sinewy arm the dashing current braves,
 The same bright creature in these haunts of ours
 That Eton shadowed with her "antique towers."
 Boy ! Where is he ? the long-limbed youth inquires,
 Whom his rough chin with manly pride inspires ;
 Ah, when the ruddy cheek no longer glows,
 When the bright hair is white as winter snows,
 When the dim eye has lost its lambent flame,

Sweet to his ear will be his school-boy name !
 Nor think the difference mighty as it seems
 Between life's morning and its evening dreams ;
 Fourscore, like twenty, has its tasks and toys ;
 In earth's wide school-house all are girls and boys.

Brothers, forgive my wayward fancy.
 Who
 Can guess beforehand what his pen will do ?
 Too light my strain for listeners such as these,
 Whom graver thoughts and soberer speech shall please.
 Is he not here whose breath of holy song
 Has raised the downcast eyes of Faith so long ?
 Are they not here, the strangers in your gates,
 For whom the wearied ear impatient waits,—
 The large-brained scholars whom their toils release, —
 The bannered heralds of the Prince of Peace ?

Such was the gentle friend whose youth unblamed
 In years long past our student-benches claimed ;
 Whose name, illumined on the sacred page,
 Lives in the labors of his riper age ;
 Such he whose record time's destroying march
 Leaves uneffaced on Zion's springing arch :
 Not to the scanty phrase of measured song,
 Cramped in its fetters, names like these belong ;
 One ray they lend to gild my slender line —
 Their praise I leave to sweeter lips than mine.

Homes of our sires, where Learning's temple rose,
 While yet they struggled with their banded foes,
 As in the West thy century's sun descends,
 One parting gleam its dying radiance lends.

Darker and deeper though the shadows fall
 From the gray towers on Doubting Castle's wall,
 Though Pope and Pagan re-array their hosts,
 And her new armor youthful Science boasts,
 Truth, for whose altar rose this holy shrine,
 Shall fly for refuge to these bowers of thine ;
 No past shall chain her with its rusted vow,
 No Jew's phylactery bind her Christian brow,
 But Faith shall smile to find her sister free,
 And nobler manhood draw its life from thee.

Long as the arching skies above thee spread,
 As on thy groves the dews of heaven are shed,
 With currents widening still from year to year,
 And deepening channels, calm, untroubled, clear,
 Flow the twin streamlets from thy sacred hill —
 Pieria's fount and Siloam's shaded rill !

THE SILENT MELODY.

"BRING me my broken harp," he said ;
 "We both are wrecks, — but as ye will, —
 Though all its ringing tones have fled,
 Their echoes linger round it still ;
 It had some golden strings, I know,
 But that was long, — how long ! — ago.

"I cannot see its tarnished gold,
 I cannot hear its vanished tone,
 Scarce can my trembling fingers hold
 The pillared frame so long their own ;
 We both are wrecks, — a while ago
 It had some silver strings, I know,

"But on them Time too long has played
 The solemn strain that knows no change,
 And where of old my fingers strayed
 The chords they find are new and strange, —

Yes ! iron strings, — I know, — I
know, —
We both are wrecks of long ago.

“ We both are wrecks, — a shattered
pair, —
Strange to ourselves in time’s dis-
guise . . .
What say ye to the lovesick air
That brought the tears from Ma-
rian’s eyes ?
Ay ! trust me, — under breasts of
snow
Hearts could be melted long ago !

“ Or will ye hear the storm-song’s crash
That from his dreams the soldier
woke,
And bade him face the lightning flash
When battle’s cloud in thunder
broke ? . . .
Wrecks, — nought but wrecks ! — the
time was when
We two were worth a thousand men ! ”

And so the broken harp they bring
With pitying smiles that none could
blame ;
Alas ! there’s not a single string
Of all that filled the tarnished
frame !
But see ! like children overjoyed,
His fingers rambling through the
void !

‘ I clasp thee ! Ay . . . mine ancient
lyre . . .

Nay, guide my wandering fingers.
. . . There !
They love to dally with the wire
As Isaac played with Esau’s
hair . . .
Hush ! ye shall hear the famous
tune
That Marian called the Breath of
June ! ”

And so they softly gather round :
Rapt in his tuneful trance he
seems :
His fingers move : but not a sound !
A silence like the song of dreams . . .
“ There ! ye have heard the air,” he
cries,
“ That brought the tears from Marian’s
eyes ! ”

Ah, smile not at his fond conceit,
Nor deem his fancy wrought in
vain ;
To him the unreal sounds are sweet,—
No discord mars the silent strain
Scored on life’s latest, starlit page —
The voiceless melody of age.

Sweet are the lips of all that sing,
When Nature’s music breathes un-
sought,
But never yet could voice or string
So truly shape our tenderest
thought
As when by life’s decaying fire
Our fingers sweep the stringless
lyre !

BEFORE THE CURFEW.

AND OTHER POEMS.

AT MY FIRESIDE.

ALONE, beneath the darkened sky,
With saddened heart and unstrung lyre,
I heap the spoils of years gone by,
And leave them with a long-drawn sigh,
Like drift-wood brands that glimmering
lie,
Before the ashes hide the fire.

Let not these slow declining days
The rosy light of dawn outlast ;
Still round my lonely hearth it plays,
And gilds the east with borrowed rays,
While memory’s mirrored sunset blaze
Flames on the windows of the past.
March 1, 1888.

BEFORE THE CURFEW.

1829-1882.

NOTE.—The poems marked thus, 1829-1882, etc., were written for and read at the annual meetings of the class which graduated at Harvard University in 1829.

NOT bed-time yet! The night-winds blow,

The stars are out,—full well we know
The nurse is on the stair,
With hand of ice and cheek of snow,
And frozen lips that whisper low,
“Come, children, it is time to go
My peaceful couch to share.”

No years a wakeful heart can tire;
Not bed-time yet! Come, stir the fire
And warm your dear old hands;
Kind Mother Earth we love so well
Has pleasant stories yet to tell
Before we hear the curfew bell;
Still glow the burning brands.

Not bed-time yet! We long to know
What wonders time has yet to show,
What unborn years shall bring;
What ship the Arctic pole shall reach,
What lessons Science waits to teach,
What sermons there are left to preach,
What poems yet to sing.

What next? we ask; and is it true
The sunshine falls on nothing new,
As Israel's king declared?
Was ocean ploughed with harnessed fire?
Were nations coupled with a wire?
Did Tarshish telegraph to Tyre?
How Hiram would have stared!

And what if Sheba's curious queen,
Who came to see,—and to be seen,—
Or something new to seek,
And swooned, as ladies sometimes do,
At sights that thrilled her through and
through,
Had heard, as she was “coming to,”
A locomotive's shriek,

And seen a rushing railway train
As she looked out along the plain
From David's lofty tower,—
A mile of smoke that blots the sky
And blinds the eagles as they fly
Behind the cars that thunder by
A score of leagues an hour!

See to my *fiat lux* respond
This little slumbering fire-tipped wand,—
One touch,—it bursts in flame!
Steal me a portrait from the sun,—

One look,—and lo! the picture done!
Are these old tricks, King Solomon,
We lying moderns claim?

Could you have spectroscoped a star?
If both those mothers at your bar,
The cruel and the mild,
The young and tender, old and tough,
Had said, “Divide,—you're right, though
rough,”—
Did old Judea know enough
To etherize the child?

These births of time our eyes have seen,
With but a few brief years between;
What wonder if the text,
For other ages doubtless true,
For coming years will never do,—
Whereof we all should like a few
If but to see what next.

If such things have been, such may
be;
Who would not like to live and see—
If Heaven may so ordain—
What waifs undreamed of, yet in store,
The waves that roll forevermore
On life's long beach may cast ashore
From out the mist-clad main?

Will Earth to pagan dreams return
To find from misery's painted urn
That all save hope has flown,—
Of Book and Church and Priest bereft,
The Rock of Ages vainly cleft,
Life's compass gone, its anchor left,
Left,—lost,—in depths unknown?

Shall Faith the trodden path pursue
The *crux ansata* wearers knew
Who sleep with folded hands,
Where, like a naked, lidless eye,
The staring Nile rolls wandering by
Those mountain slopes that climb the sky
Above the drifting sands?

Or shall a nobler Faith return,
Its fanes a purer gospel learn,
With holier anthems ring,
And teach us that our transient creeds
Were but the perishable seeds
Of harvests sown for larger needs,
That ripening years shall bring?

Well, let the present do its best,
We trust our Maker for the rest,
As on our way we plod;
Our souls, full dressed in fleshly suits,
Love air and sunshine, flowers and fruits,
The daisies better than their roots
Beneath the grassy sod.

Not bed-time yet ! The full-blown flower
Of all the year — this evening hour —
With friendship's flame is bright ;
Life still is sweet, the heavens are fair,
Though fields are brown and woods are
bare,
And many a joy is left to share
Before we say Good-night !

And when, our cheerful evening past,
The nurse, long waiting, comes at last,
Ere on her lap we lie
In wearied nature's sweet repose,
At peace with all her waking foes,
Our lips shall murmur, ere they close,
Good-night ! and not Good-by !

A LOVING-CUP SONG.

1829-1883.

COME, heap the fagots ! Ere we go
Again the cheerful hearth shall glow ;
We 'll have another blaze, my boys !
When clouds are black and snows are
white,
Then Christmas logs lend ruddy light
They stole from summer days, my boys,
They stole from summer days.

And let the Loving-Cup go round,
The Cup with blessed memories crowned,
That flows whene'er we meet, my boys ;
No draught will hold a drop of sin
If love is only well stirred in
To keep it sound and sweet, my boys,
To keep it sound and sweet.

Give me, to pin upon my breast,
The blossoms twain I love the best,
A rosebud and a pink, my boys ;
Their leaves shall nestle next my heart,
Their perfumed breath shall own its part
In every health we drink, my boys,
In every health we drink.

The breathing blossoms stir my blood,
Methinks I see the lilacs bud
And hear the bluebirds sing, my boys ;
Why not ? You lusty oak has seen
Full tenscore years, yet leaflets green
Peep out with every spring, my boys,
Peep out with every spring.

Old Time his rusty scythe may whet,
The unmowed grass is glowing yet
Beneath the sheltering snow, my boys ;
And if the crazy dotard ask,
Is love worn out ? Is life a task ?
We 'll bravely answer No ! my boys,
We 'll bravely answer No !

For life's bright taper is the same
Love tipped of old with rosy flame
That heaven's own altar lent, my boys,
To glow in every cup we fill
Till lips are mute and hearts are still,
Till life and love are spent, my boys,
Till life and love are spent.

THE GIRDLE OF FRIENDSHIP.

1829-1884.

SHE gathered at her slender waist
The beauteous robe she wore ;
Its folds a golden belt embraced,
One rose-hued gem it bore.

The girdle shrank ; its lessening round
Still kept the shining gem,
But now her flowing locks it bound,
A lustrous diadem.

And narrower still the circlet grew ;
Behold ! a glittering band,
Its roseate diamond set anew,
Her neck's white column spanned.

Suns rise and set ; the straining clasp
The shortened links resist,
Yet flashes in a bracelet's grasp
The diamond, on her wrist.

At length, the round of changes past
The thieving years could bring,
The jewel, glittering to the last,
Still sparkles in a ring.

So, link by link, our friendships part,
So loosen, break, and fall,
A narrowing zone ; the loving heart
Lives changeless through them all.

THE LYRE OF ANACREON.

1829-1885.

THE minstrel of the classic lay
Of love and wine who sings
Still found the fingers run astray
That touched the rebel strings.

Of Cadmus he would fain have sung,
Of Atreus and his line ;
But all the jocund echoes rung
With songs of love and wine.

Ah, brothers ! I would fain have caught
Some fresher fancy's gleam ;
My truant accents find, unsought,
The old familiar theme.

Love, Love! but not the sportive child
With shaft and twanging bow,
Whose random arrows drove us wild
Some threescore years ago;

Not Eros, with his joyous laugh,
The urchin blind and bare,
But Love, with spectacles and staff,
And scanty, silvered hair.

Our heads with frosted locks are white,
Our roofs are thatched with snow,
But red, in chilling winter's spite,
Our hearts and hearthstones glow.

Our old acquaintance, Time, drops in,
And while the running sands
Their golden thread unheeded spin,
He warms his frozen hands.

Stay, wing'd hours, too swift, too sweet,
And waft this message o'er
To all we miss, from all we meet
On life's fast-crumbing shore :

Say that, to old affection true,
We hug the narrowing chain
That binds our hearts,—alas, how few
The links that yet remain!

The fatal touch awaits them all
That turns the rocks to dust;
From year to year they break and
fall,—
They break, but never rust.

Say if one note of happier strain
This worn-out harp afford,—
One throb that trembles, not in vain,—
Their memory lent its chord.

Say that when Fancy closed her wings
And Passion quenched his fire,
Love, Love, still echoed from the strings
As from Anacreon's lyre!

THE OLD TUNE.

THIRTY-SIXTH VARIATION.

1829-1886.

THIS shred of song you bid me bring
Is snatched from fancy's embers;
Ah, when the lips forget to sing,
The faithful heart remembers!

Too swift the wings of envious Time
To wait for dallying phrases,
Or woven strands of labored rhyme
To thread their cunning mazes.

A word, a sigh, and lo, how plain
Its magic breath discloses
Our life's long vista through a lane
Of threescore summers' roses!

One language years alone can teach:
Its roots are young affections
That feel their way to simplest speech
Through silent recollections.

That tongue is ours. How few the words
We need to know a brother!
As simple are the notes of birds,
Yet well they know each other.

This freezing month of ice and snow
That brings our lives together
Lends to our year a living glow
That warms its wintry weather.

So let us meet as eve draws nigh,
And life matures and mellows,
Till Nature whispers with a sigh,
“Good-night, my dear old fellows!”

THE BROKEN CIRCLE.

1829-1887.

I STOOD on Sarum's treeless plain,
The waste that careless Nature owns;
Lone tenants of her bleak domain,
Loomed huge and gray the Druid
stones.

Upheaved in many a billowy mound
The sea-like, naked turf arose,
Where wandering flocks went nibbling
round
The mingled graves of friends and
foes.

The Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane,
This windy desert roamed in turn;
Unmoved these mighty blocks remain
Whose story none that lives may learn.

Erect, half buried, slant or prone,
These awful listeners, blind and dumb,
Hear the strange tongues of tribes un-
known,
As wave on wave they go and come.

“Who are you, giants, whence and
why?”
I stand and ask in blank amaze;
My soul accepts their mute reply:
“A mystery, as are you that gaze.

“A silent Orpheus wrought the charm
From riven rocks their spoils to bring;

A nameless Titan lent his arm
To range us in our magic ring.

“But Time with still and stealthy stride,
That climbs and treads and levels all,
That bids the loosening keystone slide,
And topples down the crumbling
wall,—

“Time, that unbuilds the quarried past,
Leans on these wrecks that press the
sod;
They slant, they stoop, they fall at last,
And strew the turf their priests have
trod.

“No more our altar’s wreath of smoke
Floats up with morning’s fragrant dew;
The fires are dead, the ring is broke,
Where stood the many stand the few.”

— My thoughts had wandered far away,
Borne off on Memory’s outspread wing,
To where in deepening twilight lay
The wrecks of friendship’s broken ring.

Ah me! of all our goodly train
How few will find our banquet hall!
Yet why with coward lips complain
That this must lean, and that must
fall?

Cold is the Druid’s altar-stone,
Its vanished flame no more returns;
But ours no chilling damp has known,—
Unchanged, unchanging, still it burns.

So let our broken circle stand
A wreck, a remnant, yet the same,
While one last, loving, faithful hand
Still lives to feed its altar-flame!

THE ANGEL-THIEF.

1829-1868.

TIME is a thief who leaves his tools behind him;
He comes by night, he vanishes at dawn;
We track his footsteps, but we never find him:
Strong locks are broken, massive bolts are drawn,

And all around are left the bars and borers,
The splitting wedges and the prying keys,

Such aids as serve the soft-shod vault-explorers
To crack, wrench open, rifle as they please.

Ah, these are tools which Heaven in mercy lends us!
When gathering rust has clenched our shackles fast,
Time is the angel-thief that Nature sends us
To break the cramping fetters of our past.

Mourn as we may for treasures he has taken,
Poor as we feel of hoarded wealth bereft,
More precious are those implements forsaken,
Found in the wreck his ruthless hands have left.

Some lever that a casket’s hinge has broken
Pries off a bolt, and lo! our souls are free;
Each year some Open Sesame is spoken,
And every decade drops its master-key.

So as from year to year we count our treasure,
Our loss seems less, and larger look our gains;
Time’s wrongs repaid in more than even measure,—
We lose our jewels, but we break our chains.

AT THE SATURDAY CLUB.

THIS is our place of meeting; opposite That towered and pillared building: look at it;

King’s Chapel in the Second George’s day,

Rebellion stole its regal name away,—
Stone Chapel sounded better; but at last The poisoned name of our provincial past Had lost its ancient venom; then once more

Stone Chapel was *King’s Chapel* as before.

(So let rechristened North Street, when it can,

Bring back the days of Marlborough and Queen Anne!)

Next the old church your wandering eye will meet

A granite pile that stares upon the street,—
Our civic temple; slanderous tongues have said
Its shape was modelled from St. Botolph's head,
Lofty, but narrow; jealous passers-by
Say Boston always held her head too high.
Turn half-way round, and let your look survey
The white façade that gleams across the way,—
The many-windowed building, tall and wide,
The palace-inn that shows its northern side
In grateful shadow when the sunbeams beat
The granite wall in summer's scorching heat.
This is the place; whether its name you spell
Tavern, or caravansera, or hotel.
Would I could steal its echoes! you should find
Such store of vanished pleasures brought to mind:
Such feasts! the laughs of many a jocund hour
That shook the mortar from King George's tower;
Such guests! What famous names its record boasts,
Whose owners wander in the mob of ghosts!
Such stories! every beam and plank is filled
With juicy wit the joyous talkers spilled,
Ready to ooze, as once the mountain pine
The floors are laid with oozed its turpentine!

A month had flitted since The Club had met;
The day came round; I found the table set,
The waiters lounging round the marble stairs,
Empty as yet the double row of chairs.
I was a full half hour before the rest,
Alone, the banquet-chamber's single guest.
So from the table's side a chair I took,
And having neither company nor book
To keep me waking, by degrees there crept
A torpor over me,—in short, I slept.
Loosed from its chain, along the wreck-strown track
Of the dead years my soul goes travelling back;

My ghosts take on their robes of flesh; it seems
Dreaming is life; nay, life less life than dreams,
So real are the shapes that meet my eyes.—
They bring no sense of wonder, no surprise,
No hint of other than an earth-born source;
All seems plain daylight, everything of course.
How dim the colors are, how poor and faint
This palette of weak words with which I paint!
Here sit my friends; if I could fix them so As to my eyes they seem, my page would glow
Like a queen's missal, warm as if the brush
Of Titian or Velasquez brought the flush
Of life into their features. *Ay de mi!*
If syllables were pigments, you should see
Such breathing portraiture as never man
Found in the Pitti or the Vatican.

Here sits our Poet, Laureate, if you will.
Long has he worn the wreath, and wears it still.
Dead? Nay, not so; and yet they say his bust
Looks down on marbles covering royal dust,
Kings by the Grace of God, or Nature's grace;
Dead! No! Alive! I see him in his place,
Full-featured, with the bloom that heaven denies
Her children, pinched by cold New Eng. land skies,
Too often, while the nursery's happier few
Win from a summer cloud its roseate hue.
Kind, soft-voiced, gentle, in his eye there shines
The ray serene that filled Evangeline's.
Modest he seems, not shy; content to wait
Amid the noisy clamor of debate
The looked-for moment when a peaceful word
Smooths the rough ripples louder tongues have stirred.
In every tone I mark his tender grace

And all his poems hinted in his face ;
What tranquil joy his friendly presence
gives !
How could I think him dead ? He lives !
He lives !

There, at the table's further end I see
In his old place our Poet's *vis-à-vis*,
The great PROFESSOR, strong, broad-
shouldered, square,
In life's rich noon tide, joyous, debonair,
His social hour no leaden care alloys,
His laugh rings loud and mirthful as a
boy's, —
That lusty laugh the Puritan forgot, —
What ear has heard it and remembers
not ?
How often, halting at some wide crevasse
Amid the windings of his Alpine pass,
High up the cliffs, the climbing moun-
taineer,
Listening the far-off avalanche to hear,
Silent, and leaning on his steel-shod staff,
Has heard that cheery voice, that ringing
laugh,
From the rude cabin whose nomadic walls
Creep with the moving glacier as it
crawls !

How does vast Nature lead her living
train
In ordered sequence through that spacious
brain,
As in the primal hour when Adam named
The new-born tribes that young creation
claimed ! —
How will her realm be darkened, losing
thee,
Her darling, whom we call *our AGASSIZ* !

But who is he whose massive frame
belies
The maiden shyness of his downcast
eyes ?
Who broods in silence till, by questions
pressed,
Some answer struggles from his laboring
breast ?
An artist Nature meant to dwell apart,
Locked in his studio with a human heart,
Tracking its caverned passions to their
lair,
And all its throbbing mysteries laying
bare.
Count it no marvel that he broods
alone
Over the heart he studies, — 't is his own ;
So in his page whatever shape it wear,
The Essex wizard's shadowed self is
there, —
The great ROMANCER, hid beneath his
veil

Like the stern preacher of his sombre
tale ;
Virile in strength, yet bashful as a girl,
Prouder than Hester, sensitive as Pearl.

From his mild throng of worshippers
released,
Our Concord Delphi sends its chosen
priest,
Prophet or poet, mystic, sage, or seer,
By every title always welcome here.
Why that ethereal spirit's frame describe ?
You know the race-marks of the Brahmin
tribe, —
The spare, slight form, the sloping
shoulders' droop,
The calm, scholastic mien, the clerky
stoop,
The lines of thought the sharpened fea-
tures wear,
Carved by the edge of keen New England.
air.

List ! for he speaks ! As when a king
would choose
The jewels for his bride, he might refuse
This diamond for its flaw, — find that
less bright
Than those, its fellows, and a pearl less
white
Than fits her snowy neck, and yet at last,
The fairest gems are chosen, and made
fast
In golden fetters ; so, with light delays
He seeks the fittest word to fill his phrase ;
Nor vain nor idle his fastidious quest,
His chosen word is sure to prove the best.

Where in the realm of thought, whose
air is song,
Does he, the Buddha of the West, belong ?
He seems a wingéd Franklin, sweetly
wise,
Born to unlock the secrets of the skies ;
And which the nobler calling, — if 't is
fair
Terrestrial with celestial to compare, —
To guide the storm-cloud's elemental
flame,
Or walk the chambers whence the light-
ning came,
Amidst the sources of its subtle fire,
And steal their effluence for his lips and
lyre ?

If lost at times in vague aerial flights,
None treads with firmer footstep when
he lights ;
A soaring nature, ballasted with sense,
Wisdom without her wrinkles or pretence,
In every Bible he has faith to read,
And every altar helps to shape his creed.
Ask you what name this prisoned spirit
bears

While with ourselves this fleeting breath
it shares ?
Till angels greet him with a sweeter one
In heaven, on earth we call him EMERSON.

I start; I wake; the vision is withdrawn;
Its figures fading like the stars at dawn;
Crossed from the roll of life their cherished names,
And memory's pictures fading in their frames;
Yet life is lovelier for these transient gleams
Of buried friendships; blest is he who dreams !

BENJAMIN PEIRCE:
ASTRONOMER, MATHEMATICIAN.

1809-1880.

For him the Architect of all
Unroofed our planet's starlit hall ;
Through voids unknown to worlds unseen
His clearer vision rose serene.

With us on earth he walked by day,
His midnight path how far away !
We knew him not so well who knew
The patient eyes his soul looked through;

For who his untrod realm could share
Of us that breathe this mortal air,
Or camp in that celestial tent
Whose fringes gild our firmament ?

How vast the workroom where he brought
The viewless implements of thought !
The wit how subtle, how profound,
That Nature's tangled webs unwound ;

That through the clouded matrix saw
The crystal planes of shaping law,
Through these the sovereign skill that planned,—
The Father's care, the Master's hand !

To him the wandering stars revealed
The secrets in their cradle sealed :
The far-off, frozen sphere that swings
Through ether, zoned with lucid rings ;

The orb that rolls in dim eclipse
Wide wheeling round its long ellipse, —
His name Urania writes with these
And stamps it on her Pleiades.

We knew him not ? Ah, well we knew
The manly soul, so brave, so true,
The cheerful heart that conquered age,
The childlike silver-bearded sage.

No more his tireless thought explores
The azure sea with golden shores ;
Rest, wearied frame ! the stars shall keep
A loving watch where thou shalt sleep.

Farewell ! the spirit needs must rise,
So long a tenant of the skies, —
Rise to that home all worlds above
Whose sun is God, whose light is love.

OUR DEAD SINGER.

H. W. L.

PRIDE of the sister realm so long our own,
We claim with her that spotless fame of thine,
White as her snow and fragrant as her pine !
Ours was thy birthplace, but in every zone
Some wreath of song thy liberal hand has thrown
Breathes perfume from its blossoms, that entwine
Where'er the dewdrops fall, the sunbeams shine,
On life's long path with tangled cares o'ergrown.
Can Art thy truthful counterfeit command, —
The silver-haloed features, tranquil, mild, —
Soften the lips of bronze as when they smiled,
Give warmth and pressure to the marble hand ?
Seek the lost rainbow in the sky it spanned !
Farewell, sweet Singer ! Heaven reclaims its child.

Carved from the block or cast in clinging mould,
Will grateful Memory fondly try her best
The mortal vesture from decay to wrest ;
His look shall greet us, calm, but ah, how cold !
No breath can stir the brazen drapery's fold,
No throb can heave the statue's stony breast ;
"He is not here, but risen," will stand confest
In all we miss, in all our eyes behold.
How Nature loved him ! On his placid brow,

Thought's angle came, and set the
earthen eye.
You saw the presence of her
human soul,
Nor asked a leader from the laurel's bough
That curious Time might clutch or dis-
allow,
To prove her chosen minister's song
true.

On many a saddened hearth the evening
—
Bursts paler as the children's hour
draws near,—
That joyous hour his song made doubly
—
And when memory唤起 the faltering
—
He sings no more on earth; our vain
—
Asks for the voice we loved so long
—
In days of innocent brightness old and
—
The world seems to have lost, never to
Awaken us, listening to a master
—
The Master's scream, the stark car-
—
For those passing, living ones
we sigh:
Oh, for our vanished Orpheus once again!
The shadowy silence bears us all in vain!
His lips are hushed; his song shall
never die.

TWO POEMS TO HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

ON HER INDEPENDENCE BIRTHDAY, JUNE
14, 1852.

I. AT THE SUMMIT.

Sister, we bid you welcome,—we who
stand
On the high table-land;
We who have climbed life's slippery Al-
pine slope,
And rest, still leaning on the staff of hope,
Looking along the silent Mer de Glace,
Leaving our footstep where the dark
—
Yawn in the frozen sea we all must
pass,—
Sister, we clasp your hand!

Rest with us in the hour that Heaven has
left
Before the swift descent.

Look! the warm sunbeams kiss the glit-
tering ice
See! how the snow-drift blooms the edel-
weiss;
The mated eagles fan the frosty air;
Life, beauty, love, around us everywhere,
And, in their time, the darkening hours
that bear
Sweet memories, peace, content.

Thrice welcome! shining names our mis-
sals show

Amid their rubrics' glow,
But search the blazoned record's starry
line,
What halo's radiance fills the page like
thine?
Thou who by some celestial clew couldst
find
The way to all the hearts of all mankind,
On thee, already canonized, enshrined,
What more can Heaven bestow.

II. THE WORLD'S HOMAGE.

If every tongue that speaks her praise
For whom I shape my tinkling phrase
Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus that would meet
Of mingling accents harsh or sweet,
From every land and tribe, would beat
The polyglots at Babel.

Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
High Dutchman and Low Dutchman,
too,
The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,
Arab, Armenian, and Mantchoo,
Would shout, "We know the lady!"

Know her! Who knows not Uncle
Tom
And her he learned his gospel from
Has never heard of Moses;
Full well the brave black hand we know
That gave to freedom's grasp the hoe
That killed the weed that used to grow
Among the Southern roses.

When Archimedes, long ago,
Spoke out so grandly, "*dos pou sto*—
Give me a place to stand on,
I'll move your planet for you, now,"—
He little dreamed or fancied how
The *sto* at last should find its *pou*
For woman's faith to land on.

Her lever was the wand of art,
Her fulcrum was the human heart,

Whence all unfailing aid is;
She moved the earth! Its thunders
 pealed,
Its mountains shook, its temples reeled,
The blood-red fountains were unsealed,
 And Moloch sunk to Hades.

All through the conflict, up and down
Marched Uncle Tom and Old John Brown,
 One ghost, one form ideal;
And which was false and which was true,
And which was mightier of the two,
The wisest sibyl never knew,
 For both alike were real.

Sister, the holy maid does well
Who counts her beads in convent cell,
 Where pale devotion lingers;
But she who serves the sufferer's needs,
Whose prayers are spelt in loving deeds,
May trust the Lord will count her beads
 As well as human fingers.

When Truth herself was Slavery's slave,
Thy hand the prisoned suppliant gave
 The rainbow wings of fiction.
And Truth who soared descends to-day
Bearing an angel's wreath away,
Its lilies at thy feet to lay
 With Heaven's own benediction.

A WELCOME TO DR. BENJAMIN APTHORP GOULD.

ON HIS RETURN FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS DEVOTED TO CATALOGUING
THE STARS OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.¹

ONCE more Orion and the sister Seven
Look on thee from the skies that hailed
 thy birth,—
How shall we welcome thee, whose home
 was heaven,
From thy celestial wanderings back to
 earth?

Science has kept her midnight taper burn-ing
 To greet thy coming with its vestal
 flame;
Friendship has murmured, "When art
 thou returning?"
"Not yet! Not yet!" the answering
 message came.

¹ Read at the Dinner given at the Hotel Vendome, May 6, 1885.

Thine was unstinted zeal, unchilled de-votion,
While the blue realm had kingdoms to explore,—
Patience, like his who ploughed the un-furrowed ocean,
Till o'er its margin loomed San Salva-dor.

Through the long nights I see thee ever
 waking,
Thy footstool earth, thy roof the hemi-sphere,
While with thy griefs our weaker hearts
 are aching,
Firm as thine equatorial's rock-based
 pier.

The souls that voyaged the azure depths
 before thee
Watch with thy tireless vigils, all un-seen,—
Tycho and Kepler bend benignant o'er
 thee,
And with his toy-like tube the Floren-tine,—

He at whose word the orb that bore him
 shivered
To find her central sovereignty dis-owned,
While the wan lips of priest and pontiff
 quivered,
Their jargon stilled, their Baal disen-throned.

Flamsteed and Newton look with brows
 unclouded,
Their strife forgotten with its faded
 scars,—
(Titans, who found the world of space
 too crowded
To walk in peace among its myriad
 stars.)

All cluster round thee,—seers of earliest
 ages,
Persians, Ionians, Mizraim's learned
 kings,
From the dim days of Shinar's hoary
 sages
To his who weighed the planet's fluid
 rings.

And we, for whom the northern heavens
 are lighted,
For whom the storm has passed, the
 sun has smiled,
Our clouds all scattered, all our stars
 united,
We claim thee, clasp thee, like a long-lost child.

Fresh from the spangled vault's o'erarching splendor,
 Thy lonely pillar, thy revolving dome,
 In heartfelt accents, proud, rejoicing,
 tender,
 We bid thee welcome to thine earthly home!

TO FREDERICK HENRY HEDGE.

AT A DINNER GIVEN HIM ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, DECEMBER, 12, 1885.

With a bronze statuette of John of Bologna's Mercury, presented by a few friends.

Fit emblem for the altar's side,
 And him who serves its daily need,
 The stay, the solace, and the guide
 Of mortal men, whate'er his creed!

Flamen or Auspex, Priest or Bonze,
 He feeds the upward-climbing fire,
 Still teaching, like the deathless bronze,
 Man's noblest lesson,—to aspire.

Hermes lies prone by fallen Jove,
 Crushed are the wheels of Krishna's car,
 And o'er Dodona's silent grove
 Streams the white ray from Bethlehem's star.

Yet snatched from Time's relentless clutch,
 A godlike shape, that human hands
 Have fired with Art's electric touch,
 The herald of Olympus stands.

Ask not what ore the furnace knew;
 Love mingled with the flowing mass,
 And lends its own unchanging hue,
 Like gold in Corinth's molten brass.

Take then our gift; this airy form
 Whose bronze our benedictions gild,
 The hearts of all its givers warm
 With love by freezing years unchilled.

With eye undimmed, with strength unworn,
 Still toiling in your Master's field,
 Before you wave the growths unshorn,
 Their ripened harvest yet to yield.

True servant of the Heavenly Sire,
 To you our tried affection clings,
 Bids you still labor, still aspire,
 But clasps your feet and steals their wings.

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THIS is your month, the month of "perfect days,"
 Birds in full song and blossoms all ablaze.
 Nature herself your earliest welcome breathes,
 Spreads every leaflet, every bower in-wreathes;
 Carpets her paths for your returning feet,
 Puts forth her best your coming steps to greet;
 And Heaven must surely find the earth in tune
 When Home, sweet Home, exhales the breath of June.
 These blessed days are waning all too fast,
 And June's bright visions mingling with the past;
 Lilacs have bloomed and faded, and the rose
 Has dropped its petals, but the clover blows,
 And fills its slender tubes with honeyed sweets;
 The fields are pearly with milk-white margarites;
 The dandelion, which you sang of old,
 Has lost its pride of place, its crown of gold,
 But still displays its feathery-mantled globe,
 Which children's breath, or wandering winds unrobe.
 These were your humble friends; your opened eyes
 Nature had trained her common gifts to prize;
 Not Cam nor Isis taught you to despise
 Charles, with his muddy margin and the harsh,
 Plebeian grasses of the reeking marsh.
 New England's home-bred scholar, well
 you knew
 Her soil, her speech, her people, through
 and through,
 And loved them ever with the love that holds
 All sweet, fond memories in its fragrant folds.
 Though far and wide your wingéd words
 have flown,
 Your daily presence kept you all our own,
 Till, with a sorrowing sigh, a thrill of pride,
 We heard your summons, and you left our side
 For larger duties and for tasks untried.

How pleased the Spaniards for a while
to claim
This frank Hidalgo with the liquid name,
Who stored their classics on his crowded
shelves
And loved their Calderon as they did
themselves!
Before his eyes what changing pageants
pass!
The bridal feast how near the funeral
mass!
The death-stroke falls,—the Misereres
wail;
The joy-bells ring,—the tear-stained
cheeks unveil,
While, as the playwright shifts his pictured
scene,
The royal mourner crowns his second
queen.

From Spain to Britain is a goodly
stride,—
Madrid and London long-stretched leagues
divide.
What if I send him, “Uncle S., says he,”
To my good cousin whom he calls “J.B.”?
A nation’s servants go where they are
sent,—
He heard his Uncle’s orders, and he went.
By what enchantments, what alluring
arts,
Our truthful James led captive British
hearts,—
Whether his shrewdness made their states-
men halt,
Or if his learning found their Dons at
fault,
Or if his virtue was a strange surprise,
Or if his wit flung star-dust in their eyes,
Like honest Yankees we can simply guess;
But that he did it all must needs confess.
England herself without a blush may
claim
Her only conqueror since the Norman
came.
Eight years an exile! What a weary
while
Since first our herald sought the mother
isle!
His snow-white flag no churlish wrong
has soiled,—
He left unchallenged, he returns un-
spoiled.

Here let us keep him, here he saw the
light,—
His genius, wisdom, wit, are ours by right;
And if we lose him our lament will be
We have “five hundred”—not “as good
as he.”

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

1887

FRIEND, whom thy fourscore winters
leave more dear
Than when life’s roseate summer on thy
cheek
Burned in the flush of manhood’s man-
liest year,
Lonely, how lonely! is the snowy peak
Thy feet have reached, and mine have
climbed so near!
Close on thy footsteps ‘mid the landscape
drear
I stretch my hand thine answering grasp
to seek,
Warm with the love no rippling rhymes
can speak!
Look backwards! From thy lofty height
survey
Thy years of toil, of peaceful victories
won,
Of dreams made real, largest hopes out-
run!
Look forward! Brighter than earth’s
morning ray
Streams the pure light of Heaven’s un-
setting sun,
The unclouded dawn of life’s immortal
day!

PRELUDE TO A VOLUME PRINTED IN RAISED LETTERS FOR THE BLIND.

DEAR friends, left darkling in the long
eclipse
That veils the noonday,—you whose
finger-tips
A meaning in these ridgy leaves can find
Where ours go stumbling, senseless, help-
less, blind,
This wreath of verse how dare I offer you
To whom the garden’s choicest gifts are
due?
The hues of all its glowing beds are ours,
Shall you not claim its sweetest-smelling
flowers?

Nay, those I have I bring you,—at their
birth
Life’s cheerful sunshine warmed the
grateful earth;
If my rash boyhood dropped some idle
seeds,
And here and there you light on saucy
weeds
Among the fairer growths, remember still
Song comes of grace, and not of human
will:

We get a jarring note when most we try,
Then strike the chord we know not how
or why;
Our stately verse with too aspiring art
Oft overshoots and fails to reach the heart,
While the rude rhyme one human throb
endears
Turns grief to smiles, and softens mirth
to tears.
Kindest of critics, ye whose fingers read,
From Nature's lesson learn the poet's
creed;
The queenly tulip flaunts in robes of
flame,
The wayside seedling scarce a tint may
claim,
Yet may the lowliest leaflets that unfold
A dewdrop fresh from heaven's own chal-
ice hold.

BOSTON TO FLORENCE.

SENT TO "THE PHILOLOGICAL CIRCLE"
OF FLORENCE FOR ITS MEETING IN
COMMEMORATION OF DANTE, JANU-
ARY 27, 1881, ANNIVERSARY OF HIS
FIRST CONDEMNATION.

PROUD of her clustering spires, her new-
built towers,
Our Venice, stolen from the slumbering
sea,
A sister's kindliest greeting wafts to
thee,
Rose of Val d' Arno, Queen of all its
flowers!
Thine exile's shrine thy sorrowing love
embowers,
Yet none with truer homage bends the
knee,
Or stronger pledge of fealty brings, than
we,
Whose poets make thy dead Immortal
ours.
Lonely the height, but ah, to heaven how
near!
Dante, whence flowed that solemn verse
of thine
Like the stern river from its Apennine
Whose name the far-off Scythian thrilled
with fear:
Now to all lands thy deep-toned voice is
dear,
And every language knows the Song
Divine!

AT THE UNITARIAN FESTIVAL.

MARCH 8, 1882.

THE waves unbuild the wasting shore;
Where mountains towered the billows
sweep,

Yet still their borrowed spoils restore,
And build new empires from the deep.
So while the floods of thought lay waste
The proud domain of priestly creeds,
Its heaven-appointed tides will haste
To plant new homes for human needs.
Be ours to mark with hearts unchilled
The change an outworn church de-
plores;
The legend sinks, but Faith shall build
A fairer throne on new-found shores.

POEM

FOR THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH
ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF
HARVARD COLLEGE.

TWICE had the mellowing sun of autumn
crowned
The hundredth circle of his yearly round,
When, as we meet to-day, our fathers
met:
That joyous gathering who can e'er
forget,
When Harvard's nurslings, scattered far
and wide,
Through mart and village, lake's and
ocean's side,
Came, with one impulse, one fraternal
throng,
And crowned the hours with banquet,
speech, and song?

Once more revived in fancy's magic glass,
I see in state the long procession pass:
Tall, courtly, leader as by right divine,
Winthrop, our Winthrop, rules the mar-
shaled line,
Still seen in front, as on that far-off day
His ribbed baton showed the column's
way.
Not all are gone who marched in manly
pride
And waved their truncheons at their
leader's side;
Gray, Lowell, Dixwell, who his empire
shared,
These to be with us envious Time has
spared.

Few are the faces, so familiar then,
Our eyes still meet amid the haunts of
men;
Scarce one of all the living gathered
there,
Whose unthinned locks betrayed a silver
hair,
Greets us to-day, and yet we seem the
same
As our own sires and grandsires, save in
name.

There are the patriarchs, looking vaguely round
 For classmates' faces, hardly known if found;
 See the cold brow that rules the busy mart;
 Close at its side the pallid son of art,
 Whose purchased skill with borrowed meaning clothes,
 And stolen hues, the smirking face he loathes.
 Here is the patient scholar; in his looks
 You read the titles of his learned books;
 What classic lore those spidery crow's-feet speak!
 What problems figure on that wrinkled cheek!
 For never thought but left its stiffened trace,
 Its fossil footprint, on the plastic face,
 As the swift record of a raindrop stands,
 Fixed on the tablet of the hardening sands.
 On every face as on the written page
 Each year renews the autograph of age;
 One trait alone may wasting years defy,—
 The fire still lingering in the poet's eye,
 While Hope, the siren, sings her sweetest strain,—
Non omnis moriar is its proud refrain.

Sadly we gaze upon the vacant chair;
 He who should claim its honors is not there,—
 Otis, whose lips the listening crowd enthrall
 That press and pack the floor of Boston's hall.
 But Kirkland smiles, released from toil and care
 Since the silk mantle younger shoulders wear,—
 Quincy's, whose spirit breathes the self-same fire
 That filled the bosom of his youthful sire,
 Who for the altar bore the kindled torch
 To freedom's temple, dying in its porch.
 Three grave professions in their sons appear,
 Whose words well studied all well pleased will hear:
 Palfrey, ordained in varied walks to shine,
 Statesman, historian, critic, and divine;
 Solid and square behold majestic Shaw,
 A mass of wisdom and a mine of law;
 Warren, whose arm the doughtiest warriors fear,

Asks of the startled crowd to lend its ear,—
 Proud of his calling, him the world loves best,
 Not as the coming, but the parting guest.
 Look on that form,—with eye dilating scan
 The stately mould of nature's kingliest man!
 Tower-like he stands in life's unfaded prime;
 Ask you his name? None asks a second time!
 He from the land his outward semblance takes,
 Where storm-swept mountains watch o'er slumbering lakes.
 See in the impress which the body wears
 How its imperial might the soul declares:
 The forehead's large expansion, lofty, wide,
 That locks unsilvered vainly strive to hide;
 The lines of thought that plough the sober cheek;
 Lips that betray their wisdom ere they speak
 In tones like answers from Dodona's grove;
 An eye like Juno's when she frowns on Jove.
 I look and wonder; will he be content—
 This man, this monarch, for the purple meant—
 The meaner duties of his tribe to share,
 Clad in the garb that common mortals wear?
 Ah, wild Ambition, spread thy restless wings,
 Beneath whose plumes the hidden œstrum stings;
 Thou whose bold flight would leave earth's vulgar crowds,
 And like the eagle soar above the clouds,
 Must feel the pang that fallen angels know
 When the red lightning strikes thee from below!
 Less bronze, more silver, mingles in the mould
 Of him whom next my roving eyes behold;
 His, more the scholar's than the statesman's face,
 Proclaims him born of academic race.
 Weary his look, as if an aching brain
 Left on his brow the frozen prints of pain;
 His voice far-reaching, grave, sonorous, owns

A shade of sadness in its plaintive tones,
Yet when its breath some loftier thought
 inspires
Glowed with a heat that every bosom
 fires.
Such Everett seems; no chance-sown
 wild flower knows
The full-blown charms of culture's double
 rose,—
Alas, how soon, by death's unsparing
 frost,
Its bloom is faded and its fragrance lost!

Two voices, only two, to earth belong,
Of all whose accents met the listening
 throng:
Winthrop, alike for speech and guidance
 framed,
On that proud day a twofold duty
 claimed;
One other yet, — remembered or forgot, —
Forgive my silence if I name him not.
Can I believe it? I, whose youthful
 voice
Claimed a brief gamut, — notes not over
 choice, —
Stood undismayed before the solemn
 throng,
And *propria voce* sung that saucy song
Which even in memory turns my soul
 aghast, —
Felix audacia was the verdict cast.

What were the glory of these festal days
Shorn of their grand illumination's blaze?
Night comes at last with all her starry
 train
To find a light in every glittering pane.
From "Harvard's" windows see the
 sudden flash, —
Old "Massachusetts" glares through
 every sash;
From wall to wall the kindling splendors
 run
Till all is glorious as the noonday sun.

How to the scholar's mind each object
 brings
What some historian tells, some poet
 sings!
The good gray teacher whom we all
 revered —
Loved, honored, laughed at, and by fresh,
 men feared,
As from old "Harvard," where its light
 began,
From hall to hall the clustering splendors
 ran —
Took down his well-worn *Æschylus* and
 read,
Lit by the rays a thousand tapers shed,

How the swift herald crossed the leagues
 between
Mycenæ's monarch and his faithless
 queen;
And thus he read, — my verse but ill dis-
 plays
The Attic picture, clad in modern phrase :
On Ida's summit flames the kindling pile,
And Lemnos answers from his rocky isle;
From Athos next it climbs the reddening
skies,
Thence where the watch-towers of Macistus
rise.
The sentries of Mesapius in their turn
Bid the dry heath in high-piled masses
burn,
Cithæron's crag the crimson billows stain,
Far Ægiplanctus joins the fiery train.
Thus the swift courier through the pathless
night
Has gained at length the Arachnæan height,
Whence the glad tidings, borne on wings of
flame,
"Ilium has fallen!" reach the royal dame.

So ends the day; before the midnight
 stroke
The lights expiring cloud the air with
 smoke;
While these the toil of younger hands
 employ,
The slumbering Grecian dreams of
 smouldering Troy.

As to that hour with backward steps I
 turn,
Midway I pause; behold a funeral urn!
Ah, sad memorial! known but all too
 well
The tale which thus its golden letters
 tell:
This dust, once breathing, changed its joy-
ous life
For toil and hunger, wounds and mortal
strife;
Love, friendship, learning's all-prevailing
charms,
For the cold bivouac and the clash of
arms.
The cause of freedom won, a race enslaved
Called back to manhood, and a nation
saved,
These sons of Harvard, falling ere their
prime,
Leave their proud memory to the coming
time.

While in their still retreats our scholars
 turn
The mildewed pages of the past, to learn

With endless labor of the sleepless brain
 What once has been and ne'er shall be again,
 We reap the harvest of their ceaseless toil
 And find a fragrance in their midnight oil.
 But let a purblind mortal dare the task
 The embryo future of itself to ask,
 The world reminds him, with a scornful laugh,
 That times have changed since Prospero broke his staff.
 Could all the wisdom of the schools foretell
 The dismal hour when Lisbon shook and fell,
 Or name the shuddering night that toppled down
 Our sister's pride, beneath whose mural crown
 Scarce had the scowl forgot its angry lines,
 When earth's blind prisoners fired their fatal mines ?
 New realms, new worlds, exulting Science claims,
 Still the dim future unexplored remains ;
 Her trembling scales the far-off planet weigh,
 Her torturing prisms its elements betray, —
 We know what ores the fires of Sirius melt,
 What vaporous metals gild Orion's belt ;
 Angels, archangels, may have yet to learn
 Those hidden truths our heaven-taught eyes discern ;
 Yet vain is Knowledge, with her mystic wand,
 To pierce the cloudy screen and read beyond ;
 Once to the silent stars the fates were known,
 To us they tell no secrets but their own.

 At Israel's altar still we humbly bow,
 But where, oh where, are Israel's prophets now ?
 Where is the sibyl with her hoarded leaves ?
 Where is the charm the weird enchantress weaves ?
 No croaking raven turns the auspex pale,
 No reeking altars tell the morrow's tale ;
 The measured footsteps of the Fates are dumb,
 Unseen, unheard, unheralded, they come,
 Prophet and priest and all their following fail.
 Who then is left to rend the future's veil ?

Who but the poet, he whose nicer sense
 No film can baffle with its slight defence,
 Whose finer vision marks the waves that stray,
 Felt, but unseen, beyond the violet ray ? —
 Who, while the storm-wind waits its darkening shroud,
 Foretells the tempest ere he sees the cloud, —
 Stays not for time his secrets to reveal,
 But reads his message ere he breaks the seal.
 So Mantua's bard foretold the coming day
 Ere Bethlehem's infant in the manger lay ;
 The promise trusted to a mortal tongue
 Found listening ears before the angels sung.
 So while his load the creeping pack-horse galled,
 While inch by inch the dull canal-boat crawled,
 Darwin beheld a Titan from "afar
 Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car,"
 That panting giant fed by air and flame,
 The mightiest forges task their strength to tame.

Happy the poet ! him no tyrant fact
 Holds in its clutches to be chained and racked ;
 Him shall no mouldy document convict,
 No stern statistics gravely contradict ;
 No rival sceptre threats his airy throne ;
 He rules o'er shadows, but he reigns alone.
 Shall I the poet's broad dominion claim
 Because you bid me wear his sacred name
 For these few moments ? Shall I boldly clash
 My flint and steel, and by the sudden flash
 Read the fair vision which my soul de-sires
 Through the wide pupils of its wondering eyes ?
 List then awhile ; the fifty years have sped ;
 The third full century's opened scroll is spread,
 Blank to all eyes save his who dimly sees
 The shadowy future told in words like these :

 How strange the prospect to my sight appears,
 Changed by the busy hands of fifty years !
 Full well I know our ocean-salted Charles,

Filling and emptying through the sands
and marls
That wall his restless stream on either
bank,
Not all unlovely when the sedges rank
Lend their coarse veil the sable ooze to
hide
That bares its blackness with the ebbing
tide.
In other shapes to my illumined eyes
Those ragged margins of our stream
arise :
Through walls of stone the sparkling
waters flow,
In clearer depths the golden sunsets glow,
On purer waves the lamps of midnight
gleam,
That silver o'er the unpolluted stream.
Along his shores what stately temples
rise,
What spires, what turrets, print the
shadowed skies!
Our smiling Mother sees her broad do-
main
Spread its tall roofs along the western
plain ;
Those blazoned windows' blushing glories
tell
Of grateful hearts that loved her long
and well;
Yon gilded dome that glitters in the sun
Was Dives' gift, — alas, his only one !
These buttressed walls enshrine a banker's
name,
That hallowed chapel hides a miser's
shame ;
Their wealth they left, — their memory
cannot fade
Though age shall crumble every stone
they laid.
Great lord of millions, — let me call
thee great,
Since countless servants at thy bidding
wait, —
Richesse oblige: no mortal must be blind
To all but self, or look at human kind
Laboring and suffering, — all its want
and woe, —
Through sheets of crystal, as a pleasing
show
That makes life happier for the chosen
few
Duty for whom is something not to do.
When thy last page of life at length is
filled,
What shall thine heirs to keep thy
memory build ?
Will piles of stone in Auburn's mourn-
ful shade
Save from neglect the spot where thou
art laid ?

Nay, deem not thus; the sauntering
stranger's eye
Will pass unmoved thy columned tomb-
stone by,
No memory wakened, not a teardrop
shed,
Thy name uncared for and thy date un-
read.
But if thy record thou indeed dost
prize,
Bid from the soil some stately temple
rise, —
Some hall of learning, some memorial
shrine,
With names long honored to associate
thine :
So shall thy fame outlive thy shattered
bust
When all around thee slumber in the
dust.
Thus England's Henry lives in Eton's
towers,
Saved from the spoil oblivion's gulf de-
vours;
Our later records with as fair a fame
Have wreathed each uncrowned bene-
factor's name;
The walls they reared the memories still
retain
That churchyard marbles try to keep in
vain.
In vain the delving antiquary tries
To find the tomb where generous Harvard
lies :
Here, here, his lasting monument is
found,
Where every spot is consecrated ground !
O'er Stoughton's dust the crumbling
stone decays, —
Fast fade its lines of lapidary praise ;
There the wild bramble weaves its ragged
nets,
There the dry lichen spreads its gray
rosettes ;
Still in yon walls his memory lives un-
spent,
Nor asks a braver, nobler monument.
Thus Hollis lives, and Holden, honored,
praised,
And good Sir Matthew, in the halls they
raised ;
Thus live the worthies of these later
times,
Who shine in deeds, less brilliant,
grouped in rhymes.
Say, shall the Muse with faltering steps
retreat,
Or dare these names in rhythmic form
repeat ?
Why not as boldly as from Homer's
lips

The long array of Argive battle-ships?
When o'er our graves a thousand years
have past
(If to such date our threatened globe
shall last)
These classic precincts, myriad feet have
pressed,
Will show on high, in beauteous garlands
dressed,
Those honored names that grace our later
day,—
Weld, Matthews, Sever, Thayer, Austin,
Gray,
Sears, Phillips, Lawrence, Hemenway,—
to the list
Add Sanders, Sibley,—all the Muse has
missed.

Once more I turn to read the pictured
page
Bright with the promise of the coming
age.
Ye unborn sons of children yet unborn,
Whose youthful eyes shall greet that far-
off morn,
Blest are those eyes that all undimmed
behold
The sights so longed for by the wise of
old.
From high-arched alcoves, through re-
sounding halls,
Clad in full robes majestic Science calls,
Tireless, unsleeping, still at Nature's feet,
Whate'er she utters fearless to repeat,
Her lips at last from every cramp released
That Israel's prophet caught from Egypt's
priest.
I see the statesman, firm, sagacious,
bold,
For life's long conflict cast in amplest
mould:
Not his to clamor with the senseless
throng
That shouts unshamed, "Our party, right
or wrong,"
But in the patriot's never-ending fight
To side with Truth, who changes wrong
to right.
I see the scholar; in that wondrous
time
Men, women, children, all can write in
rhyme.
These four brief lines addressed to youth
inclined
To idle rhyming in his notes I find:

*Who writes in verse that should have writ
in prose
Is like a traveller walking on his toes;
Happy the rhymester who in time has found
The heels he lifts were made to touch the
ground.*

I see gray teachers,—on their work
intent,
Their lavished lives, in endless labor
spent,
Had closed at last in age and penury
wrecked,
Martyrs, not burned, but frozen in
neglect,
Save for the generous hands that stretched
in aid
Of worn-out servants left to die half paid.
Ah, many a year will pass, I thought, ere
we
Such kindly forethought shall rejoice to
see,—
Monarchs are mindful of the sacred debt
That cold republics hasten to forget.
I see the priest,—if such a name he
bears
Who without pride his sacred vestment
wears;
And while the symbols of his tribe I seek
Thus my first impulse bids me think and
speak:
Let not the mitre England's prelate
wears
Next to the crown whose regal pomp it
shares,
Though low before it courtly Christians
bow,
Leave its red mark on Younger England's
brow.
We love, we honor, the maternal dame,
But let her priesthood wear a modest
name,
While through the waters of the Pil-
grim's bay
A new-born Mayflower shows her keels
the way.
Too old grew Britain for her mother's
beads,—
Must we be necklaced with her children's
creeds?
Welcome alike in surplice or in gown
The loyal lieges of the Heavenly Crown!
We greet with cheerful, not submissive,
mien
A sister church, but not a mitred Queen!
A few brief flutters, and the unwilling
Muse,
Who feared the flight she hated to refuse,
Shall fold the wings whose gayer plumes
are shed,
Here where at first her half-fledged
pinions spread.
Well I remember in the long ago
How in the forest shades of Fontaine-
bleau,
Strained through a fissure in a rocky cell,
One crystal drop with measured cadence
fell.

Still, as of old, forever bright and clear,
The fissured cavern drops its wonted tear,
And wondrous virtue, simple folk aver,
Lies in that teardrop of *la roche qui pleure*.

Of old I wandered by the river's side
Between whose banks the mighty waters
glide,

Where vast Niagara, hurrying to its fall,
Builds and unbuilds its ever-tumbling
wall;

Oft in my dreams I hear the rush and roar
Of battling floods, and feel the trembling
shore,

As the huge torrent, girded for its leap,
With bellowing thunders plunges down
the steep.

Not less distinct, from memory's pic-
tured urn,

The gray old rock, the leafy woods, re-
turn;

Robed in their pride the lofty oaks ap-
pear,

And once again with quickened sense I
hear,

Through the low murmur of the leaves
that stir,

The tinkling teardrop of *la roche qui
pleure*.

So when the third ripe century stands
complete,

As once again the sons of Harvard meet,
Rejoicing, numerous as the seashore
sands,

Drawn from all quarters, — farthest dis-
tant lands,

Where through the reeds the scaly sau-
rian steals,

Where cold Alaska feeds her floundering
seals,

Where Plymouth, glorying, wears her
iron crown,

Where Sacramento sees the suns go
down;

Nay, from the cloisters whence the refluent
tide

Wafts their pale students to our Mother's
side, —

Mid all the tumult that the day shall bring,
While all the echoes shout, and roar, and
ring,

These tinkling lines, oblivion's easy prey,
Once more emerging to the light of day,
Not all unpleasing to the listening ear
Shall wake the memories of this bygone
year,

Heard as I hear the measured drops that
flow

From the gray rock of wooded Fontaine-
bleau.

Yet, ere I leave, one loving word for all
Those fresh young lives that wait our
Mother's call:

One gift is yours, kind Nature's richest
dower, —

Youth, the fair bud that holds life's
opening flower,
Full of high hopes no coward doubts en-
chain,

With all the future throbbing in its brain,
And mightiest instincts which the beating
heart

Fills with the fire its burning waves im-
part.

O joyous youth, whose glory is to
dare, —

Thy foot firm planted on the lowest stair,
Thine eye uplifted to the loftiest height
Where Fame stands beckoning in the
rosy light,

Thanks for thy flattering tales, thy fond
deceits,

Thy loving lies, thy cheerful smiling
cheats!

Nature's rash promise every day is
broke, —

A thousand acorns breed a single oak,
The myriad blooms that make the orchard
gay

In barren beauty throw their lives away;
Yet shall we quarrel with the sap that
yields

The painted blossoms which adorn the
fields,

When the fair orchard wears its May-day
suit

Of pink-white petals, for its scanty fruit? —
Thrice happy hours, in hope's illusion
dressed,

In fancy's cradle nurtured and caressed,
Though rich the spoils that ripening
years may bring,

To thee the dewdrops of the Orient
cling, —

Not all the dye-stuffs from the vats of
truth

Can match the rainbow on the robes of
youth!

Dear unborn children, to our Mother's
trust

We leave you, fearless, when we lie in
dust:

While o'er these walls the Christian ban-
ner waves

From hallowed lips shall flow the truth
that saves;

While o'er those portals *Veritas* you read
No church shall bind you with its human
creed.

Take from the past the best its toil has
won,
But learn betimes its slavish ruts to shun.
Pass the old tree whose withered leaves
are shed,
Quit the old paths that error loved to
tread,
And a new wreath of living blossoms
seek,
A narrower pathway up a loftier peak ;
Lose not your reverence, but unmanly fear
Leave far behind you, all who enter here !

As once of old from Ida's lofty height
The flaming signal flashed across the
night,
So Harvard's beacon sheds its unspent rays
Till every watch-tower shows its kindling
blaze.
Caught from a spark and fanned by every
gale,
A brighter radiance gilds the roofs of
Yale ;
Amherst and Williams bid their flambeaus
shine,
And Bowdoin answers through her groves
of pine ;
O'er Princeton's sands the far reflections
steal,
Where mighty Edwards stamped his iron
heel ;
Nay, on the hill where old beliefs were
bound
Fast as if Styx had girt them nine times
round,
Bursts such a light that trembling souls
inquire
If the whole church of Calvin is on
fire !
Well may they ask, for what so brightly
burns
As a dry creed that nothing ever learns ?
Thus link by link is knit the flaming
chain
Lit by the torch of Harvard's hallowed
plain.

Thy son, thy servant, dearest Mother
mine,
Lays this poor offering on thy holy shrine,
An autumn leaflet to the wild winds
tost,
Touched by the finger of November's
frost,
With sweet, sad memories of that earlier
day,
And all that listened to my first-born lay.
With grateful heart this glorious morn I
see,—
Would that my tribute worthier were of
thee !

POST-PRANDIAL.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, ORATOR; CHARLES GODFREY
LELAND, POET.

1881.

"The Dutch have taken Holland," — so
the schoolboys used to say ;
The Dutch have taken Harvard, — no
doubt of that to-day !
For the Wendells were low Dutchmen,
and all their vrows were Vans ;
And the Breitmanns are high Dutchmen,
and here is honest Hans.

Mynheers, you both are welcome ! Fair
cousin Wendell P.,
Our ancestors were dwellers beside the
Zuyder Zee ;
Both Grotius and Erasmus were country-
men of we,
And Vondel was our namesake, though
he spelt it with a V.

It is well old Evert Jansen sought a
dwelling over sea
On the margin of the Hudson, where he
sampled you and me
Through our grandsires and great-grand-
sires, for you would n't quite agree
With the steady-going burghers along the
Zuyder Zee.

Like our Motley's John of Barnveld, you
have always been inclined
To speak, — well, — somewhat frankly, —
to let us know your mind,
And the Mynheers would have told you
to be cautious what you said,
Or else that silver tongue of yours might
cost your precious head.

But we're very glad you've kept it ; it
was always Freedom's own,
And whenever Reason chose it she found
a royal throne ;
You have whacked us with your sceptre ;
our backs were little harmed,
And while we rubbed our bruises we
owned we had been charmed.

And you, our *quasi* Dutchman, what wel-
come should be yours
For all the wise prescriptions that work
your laughter-cures ?
"Shake before taking" ? — not a bit, —
the bottle-cure's a sham ;
Take before shaking, and you'll find it
shakes your diaphragm.

"Hans Breitmann gif a barty,—where is
dot barty now?"
On every shelf where wit is stored to
smooth the careworn brow!
A health to stout Hans Breitmann! How
long before we see
Another Hans as handsome,—as bright
a man as he!

THE FLANEUR.

BOSTON COMMON, DECEMBER 6, 1882.

DURING THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

I LOVE all sights of earth and skies,
From flowers that glow to stars that
shine;
The comet and the penny show,
All curious things, above, below,
Hold each in turn my wandering eyes:
I claim the Christian Pagan's line,
Humani nihil, — even so, —
And is not human life divine?

When soft the western breezes blow,
And strolling youths meet sauntering
maids,
I love to watch the stirring trades
Beneath the Vallombrosa shades
Our much-enduring elms bestow;
The vender and his rhetoric's flow,
That lambent stream of liquid lies;
The bait he dangles from his line,
The gudgeon and his gold-washed prize.
I halt before the blazoned sign
That bids me linger to admire
The drama time can never tire,
The little hero of the hunch,
With iron arm and soul of fire,
And will that works his fierce desire, —
Untamed, unscared, unconquered Punch!
My ear a pleasing torture finds
In tones the withered sibyl grinds, —
The *dame sans merci*'s broken strain,
Whom I erwhile, perchance, have known,
When Orleans filled the Bourbon throne,
.A siren singing by the Seine.

But most I love the tube that spies
The orbs celestial in their march;
That shows the comet as it whisks
Its tail across the planets' disks,
As if to blind their blood-shot eyes;
Or wheels so close against the sun
We tremble at the thought of risks
Our little spinning ball may run,
To pop like corn that children parch,
From summer something overdone,
And roll, a cinder, through the skies.

Grudge not to-day the scanty fee
To him who farms the firmament,

To whom the milky way is free;
Who holds the wondrous crystal key,
The silent Open Sesame
That Science to her sons has lent;
Who takes his toll, and lifts the bar
That shuts the road to sun and star.
If Venus only comes to time,
(And prophets say she must and shall,)
To-day will hear the tinkling chime
Of many a ringing silver dime,
For him whose optic glass supplies
The crowd with astronomic eyes, —
The Galileo of the Mall.

Dimly the transit morning broke;
The sun seemed doubting what to do,
As one who questions how to dress,
And takes his doublets from the press,
And halts between the old and new.
Please Heaven he wear his suit of blue,
Or don, at least, his ragged cloak,
With rents that show the azure through!

I go the patient crowd to join
That round the tube my eyes discern,
The last new-comer of the file,
And wait, and wait, a weary while,
And gape, and stretch, and shrug, and
smile,
(For each his place must fairly earn,
Hindmost and foremost, in his turn,)
Till hitching onward, pace by pace,
I gain at last the envied place,
And pay the white exiguous coin:
The sun and I are face to face;
He glares at me, I stare at him;
And lo! my straining eye has found
A little spot that, black and round,
Lies near the crimsoned fire-orb's rim.
O blessed, beauteous evening star,
Well named for her whom earth adores, —
The Lady of the dove-drawn car, —
I know thee in thy white simar;
But veiled in black, a rayless spot,
Blank as a careless scribbler's blot,
Stripped of thy robe of silvery flame, —
The stolen robe that Night restores
When Day has shut his golden doors, —
I see thee, yet I know thee not;
And canst thou call thyself the same?

A black, round spot, — and that is all;
And such a speck our earth would be
If he who looks upon the stars
Through the red atmosphere of Mars
Could see our little creeping ball
Across the disk of crimson crawl
As I our sister planet see.

And art thou, then, a world like ours,
Flung from the orb that whirled our own

A molten pebble from its zone?
How must thy burning sands absorb
The fire-waves of the blazing orb,
Thy chain so short, thy path so near,
Thy flame-defying creatures hear
The maelstroms of the photosphere!
And is thy bosom decked with flowers
That steal their bloom from scalding
showers?

And hast thou cities, domes, and towers,
And life, and love that makes it dear,
And death that fills thy tribes with fear?

Lost in my dream, my spirit soars
Through paths the wandering angels
know;
My all-pervading thought explores
The azure ocean's lucent shores;
I leave my mortal self below,
As up the star-lit stairs I climb,
And still the widening view reveals
In endless rounds the circling wheels
That build the horologe of time.
New spheres, new suns, new systems
gleam;
The voice no earth-born echo hears
Steals softly on my ravished ears:
I hear them "singing as they shine"—
—A mortal's voice dissolves my dream:
My patient neighbor, next in line,
Hints gently there are those who wait.
O guardian of the starry gate,
What coin shall pay this debt of mine?
Too slight thy claim, too small the fee
That bids thee turn the potent key
The Tuscan's hand has placed in thine.
Forgive my own the small affront,
The insult of the proffered dime;
Take it, O friend, since this thy wont,
But still shall faithful memory be
A bankrupt debtor unto thee,
And pay thee with a grateful rhyme.

AVE.

PRELUDE TO "ILLUSTRATED POEMS."

FULL well I know the frozen hand has
come
That smites the songs of grove and
garden dumb,
And chills sad autumn's last chrysanthemum;

Yet would I find one blossom, if I might,
Ere the dark loom that weaves the robe of
white
Hides all the wrecks of summer out of
sight.

Sometimes in dim November's narrowing
day,
When all the season's pride has passed
away,
As mid the blackened stems and leaves
we stray,

We spy in sheltered nook or rocky cleft
A starry disk the hurrying winds have
left,
Of all its blooming sisterhood bereft:

Some pansy, with its wondering baby
eyes—
Poor wayside nursling! — fixed in blank
surprise
At the rough welcome of unfriendly
skies;

Or golden daisy, — will it dare disclaim
The lion's tooth, to wear this gentler
name?

Or blood-red salvia, with its lips aflame:

The storms have stripped the lily and the
rose,
Still on its cheek the flush of summer
glows,
And all its heart-leaves kindle as it blows

So had I looked some bud of song to find
The careless winds of autumn left behind,
With these of earlier seasons' growth to
bind.

Ah me! my skies are dark with sudden
grief,
A flower lies faded on my garnered
sheaf;
Yet let the sunshine gild this virgin
leaf,—

The joyous, blessed sunshine of the past.
Still with me, though the heavens are
overcast,—
The light that shines while life and
memory last.

Go, pictured rhymes, for loving readers
meant;
Bring back the smiles your jocund morn-
ing lent,
And warm their hearts with sunbeams
yet unspent!

BEVERLY FARMS, July 24, 1884.

KING'S CHAPEL.

READ AT THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIV-
ERSARY.

Is it a weanling's weakness for the past
That in the stormy, rebel-breeding town,

Swept clean of relics by the levelling blast,
Still keeps our gray old chapel's name of
“King's,”—
Still to its outworn symbols fondly clings,
Its unchurched mitres and its empty crown?

Poor harmless emblems! All has shrunk away
That made them gorgons in the patriot's eyes;
The priestly plaything harms us not to-day;
The gilded crown is but a pleasing show,
An old-world heirloom, left from long ago,
Wreck of the past that memory bids us prize.

Lightly we glance the fresh-cut marbles o'er;
Those two of earlier date our eyes enthrall:
The proud old Briton's by the western door,
And hers, the Lady of Colonial days,
Whose virtues live in long-drawn classic phrase,—
The fair Francesca of the southern wall.

Ay! those were goodly men that Reynolds drew,
And stately dames our Copley's canvas holds,
To their old Church, their Royal Master, true,
Proud of the claim their valiant sires had earned,
That “gentle blood,” not lightly to be spurned,
Save by the churl ungenerous Nature moulds.

All vanished! It were idle to complain
That ere the fruits shall come the flowers must fall;
Yet somewhat we have lost amidst our gain,
Some rare ideals time may not restore,—
The charm of courtly breeding, seen no more,
And reverence, dearest ornament of all.

— Thus musing, to the western wall I came,
Departing: lo! a tablet fresh and fair,
Where glistened many a youth's remembered name
In golden letters on the snow-white stone,—

Young lives these aisles and arcies once have known,
Their country's bleeding altar might not spare.

These died that we might claim a soil unstained,
Save by the blood of heroes; their bequests
A realm unsevered and a race unchained,
Has purer blood through Norman veins come down
From the rough knights that clutched the Saxon's crown
Than warmed the pulses in these faithful breasts?

These, too, shall live in history's deathless page,
High on the slow-wrought pedestals of fame,
Ranged with the heroes of remoter age;
They could not die who left their nation free,
Firm as the rock, unfettered as the sea,
Its heaven unshadowed by the cloud of shame.

While on the storied past our memory dwells,
Our grateful tribute shall not be denied,—
The wreath, the cross of rustling immortelles;
And willing hands shall clear each darkening bust,
As year by year sifts down the clinging dust
On Shirley's beauty and on Vassall's pride.

But for our own, our loved and lost, we bring
With throbbing hearts and tears that still must flow,
In full-heaped hands, the opening flowers of spring,
Lilies half-blown, and budding roses, red
As their young cheeks, before the blood was shed
That lent their morning bloom its generous glow.

Ah, who shall count a rescued nation's debt,
Or sum in words our martyrs' silent claims?
Who shall our heroes' dread exchange forget,—
All life, youth, hope, could promise to allure

For all that soul could brave or flesh endure?
They shaped our future; we but carve their names.

**HYMN
FOR THE SAME OCCASION.**

SUNG BY THE CONGREGATION TO THE TUNE OF TALIS'S EVENING HYMN.

O'ERSHADOWED by the walls that climb,
Piled up in air by living hands,
A rock amid the waves of time,
Our gray old house of worship stands.

High o'er the pillared aisles we love
The symbols of the past look down;
Unharmed, unharmed, throned above,
Behold the mitre and the crown!

Let not our younger faith forget
The loyal souls that held them dear;
The prayers we read their tears have wet,
The hymns we sing they loved to hear.

The memory of their earthly throne
Still to our holy temple clings,
But here the kneeling suppliants own
One only Lord, the King of kings.

Hark! while our hymn of grateful praise
The solemn echoing vaults prolong,
The far-off voice of earlier days
Blends with our own in hallowed song:

To Him who ever lives and reigns,
Whom all the hosts of heaven adore,
Who lent the life His breath sustains,
Be glory now and evermore!

HYMN.—THE WORD OF PROMISE.

(by supposition)

An Hymn set forth to be sung by the Great Assembly at Newtown, [Mass.] Mo. 12. 1. 1636. .

[Written by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, eldest son of Rev. ABIEL HOLMES, eighth Pastor of the First Church in Cambridge, Massachusetts.]

LORD, Thou hast led us as of old
Thine Arm led forth the chosen Race
Through Foes that raged, through Floods
that roll'd,
To Canaan's far-off Dwelling-Place.

Here is Thy bounteous Table spread,
Thy Manna falls on every Field,
Thy Grace our hungering Souls hath fed,
Thy Might hath been our Spear and Shield.

Lift high Thy Buckler, Lord of Hosts!
Guard Thou Thy Servants, Sons and Sires,
While on the Godless heathen Coasts
They light Thine Israel's Altar-fires!

The salvage Wilderness remote
Shall hear Thy Works and Wonders sung;
So from the Rock that Moses smote
The Fountain of the Desert sprung.

Soon shall the slumbering Morn awake,
From wandering Stars of Error freed,
When Christ the Bread of Heaven shall break
For Saints that own a common Creed.

The Walls that fence His Flocks apart
Shall crack and crumble in Decay,
And every Tongue and every Heart
Shall welcome in the new-born Day.

Then shall His glorious Church rejoice
His Word of Promise to recall,—
ONE SHELTERING FOLD, ONE SHEPHERD'S VOICE,
ONE GOD AND FATHER OVER ALL!

HYMN.

READ AT THE DEDICATION OF THE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES HOSPITAL AT HUDSON, WISCONSIN, JUNE 7, 1887.

ANGEL of love, for every grief
Its soothing balm thy mercy brings,
For every pang its healing leaf,
For homeless want, thine outspread wings.

Enough for thee the pleading eye,
The knitted brow of silent pain;
The portals open to a sigh
Without the clank of bolt or chain.

Who is our brother? He that lies
Left at the wayside, bruised and sore:
His need our open hand supplies,
His welcome waits him at our door.

Not ours to ask in freezing tones
His race, his calling, or his creed;
Each heart the tie of kinship owns,
When those are human veins that bleed.

Here stand the champions to defend
From every wound that flesh can feel;
Here science, patience, skill, shall blend
To save, to calm, to help, to heal.

As prisoned damsels, locked from lovers' lips,
Toss them a kiss from off their fingers' tips.

The morning visit,—not till sickness falls
In the charmed circles of your own safe walls;
Till fever's throb and pain's relentless rack
Stretch you all helpless on your aching back;
Not till you play the patient in your turn,
The morning visit's mystery shall you learn.

'Tis a small matter, in your neighbor's case,
To charge your fee for showing him your face;
You skip up-stairs, inquire, inspect, and touch,
Prescribe, take leave, and off to twenty such.

But when at length by fate's transferred decree
The visitor becomes the visitee:
Oh, then, indeed, it pulls another string;
Your ox is gored, and that's a different thing!
Your friend is sick: phlegmatic as a Turk,
You write your recipe and let it work;
Not yours to stand the shiver and the frown,
And sometimes worse, with which your draught goes down.
Calm as a clock your knowing hand directs,
Rhei, jalape ana grana sex,
Or traces on some tender missive's back,
Scrupulos duos pulveris ipecac:
And leaves your patient to his qualms and gripes,
Cool as a sportsman banging at his snipes.

But change the time, the person, and the place,
And be yourself "the interesting case,"
You'll gain some knowledge which it's well to learn;
In future practice it may serve your turn.
Leeches, for instance,—pleasing creatures quite,
Try them,—and bless you,—don't you find they bite?
You raise a blister for the smallest cause,

But be yourself the sitter whom it draws,
And trust my statement, you will not deny
The worst of draughtsmen is your Spanish fly!
It's mighty easy ordering when you please
Infusi sennæ capiat uncias tres;
It's mighty different when you quackle down
Your own three ounces of the liquid brown.
Pilula, pulvis,—pleasant words enough,
When other throats receive the shocking stuff;
But oh, what flattery can disguise the groan
That meets the gulp which sends it through your own!
Be gentle, then, though Art's unsparing rules
Give you the handling of her sharpest tools;
Use them not rashly,—sickness is enough;
Be always "ready," but be never "rough."

Of all the ills that suffering man endures,
The largest fraction liberal Nature cures;
Of those remaining, 'tis the smallest part
Yields to the efforts of judicious Art;
But simple *Kindness*, kneeling by the bed
To shift the pillow for the sick man's head,
Give the fresh draught to cool the lips that burn,
Fan the hot brow, the weary frame to turn,—
Kindness, untutored by our grave M. D.'s,
But Nature's graduate, when she schools to please,
Wins back more sufferers with her voice and smile
Than all the trumpery in the druggist's pile.

Once more, be quiet: coming up the stair,
Don't be a plantigrade, a human bear,
But, stealing softly on the silent toe,
Reach the sick chamber ere you're heard below.
Whatever changes there may greet your eyes,
Let not your looks proclaim the least surprise;
It's not your business by your face to show
All that your patient does not want to know;

Nay, use your optics with considerate care,
And don't abuse your privilege to stare.
But if your eyes may probe him overmuch,
Beware still further how you rudely touch;
Don't clutch his carpus in your icy fist,
But warm your fingers ere you take the wrist.
If the poor victim needs must be persecuted,
Don't make an anvil of his aching bust;
(Doctors exist within a hundred miles
Who thump a thorax as they'd hammer piles;)
If you must listen to his doubtful chest,
Catch the essentials, and ignore the rest.
Spare him; the sufferer wants of you and art
A track to steer by, not a finished chart.
So of your questions: don't in mercy try
To pump your patient absolutely dry;
He's not a mollusk squirming in a dish,
You're not Agassiz, and he's not a fish.
And last, not least, in each perplexing case,
Learn the sweet magic of a *cheerful face*;
Not always smiling, but at least serene,
When grief and anguish cloud the anxious scene.
Each look, each movement, every word and tone,
Should tell your patient you are all his own;
Not the mere artist purchased to attend,
But the warm, ready, self-forgetting friend,
Whose genial visit in itself combines
The best of cordials, tonics, anodynes.
Such is the *visit* that from day to day
Sheds o'er my chamber its benignant ray.
I give his health, who never cared to claim
Her babbling homage from the tongue of Fame;
Unmoved by praise, he stands by all confest,
The truest, noblest, wisest, kindest, best.
1849.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

1798.

THE FIRST VERSE OF THE SONG, BY
JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

"HAIL, Columbia! Happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

"Firm — united — let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find."

ADDITIONAL VERSES

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE COMMITTEE FOR THE CONSTITUTIONAL CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT PHILADELPHIA, 1887.

Look our ransomed shores around,
Peace and safety we have found!
Welcome, friends who once were foes!
Welcome, friends who once were foes,
To all the conquering years have gained,—
A nation's rights, a race unchained!
Children of the day new-born,
Mindful of its glorious morn,
Let the pledge our fathers signed
Heart to heart forever bind!

While the stars of heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever may the circling sun
Find the Many still are One!

Graven deep with edge of steel,
Crowned with Victory's crimson seal,
All the world their names shall read!
All the world their names shall read,
Enrolled with his, the Chief that led
The hosts whose blood for us was shed.
Pay our sires their children's debt,
Love and honor, nor forget
Only Union's golden key
Guards the Ark of Liberty!

While the stars of heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever may the circling sun
Find the Many still are One!

Hail, Columbia! strong and free,
Throned in hearts from sea to sea!
Thy march triumphant still pursue!
Thy march triumphant still pursue
With peaceful stride from zone to zone,
Till Freedom finds the world her own!
Blest in Union's holy ties,
Let our grateful song arise,
Every voice its tribute lend,
All in loving chorus blend!

While the stars in heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,

POEM

AT THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY, JUNE 8, 1881.

THREE paths there be where Learning's favored sons,
Trained in the schools which hold her favored ones,
Follow their several stars with separate aim;
Each has its honors, each its special claim.
Bred in the fruitful cradle of the East,
First, as of oldest lineage, comes the Priest;
The Lawyer next, in wordy conflict strong,
Full armed to battle for the right, — or wrong;
Last, he whose calling finds its voice in deeds,
Frail Nature's helper in her sharpest needs.
Each has his gifts, his losses and his gains,
Each his own share of pleasures and of pains;
No life-long aim with steadfast eye pursued
Finds a smooth pathway all with roses strewed;
Trouble belongs to man of woman born, —
Tread where he may, his foot will find its thorn.

Of all the guests at life's perennial feast,
Who of her children sits above the Priest?
For him the broidered robe, the carven seat,
Pride at his beck, and beauty at his feet.
For him the incense fumes, the wine is poured,
Himself a God, adoring and adored!
His the first welcome when our hearts rejoice,
His in our dying ear the latest voice,
Font, altar, grave, his steps on all attend,
Our staff, our stay, our all but Heavenly friend!

Where is the meddling hand that dares to probe
The secret grief beneath his sable robe?
How grave his port! how every gesture tells
Here truth abides, here peace forever dwells;

Vex not his lofty soul with comments vain;
Faith asks no questions; silence, ye profane!
Alas! too oft while all is calm without
The stormy spirit wars with endless doubt;
This is the mocking spectre, scarce concealed
Behind tradition's bruised and battered shield.
He sees the sleepless critic, age by age,
Scrawl his new readings on the hallowed page,
The wondrous deeds that priests and prophets saw
Dissolved in legend, crystallized in law,
And on the soil where saints and martyrs trod
Altars new builded to the Unknown God;
His shrines imperilled, his evangel torn, —
He dares not limp, but ah! how sharp his thorn!
Yet while God's herald questions as he reads
The outworn dogmas of his ancient creeds,
Drops from his ritual the exploded verse,
Blots from its page the Athanasian curse,
Though by the critic's dangerous art perplexed,
His holy life is Heaven's unquestioned text;
That shining guidance doubt can never mar, —
The pillar's flame, the light of Bethlehem's star!

Strong is the moral blister that will draw
Laid on the conscience of the Man of Law
Whom blindfold Justice lends her eyes to see
Truth in the scale that holds his promised fee.
What! Has not every lie its truthful side,
Its honest fraction, not to be denied?
Per contra, — ask the moralist, in sooth
Has not a lie its share in every truth?
Then what forbids an honest man to try
To find the truth that lurks in every lie,
And just as fairly call on truth to yield
The lying fraction in its breast concealed?
So the worst rogue shall claim a ready friend
His modest virtues boldly to defend,

And he who shows the record of a saint
See himself blacker than the devil could
paint.
What struggles to his captive soul
belong
Who loves the right, yet combats for the
wrong,
Who fights the battle he would fain
refuse
And wins, well knowing that he ought to
lose;
Who speaks with glowing lips and look
sincere
In spangled words that make the worse
appear
The better reason; who, behind his
mask
Hides his true self and blushes at his
task,—
What quips, what quilletts cheat the in-
ward scorn
That mocks such triumph? Has he not
his thorn?
Yet stay thy judgment; were thy life
the prize,
Thy death the forfeit, would thy cynic
eyes
See fault in him who bravely dares
defend
The cause forlorn, the wretch without a
friend?
Nay, though the rightful side is wisdom's
choice
Wrong has its rights and claims a cham-
pion's voice;
Let the strong arm be lifted for the
weak,
For the dumb lips the fluent pleader
speak;—
When with warm "rebel" blood our
street was dyed
Who took, unawed, the hated hirelings'
side?
No greener civic wreath can Adams
claim,
No brighter page the youthful Quincy's
name!

How blest is he who knows no meaner
strife
Than Art's long battle with the foes of
life!
No doubt assails him, doing still his
best,
And trusting kindly Nature for the rest;
No mocking conscience tears the thin
disguise
That wraps his breast, and tells him that
he lies.
He comes: the languid sufferer lifts his
head

And smiles a welcome from his weary
bed;
He speaks: what music like the tones
that tell
"Past is the hour of danger,— all is
well!"
How can he feel the petty stings of grief
Whose cheering presence always brings
relief?
What ugly dreams can trouble his repose
Who yields himself to soothe another's
woes?
Hour after hour the busy day has
found
The good physician on his lonely round;
Mansion and hovel, low and lofty door,
He knows, his journeys every path ex-
plore,—
Where the cold blast has struck with
deadly chill
The sturdy dweller on the storm-swept
hill,
Where by the stagnant marsh the sicken-
ing gale
Has blanched the poisoned tenants of the
vale,
Where crushed and maimed the bleeding
victim lies,
Where madness raves, where melancholy
sighs,
And where the solemn whisper tells too
plain
That all his science, all his art, were
vain.
How sweet his fireside when the day is
done
And cares have vanished with the setting
sun!
Evening at last its hour of respite brings
And on his couch his weary length he
flings.
Soft be thy pillow, servant of mankind,
Lulled by an opiate Art could never find;
Sweet be thy slumber,— thou hast earned
it well,—
Pleasant thy dreams! Clang! goes the
midnight bell!
Darkness and storm! the home is far
away
That waits his coming ere the break of
day;
The snow-clad pines their wintry plum-
age toss,—
Doubtful the frozen stream his road must
cross;
Deep lie the drifts, the slanted heaps have
shut
The hardy woodman in his mountain
hut,—
Why should thy softer frame the tempest
brave?

Hast thou no life, no health, to lose or save ?
 Look ! read the answer in his patient eyes, —
 For him no other voice when suffering cries ;
 Deaf to the gale that all around him blows,
 A feeble whisper calls him, — and he goes.
 Or seek the crowded city, — summer's heat
 Glares burning, blinding, in the narrow street,
 Still, noisome, deadly, sleeps the envenomed air,
 Unstirred the yellow flag that says " Beware ! "
 Tempt not thy fate, — one little moment's breath
 Bears on its viewless wing the seeds of death ;
 Thou at whose door the glided chariots stand,
 Whose dear-bought skill unclasps the miser's hand,
 Turn from thy fatal quest, nor cast away
 That life so precious ; let a meaner prey
 Feed the destroyer's hunger ; live to bless
 Those happier homes that need thy care no less !
 Smiling he listens ; has he then a charm
 Whose magic virtues peril can disarm ?
 No safeguard his ; no amulet he wears,
 Too well he knows that Nature never spares
 Her truest servant, powerless to defend
 From her own weapons her unshrinking friend.
 He dares the fate the bravest well might shun,
 Nor asks reward save only Heaven's
 " Well done ! "
 Such are the toils, the perils that he knows,
 Days without rest and nights without repose,
 Yet all unheeded for the love he bears
 His art, his kind, whose every grief he shares.
 Harder than these to know how small the part
 Nature's proud empire yields to striving Art ;
 How, as the tide that rolls around the sphere
 Laughs at the mounds that delving arms uprear, —

Spares some few rods of oozy earth,
 but still
 Wastes and rebuilds the planet at its will,
 Comes at its ordered season, night or noon,
 Led by the silver magnet of the moon, —
 So life's vast tide forever comes and goes,
 Unchecked, resistless, as it ebbs and flows.
 Hardest of all, when Art has done her best,
 To find the cuckoo brooding in her nest ;
 The shrewd adventurer, fresh from parts unknown,
 Kills off the patients Science thought her own ;
 Towns from a nostrum-vender get their name,
 Fences and walls the cure-all drug proclaim,
 Plasters and pads the willing world beguile,
 Fair Lydia greets us with astringent smile,
 Munchausen's fellow-countryman unlocks
 His new Pandora's globule-holding box,
 And as King George inquired with puzzled grin
 " How — how the devil get the apple in ? "
 So we ask how, — with wonder-opening eyes, —
 Such pygmy pills can hold such giant lies !
 Yes, sharp the trials, stern the daily tasks
 That suffering Nature from her servant asks ;
 His the kind office dainty menials scorn,
 His path how hard, — at every step a thorn !
 What does his saddening, restless slavery buy,
 What save a right to live, a chance to die, —
 To live companion of disease and pain,
 To die by poisoned shafts untimely slain ?
 Answer from hoary ehd, majestic shades, —
 From Memphian courts, from Delphic colonnades,
 Speak in the tones that Persia's despot heard
 When nations treasured every golden word
 The wandering echoes wafted o'er the seas,

From the far isle that held Hippocrates;
And thou, best gift that Pergamus could
send
Imperial Rome, her noblest Cæsar's
friend,
Master of masters, whose unchallenged
sway
Not bold Vesalius dared to disobey;
Ye who while prophets dreamed of dawn-
ing times
Taught your rude lessons in Salerno's
rhymes,
And ye, the nearer sires, to whom we
owe
The better share of all the best we know,
In every land an ever-growing train,
Since wakening Science broke her rusted
chain, —
Speak from the past, and say what prize
was sent
To crown the toiling years so freely
spent!
List while they speak :
 In life's uneven road
Our willing hands have eased our bro-
thers' load ;
One forehead smoothed, one pang of
torture less,
One peaceful hour a sufferer's couch to
bless,
The smile brought back to fever's parch-
ing lips,
The light restored to reason in eclipse,
Life's treasure rescued like a burning
brand
Snatched from the dread destroyer's
wasteful hand, —
Such were our simple records day by
day,
For gains like these we wore our lives
away.
In toilsome paths our daily bread we
sought,

But bread from Heaven attending angels
brought ;
Pain was our teacher, speaking to the
heart,
Mother of pity, nurse of pitying art ;
Our lesson learned, we reached the peace-
ful shore
Where the pale sufferer asks our aid no
more, —
These gracious words our welcome, our
reward,
Ye served your brothers; ye have served
your Lord !

TO THE POETS WHO ONLY READ AND LISTEN.

WHEN evening's shadowy fingers fold
 The flowers of every hue,
Some shy, half-opened bud will hold
 Its drop of morning's dew.

Sweeter with every sunlit hour
 The trembling sphere has grown,
Till all the fragrance of the flower
 Becomes at last its own.

We that have sung perchance may find
 Our little meed of praise,
And round our pallid temples bind
 The wreath of fading bays :

Ah, Poet, who hast never spent
 Thy breath in idle strains,
For thee the dewdrop morning lent
 Still in thy heart remains;

Unwasted, in its perfumed cell
 It waits the evening gale ;
Then to the azure whence it fell
 Its lingering sweets exhale.

NOTES.

Page 1.

"OLD IRONSIDES."

This was the popular name by which the frigate "Constitution" was known. The poem was first printed in the Boston Daily Advertiser, at the time when it was proposed to break up the old ship as unfit for service.

Page 2.

"THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD."

"The Goblet and the Sun" (Vas-Sol), sculptured on a freestone slab supported by five pillars, are the only designation of the family tomb of the Vassalls.

Page 20.

"Thou calm, chaste scholar."

Charles Chauncy Emerson; died May 9, 1836.

Page 20.

"And thou, dear friend."

James Jackson, Jr., M. D.; died March 28, 1834.

Page 42.

"Hark! The sweet bells renew their welcome sound."

The churches referred to in the lines which follow are,—

1. "King's Chapel," the foundation of which was laid by Governor Shirley in 1749.

2. Brattle Street Church, consecrated in 1773. The completion of this edifice, the design of which included a spire, was prevented by the troubles of the Revolution, and its plain, square tower presents nothing more attractive than a massive simplicity. In the front of this tower is still seen, half imbedded in the brick-work, a cannon-ball, which was thrown from the American fortifications at Cambridge, during the bombardment of the city, then occupied by the British troops.

3. The "Old South," first occupied for public worship in 1730.

4. Park Street Church, built in 1809, the tall white steeple of which is the most conspicuous of all the Boston spires.

5. Christ Church, opened for public

worship in 1723, and containing a set of eight bells, until of late years the only chime in Boston.

Page 71.

AGNES.

The story of Sir Harry Frankland and Agnes Surriage is told in the ballad with a very strict adhesion to the facts. These were obtained from information afforded me by the Rev. Mr. Webster of Hopkinton, in company with whom I visited the Frankland Mansion in that town, then standing; from a very interesting Memoir, by the Rev. Elias Nason of Medford, not yet published; and from the manuscript diary of Sir Harry, or more properly Sir Charles Henry Frankland, now in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

At the time of the visit referred to, old Julia was living, and on our return we called at the house where she resided.¹ Her account is little more than paraphrased in the poem. If the incidents are treated with a certain liberality at the close of the fifth part, the essential fact that Agnes rescued Sir Harry from the ruins after the earthquake, and their subsequent marriage as related, may be accepted as literal truth. So with regard to most of the trifling details which are given; they are taken from the record.

It is to be hoped that the Rev. Mr. Nason's Memoir will be published, that this extraordinary romance of our sober New England life may become familiar to that class of readers who prefer a rigorous statement to an embellished narrative. It will be found to contain many historical facts and allusions which add much to its romantic interest.

It is greatly to be regretted that the Frankland Mansion no longer exists. It was accidentally burned on the 23d of January, 1858, a year or two after the first sketch of this ballad was written. A visit to it was like stepping out of the century into the years before the Revolution. A

¹ She was living June 10, 1861, when this ballad was published.

new house, similar in plan and arrangements to the old one, has been built upon its site, and the terraces, the clump of box, and the lilacs, doubtless remain to bear witness to the truth of this story.

Since the above note was written the Rev. Mr. Nason's interesting Memoir of Sir Harry Frankland has been published.

Page 233.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER-HILL BATTLE.

"They're as safe as Dan'l Malcolm."

The following epitaph is still to be read on a tall gravestone standing as yet un-

disturbed among the transplanted monuments of the dead in Copp's Hill Burial-ground, one of the three city cemeteries which have been desecrated and ruined within my own remembrance:—

“ Here lies buried in a
Stone Grave 10 feet deep,
Capt DANIEL MALCOLM Mercht
Who departed this Life
October 23d, 1769,
Aged 44 years,
a true son of Liberty,
a Friend to the Publick,
an Enemy to oppression,
and one of the foremost
in opposing the Revenue Acts
on America.”

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